

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine



25
Cents

February

The

NEW IDEA

In

FASHIONS.

SAVES ONE-THIRD

ON CLOTHES

What
A

Story!

Life Isn't
So Bad

By MAY EDGINTON



"They take your breath away"

*Feminine smokers find it
"always good taste" to use*

LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Women call it Love



AS SHE gazed down into that white, still face—the face of the man she had once loved with all the fierce passion of her ardent, innocent young soul—something stirred in her memory—something she had thought was dead.

She heard again the shrieks and curses of the enraged villagers, who had lain in wait as she crept at night from her lover's door.

She saw Lebolt, the farmer—big, crude, bestial—his face distorted with insane jealousy, waving his long whip and urging the maddened mob on.

Even as she groveled at his feet, pleading, protesting her innocence, she felt the stinging lash descend. Again and again it fell—a merciless rain of blows that stripped her naked, seared her tender flesh like red-hot irons, and drove her forth like a wounded animal, to die of terror or go mad with pain.

Gripping? Astounding? Overwhelming? Yes. Yet this is only one of the many unforgettable, breath-taking scenes in



VILMA BANKY'S Sensational Screen Success "THE AWAKENING" —which appears in \$2.00 book-length form in January Screen Book—Out NOW—only 25c

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IN PRIZES**

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Don't fail to read this thrilling story! Gripping and powerful as the picture is, it is even more stirring in story form. Every page is afire with thrills that will rouse you to a pitch of excitement such as you have rarely known.

But that isn't all. In this new and *different* kind of movie magazine, you get several other story versions of current popular pictures—beautifully and profusely illustrated with actual scenes from the plays.

Other Unusual Features in this Issue—

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Starring Emil Jannings

The great star in the greatest role of his career—Russia's mad Czar Paul. Clamorous court life and luxurious extravagance—smouldering passions, love, intrigue—don't miss this enthralling story.

THE HIT OF THE SHOW

Starring Joe Brown

Dazzling life behind the footlights—a story of love and sacrifice that's different.

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Starring Monte Blue and Raquel Torres

The princess Fayaway was his—and Dr. Lloyd had everything to make him happy among these simple, peaceful natives. Yet white man's lust was his curse—civilization came—and with it ruin and destruction.

THE ADVENTURER

Cecil B. De Mille

An intimate glimpse into the amazing life and achievements of this famous director.

6 Gravure Portraits

Beautiful photographs for framing, in full page de luxe roto-gravure, of . . . Ronald Colman . . . William Haines . . . Bacalova . . . Richard Barthelmess . . . June Collyer . . . Audrey Ferris.

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FEBRUARY,
1929

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

VOLUME 83,
NUMBER 6

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By HOLWORTHY HALL

White Lies ~ That Were a Test of Sportmanship

Published by MAGUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
JAMES R. QUIRK, President KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary ROBERT L. MURRAY, Treasurer
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Skates for your youngsters— paid for by your tooth paste

You can buy many little gifts or necessities with that yearly saving of \$3 accomplished by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ rather than costlier dentifrices. Skates for your youngsters, for example. Handkerchiefs or hose for yourself.



Demanded by *millions*— a *first class* tooth paste at 25 cents

WOULDN'T a young man or woman starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from \$6 to \$3?

Wouldn't a man paying bills for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from \$42 to \$21?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25¢ for a large tube. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture, alone, permit such a price for such a paste.

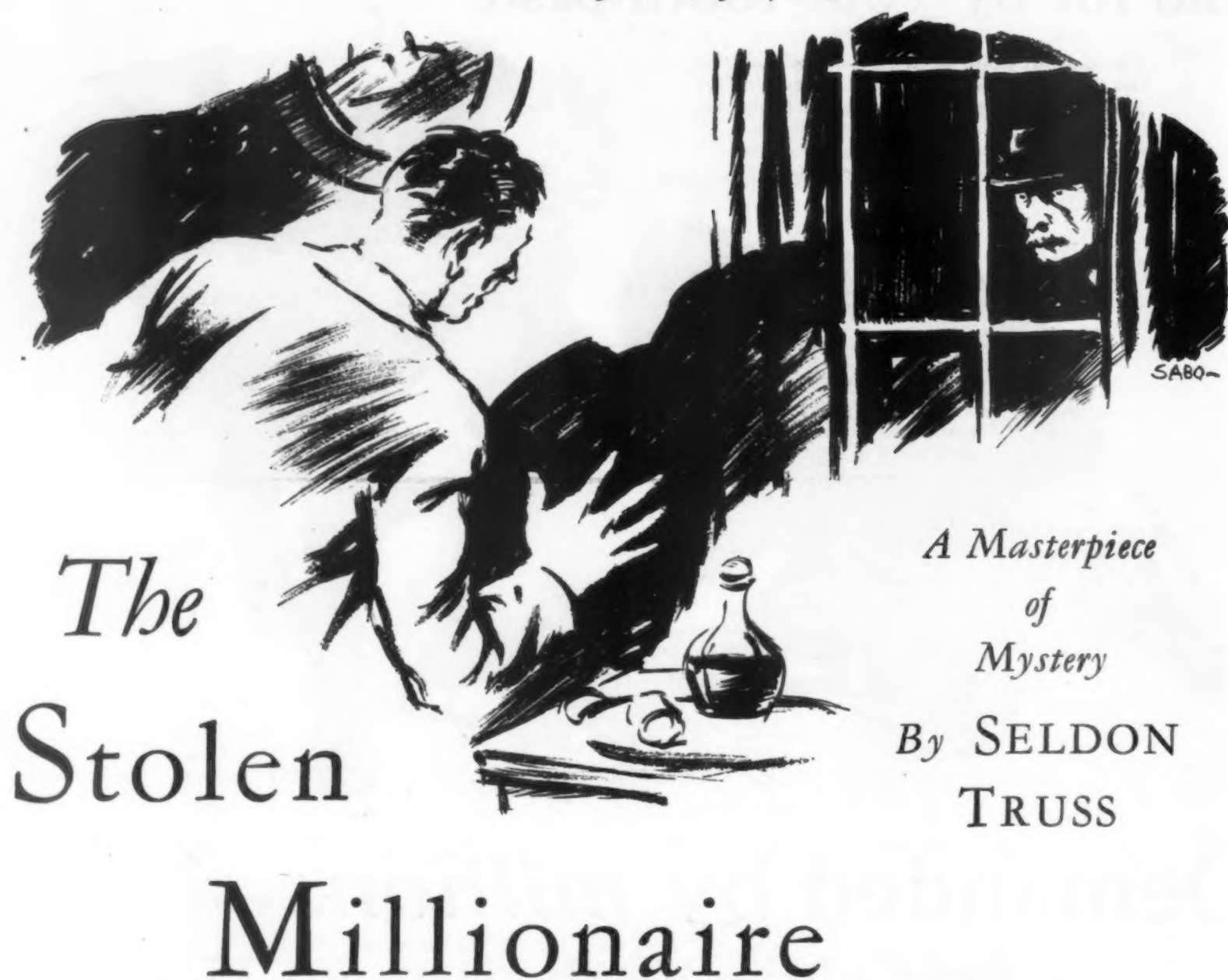
In it are contained certain ingredients that our fifty years' study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a first class dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Begin It In the February NEW McCLURE'S
On Sale January 17th



The Stolen

Millionaire

*A Masterpiece
of
Mystery*

By SELDON
TRUSS

THERE never was a story like this. Why? Because its author has a perfect genius for the most thrilling melodrama and plot entanglement without any sacrifice of reality.

Those of you who read his "Mystery of the Living Alibi," which ran in four recent issues of this magazine, will wonder how Seldon Truss could come anywhere near

equaling that very amazing performance. He has—and topped it!

Where his former story gave you a shock and a thrill, this new novel gives you ten of them.

You will wonder how he does it!

Mystery story fans are in for the biggest treat of the winter season in "The Stolen Millionaire."

Among the Stars in the Same Issue:

HARVEY FERGUSON
VINGIE E. ROE
EDISON MARSHALL
O. O. McINTYRE

HERBERT ASBURY
JAMES HOPPER
RICHARD CONNELL
MILDRED CRAM

JOHN N. GREELY
B. C. FORBES
CHARLES J. McGUIRK
RALPH WALDO TRINE

THE NEW McCLURE'S IS FIRST IN FICTION

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NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so. Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What Is Personal Magnetism?

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own

marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman

can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle, that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

The Facts Are Free

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism." "Sex Influences." "The Magnetic Voice." "Physical Magnetism." "The Magnetic Eye,"



What Is Sex Magnetism?

What is that magnetic, powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist? You have it. Everyone has it. But do you use it?

"Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind," and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

You can sway and control others. You can command success. You can influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

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You must see this wonderful volume—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. You send no money with the coupon—you pay no C. O. D. You get the book first. If you aren't stirred and delighted in the 5-day period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit \$3 in full payment. You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only \$3. You simply can't delay. Clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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Dept. 75-B, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3 or return the book without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

What Others Say!

"Has been worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"I am glad that I dared to buy the books."

"The Personal Magnetism books have raised me from poverty to my present position."

"There is nothing better."

"I would not part with them for any sum of money."

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."

"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."

"I regard it as the biggest and best investment a man could make. Realized the experience of entering a new realm of life."

"Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life."

"Have examined 'Personal Magnetism' and am astonished how dormant my faculties were in that direction."



Feed Fat Away

*Two grains of gland food daily.
That's what science now employs.*

Modern science is using a food substance in the fight on excess fat. The results have been remarkable. Fat has been disappearing fast since this factor was discovered. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule.

The story is this: Some years ago medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition. When that gland weakens, too much food goes to fat.

Thousands of tests were made on animals by feeding this gland substance. Reports showed that almost invariably

the excess fat disappeared. Then tests were made on people and with similar results. They were fed this gland substance taken from cattle and sheep.

Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity. They combat the cause. That is one great reason why excess fat is so much less common now.

This gland weakness often came about the age of 40. There is a well-known cause. With countless men and women it is different now. Mothers look like daughters. They have new youth, new beauty. Men have new health and vigor.

Normal Figures Everywhere

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new method. They were perfected by a large medical laboratory to offer this help to all. People have used them for 21 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Thus the use has reached enormous proportions. It has doubled in the past year alone.

They are now seen in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who know them. Any person who is over-fat sees everywhere that it can be corrected.

The way is not secret. Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes you know the reason why.

No Starving

The use of Marmola does not require abnormal exercise or diet. That has brought harm to many. Moderation helps, and we advise it, but don't starve. Take four tablets of Marmola daily until weight comes down to normal. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then use it only as you need it—if at all—to keep the weight desired.

All ideas of youth and beauty, style,

health and vigor, require normal figures now. Anything else is abnormal. Try the modern method which is doing so much for so many.

Do this now. Get a box of Marmola, read the book, watch the results, then decide. Combat the cause. Join today the multitudes to whom Marmola has brought new joy in living.

[Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00] a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.]

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets—*The Right Way to Reduce*

Do You Know This TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL ?

SMART SET has already passed on to you the description of the girl of popular opinion.

If you recognize this representative girl as one of your friends, why don't you put her in line to win \$5,000, and the distinction of being America's typical daughter?

You may be quite sure SMART SET will warmly welcome all candidates proposed for this high honor by its own readers. It is a very simple matter to give the Typical American Girl of your choice an opportunity to participate in our Quest. Merely send her photograph, biographical sketch, listing age, height, weight, coloring, education, and her social, business and athletic activities, to the Quest Editor of the cooperating newspaper nearest the candidate's place of residence.

A list of these cooperating newspapers will be published in the March issue of

SMART SET

New Catalog Offers
Women's Wear—Men's Wear
Auto Tires—All on Credit

Yarn-Wove

The RUG of the century

Never such a price for a real room size, yarn woven fabric floor covering! This rug will make history. For extra good measure, two smaller companion rugs that go with it—all for \$8.85. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon. Sent on approval. One dollar a month.

\$8.85

FOR ALL THREE

\$1.00 Down
\$1.00 Monthly

New Catalog
New
Departments

Pin A Dollar to Coupon

Whoever heard of a real room-sized woven fabric rug, under \$10.00. Not an ordinary rug, but one of beauty, style and durability. A rug that will outwear and outlive nine out of ten other rugs costing two or three times the price. Perfectly Reversible—Both Sides Alike! A rug that will give you the utmost service without losing its freshness, without dimming in color. Will not fray or become threadbare through long use. It all seems too good to be true. Lovely taupe brown color with gayly colored crowfoot borders.

Here is the rug of the century, and Spiegel's are the first to show it. A rug, yarn woven in the loom, not to be confused with rag rugs of any sort or description. This is a genuine yarn woven loom product with lovely colorful wide-banded borders, top and bottom, and it measures ten feet long by eight feet wide.

Two Extra Rugs to Match

For good measure two companion rugs go with it. All three rugs for eight dollars and eighty-five cents. The two small rugs measure 22 inches by 40 inches. All of the rugs are fringed at the ends—not sewed on fringe—but self warp. And still more! All these rugs are reversible giving the wear of six. Never such a price for a real room size, yarn woven fabric floor covering! This rug will make history. The biggest bargain of the century! For extra good measure, two smaller companion rugs go with it—all three for \$8.85. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon. Sent on approval. Pay \$1.00 a month. No. T7C2343. All three, price \$8.85

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A brand new book from cover to cover. Every page new! Double the old size. Everything for the home from cellar to garret—all on credit—30 days free trial.

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Everything in women's wear, men's wear, boys', girls', children's wear. A complete line of dress goods. Automobile tires and accessories, washing machines. Free for the asking. Don't wait too long! Everything we sell—we sell on EASIER PAYMENTS.

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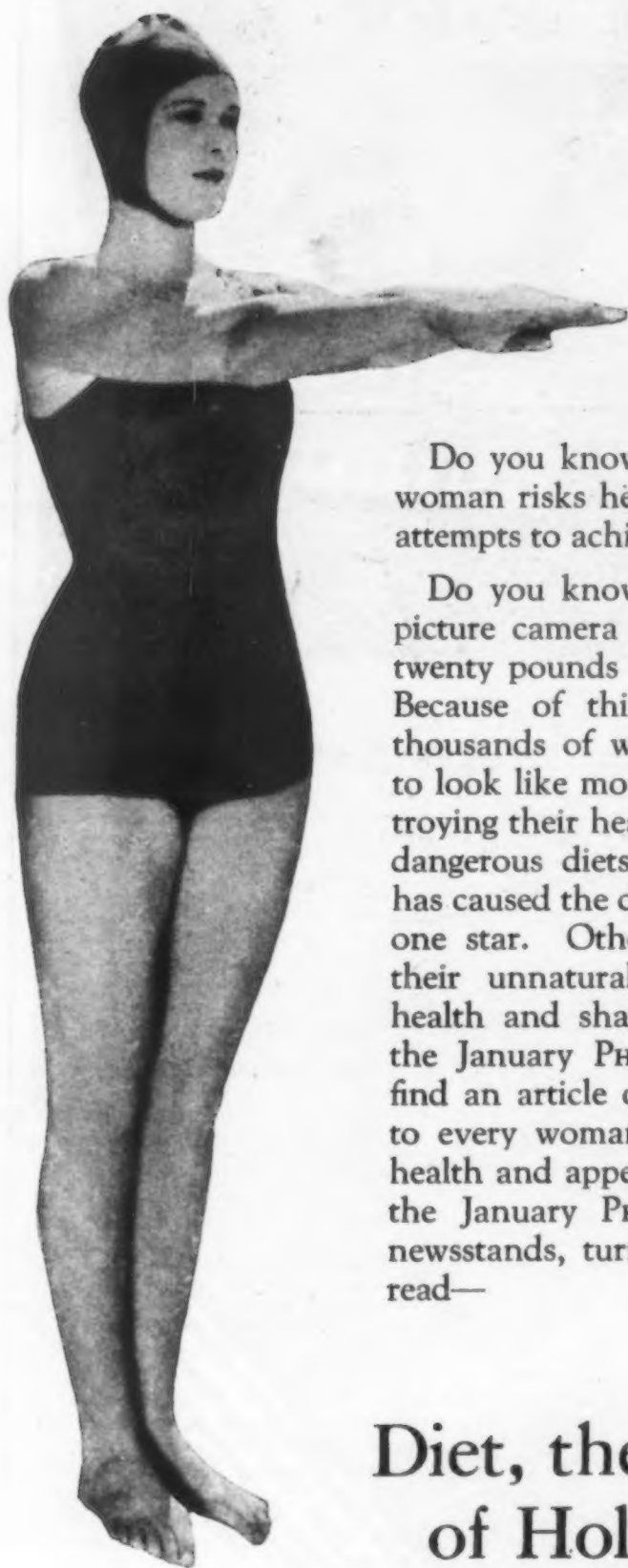
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Just Pin A Dollar to the Coupon—That's All! Spiegel, May, Stern Company, 1290 West 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois. I enclose \$1 for 8 ft. x 10 ft. Yarn Woven rug and two extra companion Yarn Woven rugs each 22 inches x 40 inches. Offer No. T7C2343—all on 30 days' free trial. If I return them, you are to refund my dollar, also all transportation costs. Otherwise I will pay \$1 monthly, until special price of \$8.85 is paid.

Name _____ Street or R.F.D. _____
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If you wish a Free Copy of Our Big Catalog, put a Cross in This Square ☐

The TRUTH About Weight REDUCING

Diet killed one famous film star and it has wrecked the health of dozens of other popular players. The whole world copies Hollywood—and follows the deadly starvation trail. The diet menace enters every American home.



Do you know why the average woman risks her health when she attempts to achieve a movie figure?

Do you know that the motion picture camera adds from five to twenty pounds to a star's weight? Because of this optical illusion, thousands of women who "want to look like movie stars," are destroying their health and beauty by dangerous diets. Starvation diet has caused the death of more than one star. Others have paid for their unnatural slimness in ill-health and shattered nerves. In the January PHOTOPLAY you will find an article of real importance to every woman who values her health and appearance. Look for the January PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands, turn to Page 30 and read—

Diet, the Menace of Hollywood



January

PHOTOPLAY

*on
sale
Now*

"He can't play... turn on the radio" they all shouted



but my revenge was sweet!

NOW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music."

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station."

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this *would* happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal "Blue Danube Waltz." A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one started to dance. Pep was

once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned . . . when I had learned . . . how?

The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration Lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course."

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercise—no tiresome practising. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was envious because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me."

Half a Million People Can't be Wrong!

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-

fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note*, in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4272 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

4272 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?

Name.....
(Please write plainly.)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Pick Your Instrument

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | |

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

**Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine**

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it to-day.



HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
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Coming Events How New Is Ann?

EVERYTHING Ann ever did was new and decidedly different. Once she gave a New Year's party with all the fixin's right in the middle of August. Sounds foolish but you'd have to know Ann to know how delightfully foolish it was. Perhaps if Ann hadn't thought of giving that party there wouldn't have been any story to tell. You'll be glad she did by the time you finish chuckling at San Foster's story "How New Is Ann?" in March SMART SET.

"White Lies"

By Holworthy Hall

DO YOU start your day off with a song? What would you do if some fine morning some one in the next room heard you and offered you the leading role in a musical show? You'd accept the offer, wouldn't you? Even if it meant that you had to tell a lot of "White Lies." But even white lies get you into a lot of trouble. See what happened to Johnnie Colonna and his pack of White Lies in Holworthy Hall's delightful story in March SMART SET.

And All These in The Same Issue

BESIDES the next instalment of LIFE ISN'T SO BAD and PETER AND MRS. PAN the March issue of SMART SET will have four additional short stories—the best you've read in a month of Sundays. They will be: PARENTS DO COUNT, by F. E. Baily; TUXEDO, by Ruth Ridenour; FAUNESQUE, by Vivien Bretherton; and WOMAN'S INTUITION, by George S. Brooke.

And a splendid achievement
story

By Ruth Nichols
the famous girl pilot.



I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR in These Three Places—

OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you *really* want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've *already* tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in *writing*, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost."

My Method is Unique

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied* scalps, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!

FRONT

Here thinning hair does greatest damage to your appearance. Don't wait till forelock disappears entirely. ACT NOW to forestall baldness!



TOP

Most baldness begins here Is this YOUR thinnest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!



TEMPLES

Thinner on each side until they meet and forelock too goes. Dandruff and itchy scalp are common to these cases. Why suffer a lifetime of regret? MAIL COUPON TODAY!



DANGER:: One, two, three—BALD! And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists. If you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then ACT!

I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I *guarantee* to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 1152, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Find the Answer Here is a picture of a ship sailing toward the South Pole on the famous Byrd Expedition. Just how long it will take will be interesting to find out. The letters (A C G) give approximately the number of days it will take the Byrd Expedition to reach the South Pole. Can you work it out? The letters in the alphabet are numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. Put down the numbers represented by each letter (A C G) in the order they appear and you will have the approximate number of days it will take the ship to sail to the South Pole. If you send your answer soon enough you may win First Prize. No cost to you now, later, or ever. Be wise



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FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

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The first of these letters appears in this issue and the service will continue in each successive issue.

Don't miss the
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AND

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Listerine full strength *kills even typhoid germs* *in 15 seconds*

AS soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with sore throat, colds, grippe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposure to rain, severe cold and coughing crowds in public places—buses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full strength, is powerful against germs—and

The safe antiseptic

sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Repeated tests show that Listerine kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

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Fewer colds —if you do this

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing children's food.

What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

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Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

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The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.

• • •

*Read the advertisements. They hold
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She was too Good to be Famous—so she HAD to be Bad!

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"I'll show Don Anthony I can be Crushed and Broken!—Then he'll have to make me leading lady in his new play!"

A gang war and a mis-leading lady give her her Big Chance ... But her only "crushing" opportunity comes in a role she never expected to play!

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If your theatre shows "Sound" pictures, you'll HEAR a beautiful musical accompaniment by a famous orchestra, and exciting sound effects in "Synthetic Sin." You'll see handsome Antonio Moreno, too, as leading man, in this William A. Seiter production from the brilliant play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

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First National Picture
Take the ... out of "Going to the Sun"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE MODEL

Maud Malcolm was model for James Montgomery Flagg and Arthur William Brown. Howard Chandler Christy called her New York's most beautiful brunette. Alfred Cheney Johnston constantly demanded her services for fashion photographs. But Maud didn't want her fortune to depend on her perfect face. So she tried the drama this winter in "Possession" and scored so decidedly she became understudy to the star. This brainy beauty is just twenty-four and was born in Nova Scotia,



Hal Phylfe

THE DESIGNER

At the age of twelve Marion Stehlik emerged from Ellis Island penniless. She got a job running errands for a dressmaking establishment at five dollars a week. Watching the designers, she decided to become one. At the evening design school where she enrolled, they told her she had no talent. But Marion persisted. In one year she was fired from fifty jobs and learned a great deal. Five years later she opened her own shop. Now she is one of the world's highest paid designers



Hal Phylfe

THE INSURANCE AGENT

Janet Behrens began her career as a stenographer who specialized in misspelled words. Uncomfortably aware of her shortcomings, she couldn't figure out what else to do until an insurance salesman cornered her with a lot of stupid arguments. She believed she could sell insurance better than he could and proceeded to try. She had no influential connections. Her leads were worked out by studious newspaper reading backed by hard work. Now, three years later, she is writing a million dollars' worth of insurance for the Equitable Life



Irving Chidnoff

THE ACTRESS

All Broadway is now clamoring for her services and proclaiming her the coming great dramatic star, yet for six years Zita Johann played on that street of a million lights without any one noticing her. Born in Hungary, Zita came to America at the age of seven. At eighteen she went on the stage. Last fall Arthur Hopkins was searching for a girl to play a soul-tortured murderess in "Machinal." Zita got the rôle and brought tears to hardened first-nighters and to herself immediate fame



Hal Phyfe

THE RESTAURATEUR

At nineteen Rae Palmer was the best domestic science teacher in Fort Lee, N. J. An acquaintance said, "Help me run my tea room." Rae did for a year, then started her own. Her father wouldn't back her but somehow she scraped together the necessary money. The first year showed a loss. Rae persisted on a fresh vegetable platform. Her second restaurant she located next door to New York's smartest hotel and it is piling up a fortune for this lovely twenty-six year old magnate



Hal Phylfe

THE CHEMIST

Jewelers from every part of the globe clamor for the high-priced advice of Calm Hoke. She solves the knottiest technical problems; keeps them posted on the newest ways to electroplate, alloy and color precious metals and to conserve waste. In school days a chemistry lecture opened her eyes to the new methods science offered to makers of jewelry. She began as a factory hand in a jewelry manufacturing plant. Now she advises the industry and has won international fame as an inventor as well

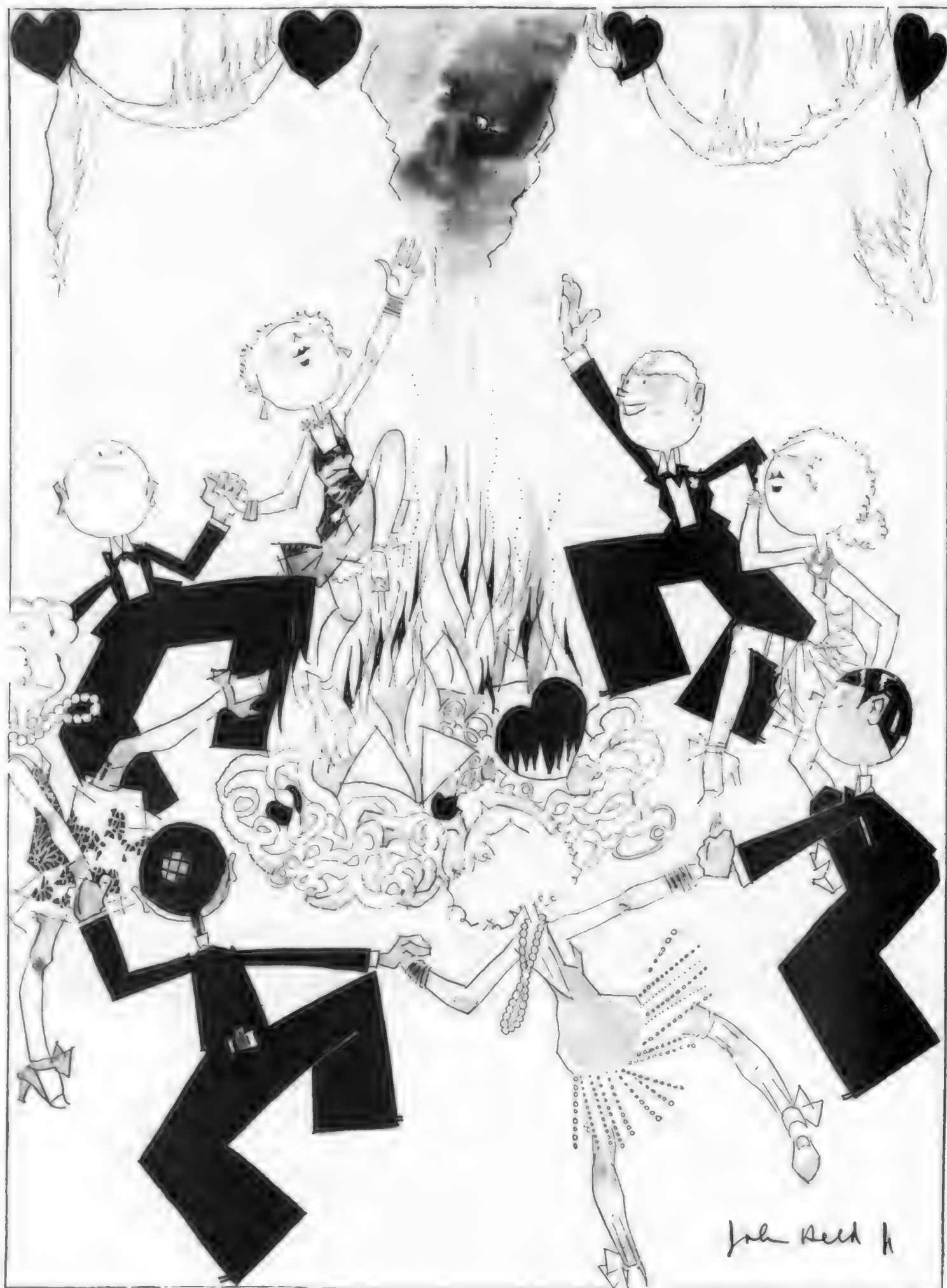


Hal Phylfe

THE BANKER

In her high school days Mary Stetson had dreams of being a concert pianist. One summer the National Bank of Damariscotta, Me., her home town, needed a clerk. She took the job and when the cashier became ill, had a chance to learn every branch of the banking business. A visitor noted how competent she was and offered her a New York job. She became a paying teller at the Produce Exchange Bank and now holds a high executive position with the Chase National Bank

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



The Quaint Custom of Burning the Paper Favors on St. Valentine's Night

The Ideal Woman

By CHARLES G. SHAW



SHE must be understanding and sympathetic but not saccharine. She must know when to be silent. She must sense my mood intuitively and, if unable to accord with it, must at least not jar it. She must be affectionate but not gushing, buoyant but not boisterous. She must in no sense be aggressive.

If she be suspicious of me, she must never let me realize the fact. She must embody tenderness with a touch of pathos and whisper her more indelicate sentiments with lowered eyelids and a half-hidden smile. She must now and then ignore my presence completely and every so often she must look a little sorry.

She must never be very late for an engagement and on those occasions when she is not on time she must not, in wide-eyed amaze, burst forth with some idiotic remark about having "no idea of the hour." She must not chew gum, talk politics, be a channel swimmer, recite Laurence Hope, dance the black bottom, wear rolled stockings nor tell stories in dialect. Her handshake must be sincere but not crushing; her sense of appreciation completely in tune with my own. She must never make a scene.

ON CERTAIN days she must not enter my life. On other days it must be she and she alone whom I see. She must never make false accusations. Her reaction to my telling her that I love her must be the same as upon the first occasion of her hearing the news. She must at times admit to utter fatigue. She must like dancing but not want to dance till dawn every night.

She must be considerate and not insist on having me take her to some musical show or the like which I have already visited half a dozen times. She must never spy nor seek to discover my secrets by artfully-worded questions. When unhappy she must curl up beside me, gently squeeze my hand and cry softly against my shoulder. She must never allude to any of her former beaux, save only in a sense of ridicule.

When I am wrapped in grave and profound meditation she must not tip-toe gingerly into the room, and creeping up behind my chair pretend she is a ferocious wildcat or an escaped

lunatic. She must occasionally want to be entirely alone. She must not be constantly losing various portions of her belongings. She must be just the least bit sad and pensive at twilight.

WHILE listening to one of my dissertations on, say, the Italian renaissance, the behavior of the planets or the effect of moonlight on morals, she must not suddenly comment on the curliness of my eyebrows or the pattern of my cravat. She must not spend half her life at a bridge table.

She must possess a certain taste in the matter of get-up but on the other hand she must not build her life around a modiste's. Every so often a look of wistfulness must fill her eyes and she must be able to smile through her tears. She must never be the Life of the Party.

SHE may be blonde, brunette, auburn or of intervening shades. She must not, however, paint her ears, nor wear her hat on the back of her head. She must periodically lapse into silences.

She must not be wholly without illusions. She, too, must be able to blush. She must possess a sense of humor and a certain sense of self-sufficiency as well.

She must not be overcoy or practice false modesty. When in doubt she must not jump at that conclusion which pleases her fancy most. She must never nag nor sulk. And she must be able to speak the language of love without uttering a single word.

SHE must appear just a little more desirable every time I see her just as she must every now and then disclose some unexpected charm hitherto unknown to me. Her perfume must absolutely fit her personality and her sigh must suggest an evening breeze in June and faded violets. She must be tolerant of all things save intolerance.

Her surprise must be unaffected, ingenuous, complete; her gayety, a crescendo of unadulterated gladness. In her heart of hearts she must keep certain secrets locked from the world forever. If she should fall in love with some one else, she must never let me know a word about it until it is all over.

*A Day
Of Dreams
And
A Vivid Modern Story
of a
Traveling Secretary
Who Wanted
Life to Give Her
Everything~*



Life Isn't So Bad

ESTA came in, in one of her white storms, putting her latch-key very quietly into the lock, going straight up the narrow passage to her bedroom and throwing aside her hat and vanity bag without a word. And she shut the door. Mrs. Gerald, in the tiny kitchenette which opened out of their very small living room, heard her.

Mrs. Gerald knew the white storms of youth, the bleak, pallid despairs in which silence was the only refuge. Youth was either dreadfully silent or dreadfully verbal in such crises. For herself, she had ridden the last of such storms. She was forty-three; her hair was white and she never had time or ambition now to do very much to her face.

And yet had she seen the last of her storms? She couldn't be quite sure whenever she saw Esta in one of her quiet rages with life. Too often she found herself wanting to vent herself in a rage too and not such a particularly quiet rage at that.

She knew that Esta thought often, much as she herself still thought—at forty-three and with that white head too—"Time is passing. It goes and goes; every day there's less of it and nothing happens. One will work on until . . ."

MRS. GERALD put the kettle on and stood looking out the kitchenette window at the tiny flower-box garden she and Esta had so earnestly made upon the leaded roof that jutted out above the dairy shop below. On the floor over the dairy was their flat but for some reason no one had thought of squeezing another room on to those three or four square yards of leaded roof. One opened the French windows of the living room and walked straight on to this roof; it gave one a suggestion of more spacious living.

And down below, as people passed in the street, sometimes she saw them gaze up at the railing that she and Esta painted



"He's getting out," said Esta and leaned over to get a better view of the limousine and its occupant. "Mother, he's getting out but there's nothing to look at here. The only flats are ours and the landlord's"

By MAY EDGINTON

a fresh green every year and at the carefully tended flowers rising from the butter tubs that the grocer gave them, and which they also painted green, and at the pride of the garden, the orange sun-umbrella, properly and professionally affixed—that had been a staggering expense but was worth it—under which three well-scrubbed old basket chairs were set.

Out on this roof garden, under the mellowed light of the orange umbrella-tent, looking upward to blue skies instead of at the cheap, small, shabby end of Hardwick Street below, one really could, if one was in the mood for it, get a sense of basking. One really had sometimes said to oneself, "Oh, well, life isn't so bad."

The people in the dairy who let the flat above it admired the contrivances too. "My, you've got ideas, you two," would say the dairy keepers. "Nobody but you could have thought of a sweet little garden and an umbrella-tent right here in

Hardwick Street. Well, when you know how to manage, even here, life isn't so bad, is it?"

But this afternoon, although the sun poured down, and it was the very day on which to be pleased with such ingenuities, there was Esta in one of her white storms behind a shut door.

MRS. GERALD asked little of life except that it should not strike her too hard and too often, but Esta was different! Esta, at twenty-one, expected, demanded, implored, such a lot from life. Such a lot that she'd never get. And yet, thought Mrs. Gerald, cutting thin bread and butter, could she not get some of it? Esta, only twenty-one, and flaming, burning with youth, with actual beauty?

In these days there were so many beautiful girls. Young girls learned beauty, made a habit of it. These days were

not like the less adorned days of twenty years ago, when a plain girl just had to be plain and a woman of forty-three was—well—a woman of forty-three. But all these aids and arts brought bigger competition. Every girl had silk stockings somehow; every woman got manicured or manicured herself; every young girl knew the pleasures at least of cinemas, cheap dancing, motoring, if only on the pillion of male youths' motor cycles; knew long, lazy, dangerous week-end days on the river; knew of so much that was just near enough for her to snatch at. Girls everywhere were reaching up, pulling down hitherto forbidden fruit from the tree.

Even along the small shabby end of this long street the girls who scurried by to business were knowledgeable, smart.

"Yes, competition is immense," thought Mrs. Gerald and it crossed her mind to wonder if perhaps Esta had missed getting that new job she had been after that afternoon.

SIMPLE secretarial work, typing. Dull, oh, dull! Both of them did it. Hundreds of thousands of women all over the city were doing it. So seldom did it hold out any opportunities. "Opportunity is what I want," Esta had said so often. "Just one opportunity. A ten shilling raise isn't what I call success."

Had she missed the new job or had she secured it? And if she had secured it, had it opportunities?

Mrs. Gerald smoothed out her thin dress over her thin hips and stood considering. Then she went and knocked on Esta's door.

"Darling."

"Oh, darling!" cried a voice within.

Mrs. Gerald entered and saw, just as she had expected, Esta sitting quite immobile on the side of her bed. She had thrown off her hat. Her hands were in her lap, limp. Her knees and her feet were set precisely together; she was statuesque with despair.

Her knees and her feet were both very slim and perfect but then, Mrs. Gerald had often reflected, so many girls, even the poor ones who hurried out of the boarding-houses at this end of Hardwick Street, had slim and perfect legs and feet—the automatic result, probably, of the hypnotism of extremely short skirts and better stockings. And Esta's hands were manicured; mother and daughter manicured each other painstakingly twice a week. But so were the hundreds of thousands of other girls' hands manicured. Heaven knew how!

"Beautiful as a Kirchner drawing, or a Meunier drawing," thought Mrs. Gerald, "but what competition! Kirchner and Meunier human drawings just seem standardized!"

Esta's eyes, looking bigger with the dark circles from heat and nerves around them, turned on her mother.

"**Y**OU at home!" And the beginning of a quick concern, "You're not ill; or not—"

"I haven't been sacked," said Mrs. Gerald, "and I'm feeling fine. But my boss—" her mouth curled into a smile, for even after five years of this, it was still faintly strange to her that she, a married woman and mother, should find herself working in a city office like any of these youngsters—"my boss thought he would leave early as it was so hot, and all the work being done, he said I could leave too. So, darling, I've got tea."

"Thank heaven for that!"

"And you?" her mother murmured, "did you—have you—?"

"Oh, the job? I think I've landed it. There are lots of applicants. I'm to know tomorrow. It will be four pounds ten."

"Four-ten! Oh, magnificent!"

"Oh, magnificent!" echoed Esta and out of her black mood suddenly she laughed.

"I wish I were worth four-ten," said Mrs. Gerald.



Illustrations
By
HARLEY ENNIS
STIVERS

"**C**urse it!" said Kelly March. "How do women do it?" He wanted to see Esta and her mother in a setting other than their own and he admitted that they entered these expensive portals creditably

"Oh, mother, women like you and me are worth lots and lots."

"Are we, honey? Perhaps you'll get it. There's time."

"You never had lots of anything, did you, mother? Time didn't do much for you."

"Oh, well, I'm another generation, a back number. And I was married."

"Thank goodness, you're out of that, anyway!" said Esta.

"It's all as it happens," said Mrs. Gerald. "Come to tea."



They went out to the orange umbrella-tent that had cost such a breath-taking sum and yet was worth every penny of it. The orange umbrella-tent that made them a little "different" suggested such extensions of the idea as Ranelagh and Hurlingham, places of which one read in the society columns of daily papers: similar shades on green lawns, and flowers about, and ponies racing to click of hoof and polo stick over a smooth baked ground, and frocks and big transparent hats fragile as fairies' wings, and money!

They sat down in two of the three wicker chairs. The third chair expressed the psychology of the orange umbrella; it

suggested that a social caller might drop in and that they had accommodation superfluous for just themselves. No social caller ever did drop in; if any one came it was by invitation—a hardworked girl from Esta's office or that poor old Miss Somebody from Mrs. Gerald's office on Sunday afternoons: but still, there the chair was, with its one of the three bright cotton cushions that they had made.

The sun burned brilliantly and the heat lapped them round like a warm invisible fluid.

"You and I make the best of life, don't we?" said Esta, sipping her tea and pushing back the amazingly thick disorder of her bright chestnut hair. "We get quite bronzed for slum-dwellers. People always imagine me week-ending on the river or playing tennis somewhere away in the country. And it's all done by this tiny roof and the smuts falling from all the chimneys."

"Cress sandwiches, Esta?"

"We do manage," said Esta.

"It's fun in a way," Mrs. Gerald suggested.

"It's fun if there's a future, mother."

Ah, the future! And she said again, "For you there's plenty of time. Plenty, Esta."

"You were married before you were my age, mother."

"Well," said Mrs. Gerald, "I regretted it."

"Yes, but you mightn't have. It might have been wonderful. Father might have made money and he might have been kind."

"It's too wonderful a combination, that, Esta!"

"Some women get it. And women much less attractive than you and me, mother."

"Oh, I!"

"YES, you. You're attractive, mother. Only you're tired."

"The women who marry men who are both kind and rich, Esta, usually have a background. A background is very important to a woman where a man is concerned. That's why—"

"You've made us this little one?"

"One must have a background, some sort of possessions, some sort of dignity. Or where would one be? One would deteriorate, Esta. Women living like us somehow go down—down—down—almost without knowing it if they aren't careful."

"We mustn't let this little den get frowsy nor eat meals straight out of the frying pan on a corner of the kitchen table to save trouble. Mustn't weaken in any way, must we?"

"We simply can't afford to weaken, Esta."

"Of course, there are other things besides marriage. Some girls make good and earn quite big salaries. Buyers, interior decorators, that sort of thing. Only there are such a lot of us and all so beastly capable nowadays. No timid mice at all. Employers have such a choice."

"The market is awfully full."

"You and I are both frightfully good looking you know, mother."

"Good looks don't do it nowadays when every woman makes the best of herself."

"Well, don't let's think," said Esta. "Let's be lazy, just wilt in this sun and so-called fresh air. And tonight let's do a

picture. Let's go and see Gloria Swanson in her latest one."

Mrs. Gerald, looking down into the street, sighed, "Oh, what a glorious car!"

It turned round the corner very slowly and searchingly; it came moving on towards the dairy shop over which they sat. A long, slender, open, pale-brown car, with a brown chauffeur driving and a man leaning back on the seat behind. Esta bent from her chair over the railing and watched it.

"He's looking for a house," she said, "but he must be at the wrong end of the street. He's looking at numbers. Ah, they've seen their mistake."

The car was alongside the dairy shop and the man inside, glimpsing a woman's head of extraordinary brightness leaning over a bright green railing not so far above him, suddenly ordered the chauffeur to stop. He had a list of houses on an "Order to View" in his hand. He glanced down it and then at the number of the dairy shop which was 119. On the Order to View he had "No. 11, Hardwick Street, Kensington." But that was not visible to Esta some thirty feet or so up.

THE car drew up smoothly without a sound.

"He's getting out," said Esta, faintly intrigued. "But there's nothing to look at here; the only flats are ours and the landlord's. Mother, he's getting out."

"Has he brought a can for his milk? Or perhaps it is half a dozen eggs he wants," said Mrs. Gerald.

"I would sell my soul for a car like that," said Esta.

"Souls also," said Mrs. Gerald, "souls also—there are lots of those in the market too. They fetch so little; one may as well keep them."

Kelly March got out of the brown car. He was not faintly intrigued; he was violently intrigued. He had had a sudden sensation of surprise, of charmed surprise, when he had seen that head, red and yet gold as the sunshine, look meditatively over the green railings into the street at himself and his car.

No. He put the car first. The radiant head would have put it first. It was a fine car and he was a pretty ordinary man. The car distinguished him. So don't be under any delusions; put it first! But if pretty ordinary, he was rich, and a rich man looks where he fancies or he may if he likes. Kelly March had learned that and was usually bored with what he saw. And he always said to himself, "No more women, Kelly, you fool; no more except just for an hour or two now and again. Now and again—there are occasions—they decorate a man. A girl opposite you in a night club, of course; or" In fact, he had been feeling extremely sulky over women. One expected women to be, to a certain degree, spongers, but there were degrees! And so rich a man learned them all, gold-diggers, in their different ways, the lot of them. They all dug and every one hoped for gold even if she didn't find it.

YET, with the incurable freshness of interest, incurable keenness of curiosity, he had stopped his car at sight of that unusual head. And reared above the head, he saw a great orange umbrella, a flaming patch in the narrow mean end of the Kensington street. The faint tinkle of china came to him as the unseen Mrs. Gerald replenished cups. The head must be having tea out of doors, making the best of this smutty London roof. Well, he liked that.

"I would like just to have a look," he thought.

For he was sick of the strings of young women secretaries the agencies had sent him the last two days: all smart, all keen, all with the same little strings of false pearls, the lip-stick, the reiteration of qualifications. Only that morning he had said to Tudor Charles, whom he despised more or less

good-naturedly, "I shall have to look for one myself, just pick one up."

Still, this sudden incursion into the dairy premises was more like looking for one of those adventures which he had put behind him than picking up a secretary.

He went through the open side-entrance door and up a bare small staircase. It led up to one or two flats into which the stories above the shop had been converted. And as he went he drew out a gold pencil and slipped the figure 9 after the figure 11.

Now he had an Order to View 119, and reaching the door at the top of the first flight of stairs he knocked and it was opened by an extremely slender, weary woman with prematurely white hair quite nicely shingled.

And he thought, "But the red-head? This is surely the flat? It isn't the one above?"

Then he saw a glimpse beyond the white-haired woman, right through the flat, through lobby, sitting room and out to the tiny roof garden with the scarlet flowers and the orange umbrella.

"MAY I come in a moment?" he asked and held his Order to View and the gray hat in his hand. With a swift look at him and a swift recalling of the luxurious car below. Mrs. Gerald retreated a step, her retreat seeming to invite him to follow. And he paused a second, a pause which seemed to suggest to her the action of shutting the door behind him and of thinking, "Why should he come in, not explaining his business or giving his name, a stranger?"

His eyes were for the slip of

sunshine and blue sky to be seen right through the tiny flat.

"I have come about the flat," he said.

"About the flat?"

He displayed his Order to View; quite a long list of properties was written there.

"One hundred and nineteen. I take it this is the place and not the one above."

"Neither is to let."

"NEITHER to let? But forgive me, I have number one hundred and nineteen down here."

Mrs. Gerald examined the paper.

"So you have. But I don't understand."

"It must be a mistake of the house agents."

"I think it must. But—one moment—I'll ask my daughter if she has heard anything about any subletting of the flat above this. Just to make sure."

"That would be extremely kind of you."

So she was going through the sitting room and he did not wait in the lobby; he followed close behind and murmured, "I'm really frightfully sorry to have troubled you."

Hat in hand, he stood looking at the girl with the gorgeous hair, extremely slim like her mother, in her short sleeved, short skirted frock of dark cotton. And he knew himself to be in the presence of two unusual women, two alive, poor, charming women. And he saw the third chair.

He listened for Esta's voice answering Mrs. Gerald's question.

"I FEEL sure the other flat isn't to let."

"It doesn't matter anyway," he said with a sudden smile. "There has been a mistake because in any case I wasn't looking for a small place."

"There are one or two large houses to be let or sold at the other end of the street."

"Thanks. I was looking for a house. One has to dump one's goods somewhere. Thanks so much."

But he did not go. He pondered the question of the third chair.



Tudor Charles, Secretary
No. 3 in the Party



Was Mr. March aboard or awaiting her here? "I don't care where he is," Esta decided. "I'll go aboard by myself"

"We are both secretary-typists," said the mother.

"There is very little scope, so little opportunity for getting on in that line," the girl added.

"Scope, opportunity? You want that? To get on?" he said.

"Who doesn't?"

The mother was looking at him. Experience there. Ideas flashing into the mother's head. He knew that she knew the price of his clothes, of his hair cut, of his car. Unusual women these. Unusually gracious little setting they had made for themselves on this humble roof.

"Personalities both," he thought. Only of course it was of the younger one that a man thought first, the younger one whose beautiful hair had drawn him up here merely to look further.

"My daughter's shorthand speed is a hundred and fifty and her typing speed is forty," the mother observed, "but then every one is so efficient these days."

"You may think so," he answered, "but all the same, real efficiency and person-

"It's too hot anyway to go house hunting," he said. "How delightfully airy you are here. Really a sort of oasis! Restful—so clever—"

"People don't understand what might be done with city roofs and backyards."

IT WAS the mother speaking. The girl was looking at him in silence.

There was a little interrogative pause. He ought to go.

The third chair?

He temporized, "I wonder if you would be good enough to tell me if you know whether those large houses further on have gardens."

"No gardens."

"Ah! You have made it so pretty here."

"Working women like a little prettiness to come home to," said the mother.

"And working men! . . ." he said.

"Working women." Ah well, if I'm finding house hunting too hot, you must have found the city pretty hot today."

"My mother has a half day off," said the girl, "and I've been job hunting."

"Indeed? Job hunting." He looked sympathetically at the mother. "Competition is so keen these days—"

She cried, "That is exactly what we were talking about just now. The market is overcrowded."

Nearer now—he knew it—to that third chair, he ventured:

"Might I ask—if it isn't officious—what—er—kind of job?"

ality are hard to find and in some posts both are essential."

"Ah, those are the plums," said Mrs. Gerald.

Another pause.

"I musn't keep you," he said and turned away, hat in hand. At least he made the gesture of turning away, not intending to do more. No. He was going to sit in the third chair and take a cup of tea. He had made up his mind to it.

THE mother made a non-committal murmur and moved too.

She was going to show him out of the flat; shut the door upon him, a stranger.

He turned back. "It's the most extraordinary coincidence," he said, "but I'm looking for a special type of secretary myself. The agencies haven't suited me yet. The secretary I want must have the technical qualifications you mention but she must have more than that. [Continued on page 110]



Bob Gerald

He said he hated girls—



Edward Thayer Monroe

Elizabeth laughed when a Broadway press agent suggested that she try the stage but here's a famous Follies group, tintype proof of her success

From Tights to Typewriter

By
LEONARD HALL

FIVE years ago a pretty Scandinavian girl named Elizabeth Meehan, weighted down with rhinestones and silks, undulated across the stage of the New Amsterdam Theater as one of Flo Ziegfeld's glorified.

A few days ago the same lass drove up to the door of the New Amsterdam in her own smart and rapid roadster, tossed the reins to an equerry and stepped out like a queen, bangles on her wrists, rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

Five years ago she was just "that tall brunette on the left." Today she is one of the most successful scenario writers in Hollywood and points east.

And this is the Horatio Alger story of Elizabeth Meehan's rapid rise.

From her present eminence as the scenarist of "Beau Geste," "Sorrell and Son" and other cinema successes it is only a short look back to the days when this astonishingly successful young woman was a high school girl in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth was a magnificent swimmer and diver and so of course she wanted to be a writer, just as every Shakespearean actor yearns to play the tenor saxophone.

She had a whack at the writing trade and in no time at all had several bales of rejection slips and a couple of five dollar checks. Then she dabbled in newspapering and the break came when a Philadelphia editor told her off to cover a girls' swimming tournament.

Miss Meehan not only turned in a spry account of the plunging but the next day put on her own one-piece suit and

cracked practically every record hung up the previous day.

This superb piece of showmanship made the first pages of all the papers in town and with it came offers and then some offers.

"Well, if it can't be typewriter, it might as well be tank," thought Elizabeth and it was.

There was little time for writing, what with instructions in the gentle art of the double jack-knife, refereeing matches and giving diving exhibitions.

The girl became so good and so popular that Tex Rickard, who will promote anything from a heavy-weight championship fight to a peanut-pushing contest, made her swimming instructress at his big pool in the old Madison Square Garden of sainted and scented memory.

IT WASN'T long till she had started her own swimming school in Detroit. Then she came back to New York with a little bank roll and a determination to do the same in New York in a bigger and better way.

At this time Lady Luck turned her back and Miss Meehan spent a hot and bothered summer trying to convince stout women that salvation lay in learning to do the Australian crawl.

It was on one of these torrid tramps that she ran smack dab into Walter Kingsley, famous Broadway press agent and one of Florenz Ziegfeld's beauty scouts.

"Why not try the stage?" said Kingsley.

"Ha ha," laughed Elizabeth merrily.

But the pay was good, the work steady and easy, and as

Five years ago Elizabeth Meehan was just "that tall brunette on the left" among Mr. Ziegfeld's glorified; today she is one of the most successful scenario writers in Hollywood and points east

the exquisitely curved swimmer passed all Ziegfeld's tests magna cum laude, it wasn't long until she was the tall show girl on the left in one of the master's huge-skin operas.

And at night after the show she pecked hopefully at the neglected typewriter, her mind still on literary laurels and loot.

One day a friend suggested that they go out to the Paramount Studio on Long Island and get themselves a little extra work in the movies. Ziegfeld girls were much in demand and got as much as fifteen dollars a day for posturing gracefully in the background of the films.

Elizabeth wasn't satisfied with merely the fifteen dollars per.

She began snooping about the lot, bothering camera men, assistant directors and technicians and soon had a fair working idea of what the flicker racket was all about.

All this time, in the back of her mind, was the thought that she'd like to turn out movie script herself.

Paramount, at that time, was doing a picture called "The Street of Forgotten Men" and Miss Meehan had a bit. She had to walk across the set, be accosted by a beggar and recognize in him a long lost friend.

It didn't work out at all.

Twice she tried it and twice a sharp voice barked at her from the sidelines.

THEN a stocky, gray-haired man with a megaphone and a scowl walked forth and gave her a hot two-minute address on the general subject of screen acting and her own efforts in particular. Finally she managed her mite successfully.

But that wasn't the point. She had established personal contact with the little gray man who was to make her one of the leading writers for the pictures. Lady Luck and the old Cinderella spirit joined hands and did a buck and wing dance.

A week later Elizabeth heard that Brenon was plotting to do "Beau Geste" for the screen and for several nights sparks flew from her trusty typewriter.

Her screen treatment of the Wren novel done, she found that Brenon had hustled off to England to confer with Sir James M. Barrie on the matter of filming "A Kiss for Cinderella."

She went through this published play like a shot and when she had managed to get a look at the Barrie film script she had a suggestion all ready for its improvement.

It was this that got her an interview with Director Brenon on his return from abroad.

And so Miss Meehan, fussed but game, entered the Presence.

Brenon impaled her with a glittering eye.

"You worked in 'The Street of Forgotten Men,' didn't you?" he asked.

"Guilty as charged," answered Elizabeth expecting hanging at the very least.

"Do you want to get on as an actress?" he continued.

Miss Meehan, gulping, confessed that writing successful scenarios was really her ultimate aim and hope.

"Well," smiled the director, "I'm glad you're not taking acting too seriously. Frankly, my dear, you're a very pretty girl but you certainly are a rotten actress. What can I do for you?"

Then Elizabeth went into her dance.

SHE outlined her suggestion for "A Kiss for Cinderella."

When she had finished Brenon told her it was very good and that he certainly would consider it. Then he stood up and stretched his nose as though the interview were over.

"Just one other thing," said Miss Meehan. "I heard you were going to make 'Beau Geste,' and I've done a script and here it is."

With that she wibbled and wobbled out and for days heard nothing from Paramount. It was a drizzly December, too, which didn't help.

One night she went to her hotel. With the room key the clerk handed her a letter. It was from Herbert Brenon and read like this:

"I have just finished reading your scenario of 'Beau Geste.' It is very good. If you will arrange to see me at the studio Monday morning I should like to talk it over with you."

And Elizabeth, December forgotten, executed a pas seul.

Came Monday and the interview with Brenon.

He patted her on the back, suggested things and sent her home walking on clouds.

When "Beau Geste" was made it was from Elizabeth Meehan's scenario, slightly revised, that the deed was done.

And Elizabeth herself is a little dizzy from the rapid buggy ride to fame she has taken since then.

Paramount decided to make "The Great Gatsby," from the Scott Fitzgerald novel and the job of writing the scenario fell into Miss Meehan's lap.

She was given a contract, she waved by-by to her show-girl friends and was off on a mad movie career.

"Gatsby" did well at the box office. It was followed by "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," "The Telephone Girl," "Sorrell and Son," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" and Ronald Colman's picture, "The Rescue," all directed [Continued on page 109]



Alfred
Cheney Johnston

Miss Meehan puts, as her pet ingredient in a success formula, luck or accident or whatever you want to call it

The Right Angle

By FREDERICK



DR. Whitt-ridge came swiftly into his pleasant book-lined study.

"If any one calls, Floyd," he said to the colored boy who was placing a fresh log on the fire, "please show them in."

When the boy had gone the doctor seated himself at his desk, took some papers from his pocket and arranged them in three little piles before him.

From one of these piles he drew the carbon copy of a letter and began to read it slowly and deliberately, as was his habit. He had written the letter himself a year before. It was addressed to Mr. Vance Russell at a small town in Maine.

MY DEAR Vance, I have just learned on my return from abroad that you and your wife have separated. I knew when I went away that you were in trouble but I had not supposed it so serious. Needless to say I am deeply distressed.

Ever since your father's death you have been more like a son to me than a patient, and while I hesitate to intrude upon your personal affairs, I have heard so many conflicting stories that I have decided to ask you the facts.

What is the trouble, Vance? The town gossips link your name with that of Mrs. Evelyn Perry. Knowing you as I do, I cannot believe you guilty of the usual cheap love affair. I feel that you must be facing some real problem. If so, maybe I can be of help.

Tell me what has happened. Let me have your side of the case at least. I really should hear all three sides if I am to offer you any worth while advice. Do you suppose you can get your wife to write me? And Mrs. Perry? This may seem a surprising thing to suggest but I want to help you and the only way in which I can do so intelligently is, to look at your domestic problem from all three of its angles, not just from one.

Naturally I am not conceited enough to think that I can offer you a complete solution of your difficulties but I have had considerable experience with unhappy married people during my thirty years of practice and I may be able to give you some good advice. A physician, you know, frequently prescribes other things than drugs.

Let me have, if you will, a frank statement of your troubles and try to get your wife and Mrs. Perry to confide in me as well. None of you need be bound by anything I may say, but the opinion of an outsider often helps. I am writing to both Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Perry offering them my services. There is usually, I think, a right angle to every triangle, if

When a Doctor
The Right
Angles of
Domestic

Vance Russell thought his wife had ruined his life and Mrs. Perry, the third angle of the triangle, thought that too. Both left him but one came back. Which one? The right angle or the wrong angle?

we can only find it.

I am glad you are taking a rest. Nothing like fresh air and sleep, my boy, to mend jaded nerves. And yours, I fear, have been jaded for a long time. Faithfully yours, R. L. Whitt-ridge.

The doctor laid the letter he had just read aside and took up the type-written document to which it had been attached.

MY DEAR Doctor: Many thanks for your offer of help. I am sending the statement for which you asked, although I don't believe it will do any good. I have also written to my wife and to Mrs. Perry, suggesting that they communicate with you. Mrs. Perry is in Italy and Mrs. Russell has taken the children to the seashore for the summer.

I have the greatest confidence in your opinion, Doctor, but right now I can't see how you are going to help me. I know

le of the Triangle

ICK ARNOLD KUMMER

Doctor
Right
les of
nestic
Tried to Discover
and Wrong
a Modern
Triangle

Illustrations
By
C. R.
CHICKERING



what I
want
even if I
don't see just
how to get it.
I've never been a
man to run much
after women. I think
you know that. But
Mrs. Perry is different. I
love her deeply and she
loves me. Our only problem
is how to take our happiness
without bringing unhappiness to
others.

MY WIFE claims to care for me. She does not want to give me up. To do so, she thinks, would ruin our children's lives. But would it? Suppose I should die. Would their lives necessarily be ruined? I've known several widows with children who seemed to be getting along very well. Better, in some cases, than when their husbands were alive. We are all apt to exaggerate our importance to others. Youth is always selfish. My own youngsters are fond of me but I am afraid they look on me as a sort of money-making machine, not a human being with a right to happiness. In the eyes

of the
younger
generation
parents are
just necessary
nuisances.

You will wonder why I am not happy with my wife. That is not an easy question to answer. Perhaps I have found shallows where I had expected to find depths, narrow-mindedness where I had looked for breadth. Perhaps the fault is mine. What difference does it make after all? The only question is whether a man should sacrifice his chances of happiness on the altar of duty or have the courage of his convictions. Conventional labels of right or wrong don't mean anything. It might be the worst thing a man can do, to live a sham, a lie.

IF YOU knew Evelyn, Mrs. Perry, you would understand. She wasn't happy with her husband, a dull, stolid man, without imagination or tenderness, but she made him a loyal wife. The gossips have slashed her bitterly on my account, calling her scheming, unprincipled and worse. You've heard all that I suppose. Pay no attention to it. I want you to understand even if the scandal-mongers can't that Evelyn is a woman of intellect, of character and of brains. I'm happy with her, in a spiritual sense. She lives in a world of ideas.

My wife, on the contrary, loves material things. She has based her whole life upon them. Possessions, the endless rubbish of the average home, collected at any cost, set up as gods to be worshipped. Just things! As for any higher hopes or ambitions I may have had she knows nothing whatever about them and doesn't want to, I guess.

EVELYN isn't interested in a home in the ordinary sense. She would rather see me succeed than own the finest house in town. That inspires me. It would inspire any man. She has given me back the power to dream, the courage to live and fight and work for something more than just the immediate money return. I might fail of course but at least I would fail gloriously, making a good fight in the open, not like a tame squirrel, endlessly turning a wheel in a cage.

You advised me last year to take a trip for my health and my nerves. The trouble is deeper than that. A few weeks on a boat wouldn't cure it. It's the life I've been leading for years that is suffocating me, a dull, uninspired routine without hope or purpose other than the paying of an endless stream of unnecessary bills. I might have broken away before but I had no incentive. Evelyn has opened my eyes, shown me what life might mean. I owe her a great deal for that.

If you give my wife any advice urge her to consent to a divorce so that I can marry Evelyn. It will be best for all concerned. I will arrange money matters to suit her but I

ment, my friends. I haven't a great many years of life ahead of me. I'd like to make something of them years if I can. I've lived all my life in a house that's good. It's not good enough.

If I go on in my present one much longer I won't want to get any. I'd like a new one that has been in jail or had its property in some other way. I'd like that better, wouldn't you? I'd like to see it. It's terrible. I'd rather be dead.

SEND me your advice at all times. I shall value it more than I could tell you. In justice to this sort of a man, the girl is dead. I'm sure. R. Vance Russell.

Dr. Whittridge put down the typewritten sheet and started for several moments into the air. Then he took up a second letter written in a still prettier hand.

Dear Dr. Whittridge. I find it difficult to write to you about my affairs and if I did not know how fond you are of Vance I would not do it. Possibly what I have to say may help you in advising him. He certainly needs advice.

You have heard the stories about him and that Perry woman. He is quite mad about her. I think he has lost his mind.

I've done everything a wife could to make him happy. Devoted myself to him, his children and his home. Now all the thanks I get is to be thrown aside for another woman, a woman so unscrupulous that she would make love to a married man right in his own home. She pretended to be my friend one minute and kissed him behind my back the next. I saw them once in the mirror. Of course I wouldn't have anything to do with her after that.

Vance had been impossible for months. Doesn't seem interested in his home or his children or anything except this woman. You can imagine how I have felt with my friends all laughing at me, calling me a fool for not leaving him. But I've hung on because of the children.

Bob is sixteen, just at the age when he needs a father most. And Doris needs him too. She has a nice crowd of youngsters about her. I'm hoping she will marry well. If this trouble between Vance and myself continues, her whole background will be spoiled. We would have to give up our home, everything.

IT TAKES all Vance can earn to meet expenses now; I can't imagine what he is thinking of, looking for some one else to spend his money on. He complains about my bills, but he will know what bills are if he ever tries to pay that woman's. Alice Perry, her sister-in-law, tells me she wouldn't so much as sew on a button when her husband was alive. He actually had to hire a housekeeper to get something to eat. No wonder he

drinks and smokes. The poor man is scared, I think.

Vance wants me to give him a divorce. Why should I? I'm not interested. I believe in divorce when there is any reason. But Vance hasn't any reason and Mrs. Perry wouldn't look for him if she didn't think he had money. She's that type.

If you can show him that a terrible road he is making at himself it may help. He talks a lot about happiness but it's not really happiness he's looking for. It's a resource. He wants to shake off his responsibilities and start life over again with some woman who is young, attractive, clever enough to flatter him. He's always talking about how I have ruined his life picturing existence as a sort of perpetual honeymoon. I suppose most of us would like to live our honeymoons over again; I know I should but not at the expense of throwing aside my responsibilities and my duties. The sooner Vance

Dr. Whittridge searched his caller's face. "I realize," he said, "that you were not in sympathy with my efforts." "But I was," Mrs. Perry said. "That is why I put myself out of Vance's life."



realizes that the better. I hope for his sake he won't realize it too late.

I shall be here with my sister for another six weeks at least. The children are crazy about the water. After that I don't know. If Vance doesn't come back there will be no use in opening the house; I couldn't afford to run it. But I am hoping that the rest he is taking up in Maine will bring him to his senses. It would be a pity to let this woman ruin all our lives. Faithfully yours, Margaret Russell.

Dr. Whittridge swore softly as he tossed the letter on his desk and took up the one he had received from Evelyn Perry.

My Dear Dr. Whittridge: Your letter sent to my address in Rome has just reached me. I am answering it only because Mr. Russell has asked me to do so.

What do you want me to say—that I love Vance? You



carried him from a stormy back. I feel very sorry for him. A rare heart hidden in a rare man.

I am interested in Vance's spiritual happiness but his wife cannot understand that. She thinks we are carrying on an affair. She can never realize that he needs encouragement, freedom, opportunity to make something more of his life than the domestic drudge into which she has turned him.

Please understand that I have never urged Vance to leave his family on my account. All I have asked him to do is to be true to himself. His problem is a hard one because of the children. Yet I think he would be happier if he were more ruthless, less afraid of being selfish. Unselfishness, carried too far, brings nothing but misery to all concerned. If Vance has really ceased to care for his wife it will hurt her less to tell her so and leave her than to go back to a life of stupid pretense. He is trying to work things out logically instead of following his emotions. That is a mistake. You can't apply logic to love, any more than you can to religion. You have got to have faith, the kind that moves mountains. Without it you are lost.

THE first time I met Vance I knew that something was wrong with him. He seemed unhappy, trying to reach out for something he did not possess. Being loyal even to his mistakes he did not tell me so until long afterwards and by that time I knew it.

He talked to me of his hopes and ambitions and I tried to encourage him. It made me furious to see a man like Vance wasting his life over trifles. He wanted to do big things in his profession he told me but his hands were tied trying to satisfy his family's never-ending demands. If his wife had loved him she would have seen his problems and understood them. All she thinks of is to keep up appearances.

I have no idea what advice you are going to give Vance but it cannot make much difference. When love is strong enough it sweeps away all barriers. When it isn't it dies and sometimes the spirit dies with it. I would not say so to Vance but if he continues in his present environment his spirit will die too. A great many wives do that to their husbands, not intentionally but because they are blind. They bind them to earth with a thousand domestic strings, no one of any great strength, yet all together holding like a cable of steel. A man might resist if he realized what was happening to him but he never does until it is too late.

I HATE to think of Vance growing old like that. A dull plodder wasting his life with stupid, unimaginative people, pursuing his little round of suburban existence, nodding in carpet slippers over his evening paper. I'd rather see him do something big no matter what the cost and so would his wife and children although they do not realize it.

As it is they will eventually come to look on him as a well-meaning old fellow who did his best but failed to make much of a success in life. They won't thank him for the sacrifices he has made and will probably sneer a little behind his back and compare him with their wealthier friends.

On the other hand if he were to brush them all aside and make a name for himself they would be the first to applaud him, to call him a big man and boast of their relationship to him.

I do not say that Vance would be more successful married to me. He might not be. But at least he would have a chance. He hasn't any now. And when I say that my only wish is to see him happy I mean it, whether I have anything to do with his happiness or not. No one, loving him as much as I do, could say any more or less. Sincerely, Evelyn Norris Perry.

Dr. Whittridge stared at the letter for a long time after he laid it down. How amazingly these three people, trying to find some solution to their problems, had revealed themselves through their letters. It seemed scarcely possible that a year had elapsed since he had received [Continued on page 118]

know that already. Do you expect me to defend that love? Why should I? We can't regulate our emotions any more than we can regulate thunderstorms and tides. Such things go on because they must go on. You can't stop them.

You may say I have no right to love a man who is married. What difference does that make? He is not his wife's property. She cannot claim the sole right to love him. I care for Vance because he is a man worth caring for and I am proud of it. We all want love. When it comes to us the greatest wrong we can commit is to deny it and cast it aside.

YOU may argue that Vance's wife also loves him but that gives her no claim on him unless she can hold his love in return. I have seen them together and I don't think she knows what love is. Why should she? A stupid, material woman who has failed to make him happy and is too vain to admit it, who has sapped his energy, killed his ambitions and

You Know Her As the World Knows Her
But Do You Know the Real Peggy?



Hal Phylfe

Peggy Hopkins Joyce's most recent photograph. If you have not started reading this remarkable story of one woman's blind search for happiness you must start it now. In this instalment of her diary she tells of her school days in Washington following her first disastrous marriage and of her courtship and marriage to Sherby Hopkins. She tells of her life as one of the reigning beauties of Washington's exclusive diplomatic circles, of running away from her second husband and of being alone, unknown and hungry in her search for work in New York City

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

What Peggy Told You Last Month:

MY LIFE really began yesterday when I met Mr. Huertin but when a person Runs Away From Home she really hasn't time to begin a Diary. As I write this I am speeding away towards my Future. I'm going to be a great Actress some day Mr. Huertin says because I am so pretty.

Mr. Huertin is the world's greatest Cyclist and when he was in Norfolk where we lived I asked him to take me with him because I wanted to be an Actress. He said if I really wanted to go I should meet him at the railroad station the next morning.

SO I DID and now we are on our way out West. We opened in Salt Lake City and I was so excited. Next we went to Denver. On the train I met the handsomest man I have ever seen. He was on the platform and I kind of wanted him to talk because the scenery made a person feel sort of alone. His name was Everett Archer and his father was the Borax King of America. Just as we were getting off the train he said, Peggy Darling, I love you. Will you marry me? I replied why, Mr. Archer, I have only known you since morning. And he said what difference does that make. So we were married and he took me home to his parents.

But the next day I was heart-broken. Why wasn't I told marriage was like that? I hated men. Everett tried to make me go back to him but I wouldn't go. Mr. Huertin got scared when I told him my Mother and Grannie didn't know I had run away with him and he took me back to Norfolk. My family had the marriage annulled and sent me to a fashionable school in Washington, which I thought was nice because they didn't have much money. But I hated school and was very lonely. After I'd been there a while we had a big dance.

I DIDN'T want to go but I'm glad I did for I had a most Wonderful Experience. About midnight I met a Millionaire. I was lonely and miserable when up walked the handsomest man. We danced loads of times and then he asked me to lunch at the Willard next day. He told me his name was Sherburne Hopkins but that everybody called him Sherby and he called me Babs.

In the morning I asked permission to go out to lunch but I would have gone anyway I was so crazy about Sherby.



Drawings
By
C. R.
CHICKERING

"I wonder if a girl could go on the stage and still be in society. Of course I don't mean myself"

Now Continue Her Diary:

BALTIMORE, Saturday. Tremendous things have happened, Diary, since I wrote about the prom dance a week ago.

The trouble about a Diary is, you forget to write things down as they happen and afterward you cannot remember them properly, especially if exciting things are happening all the time.

Well, I will try to tell All, but first I must set things down as they happened.

First, I have married Sherby. No, that's not first, because I have to remember about meeting him and him buying me all those things but I will tell about that in a minute. The most important thing is I married Sherby! I am Mrs. Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins, wife of one of the Richest Men in Washington.

Second, I have left School forever.

Third, I have told Sherby All! Before we married. And it doesn't matter. Oh, I love him so! We are so happy.

FOURTH, his mother knows all about me and has been perfectly sweet. I haven't met her yet but she must be a wonderful woman. Sherby says she is the most wonderful woman in the world except me.

Fifth, We are on our honeymoon.

Isn't that marvelous?

I am so tremendously happy that I cannot think very clearly but I am going to try to write it all down. Of course it is only for Myself that I am writing, because when I am an old woman and a grandmother I want to remember how happy I am now.

Well I met Sherby in the Willard and he looked ever so distinguished although so young, nearly as wonderful as he had looked in his Evening Dress. He wears his clothes so beautifully. They are made in London. Think of that, little Peggy having a husband whose suits are made in London!

What do you think? We had hardly met and shaken hands before Sherby took me over to two seats in the corner and took my hand and held it. He was all trembly and he said:

Babs, I want you to be my wife, will you?

He didn't say he loved me but I knew it because why should he ask

me to be his wife if he didn't love me? I knew he did.

So I said, I haven't any clothes.

That was silly, but honest I could not think of anything else to say.

If that is all he said we can fix that right away.

So he went to Woodward and Lothrop's which is the smartest and most exclusive shop in Washington. I had never even been inside.

And Sherby said to the manager, This young lady is my fiancee and she has lost all her baggage. I want you to see that she gets everything she needs.

The Manager was very courteous and went around with us personally.

FIRST we bought shoes—six pairs! I had never had more than two pairs in my life. Then we went to the Gown Department and we bought two morning dresses, three tea frocks and three evening gowns! I could hardly believe it!

Finally Sherby whispered to the Manager and he nodded and said, Yes, Sir, about half a dozen sets, Sir? And Sherby nodded, and we went to another Department and I chose simply piles and piles of the most wonderful lingerie. Everything was silk.

I thought I was dreaming, but Sherby said, Wait, we are not finished yet, you must have some bags.

So we got a wardrobe trunk, just the sweetest one imaginable, with a top that lifts off on a hinge so you can get the dresses out without crinkling them. And we bought a valise and a Magnificent Toilet Case with silver brushes.

I could hardly say a word I was so breathless.

Sherby wrote a check and said, Pack these things and have them ready at 2 P. M. because we are going away and will call for them.

Then we went back to the Willard and Sherby ordered a wonderful lunch and champagne! But I was so excited I could not eat. I had never tasted champagne before it was glorious.

I HAD two glasses and Sherby laughed and said, it will go to your head. But how could champagne go to my head after all that had happened? I said, I am intoxicated but not because of the champagne.

I love you darling, he said, and we are going straight away to Maryland and be married, I have told my mother and we are going to live with her after we are married. You will love my mother and she will love you.

If Sherby's mother is like him I know I will love her very much because Sherby is so wonderful.

After lunch we went out and Sherby pointed and said, There's our car. And it was the most magnificent Packard with a Negro chauffeur, and Sherby said to him, Sam, this is Miss Upton, my

unacee, we are going to Maryland and be married at once.

And the chauffeur touched his cap and smiled. He was a very good chauffeur. Sherby says he has worked for the family for ages.

We picked up my bags at the store and the chauffeur strapped them on behind and Sherby said, Drive out by Perryville, we can take in the races.

I had never seen horse races but I didn't really care much about seeing them and said, Why can't we be married first?

There is plenty of time said Sherby. And you will like the races.

But we only saw one race and then Sherby saw I was feeling tired. He said it was probably the champagne and the sun and told the chauffeur to drive us to Belair, which is a little village not far from Perryville.

But on the way to Belair in the car I suddenly thought of Everett and of my Experience.

It seems funny I hadn't thought of that before but I was so happy and excited I had no time to think of anything.

But now when I thought of it it was like a black cloud and I felt terrible and desperate.

Sherby asked me what was the matter and I said it was a headache.

It's the champagne, he said. And I felt worse because how could he guess?

I thought, I will tell him now. But then I said to myself, If I tell him perhaps he won't love me any more and will Refuse to Marry me.

WHEN I felt that I was desperate because I really loved Sherby and wanted to be his wife.

I did not tell him in the car and we stopped at a Minister's house and went in and Sherby had telephoned and the Minister was waiting for us.

I felt terrible and the preacher patted me on the head and said I mustn't be afraid, it would soon be over. And Sherby took my hand and kissed it and that made it harder.

It was the most awful temptation not to say anything but just to let us be married and tell him afterward when nothing could be done, but Sherby was so wonderful and tender I could not make up my mind to do it.

The preacher took us in his parlor and took up the Prayer Book and said to Sherby, Have you got a ring?

And Sherby took a diamond ring from his pocket that he had bought that morning in Washington, and suddenly I knew I had to tell him.

Sherby, I said, before we start I must speak to you alone. I have something to tell you.

He looked at my face and said, Dear, I don't care what it is I don't want to hear it.

But I said, You must darling because I love you.

So we went into the hall and Sherby took my hand but I took it away again and I said,

Sherby I have been married before.

I was crying and could not look at him at first but when I did I felt scared. He was not looking at me but his face had an expression I shall never forget.

It was a long time, twenty minutes at least, before he said anything. I



International

Mrs. Peggy Hopkins when she arrived in New York, a runaway child, twice married, vainly seeking fame that later came with a tragic rush



Peggy had no training in writing, which explains some of the grammatical crudities in her early diary but her untutored development in writing, as she goes along, reveals her natural intelligence. "The trouble about a diary," she wrote in her own, "is that you forget to write things down as they happen, especially if exciting things are happening to you all the time"

was sitting on a chair crying and wishing I was dead and so awfully afraid of what he was going to say.

The pastor came out and looked and coughed and then Sherby came over to me and said quietly, Are you divorced?

The marriage was annulled, I said. I will tell you everything.

I don't care, he said. I don't want to hear it. You can tell me some other time. I love you and want you and that is all I care about.

Then he took me by the arm and led me into the parlor and we were married and he kissed me.

Sherby is the kindest, most wonderful man I ever knew. I love him!

I have never loved so much. It hurts.

We went to a tiny road house the first night, we had to produce our Marriage Certificate because I looked so young. If that woman had known it was my second marriage!

They only had a single room and it was hot and I was exhausted. I fell asleep.

Then we came here, to this big hotel on the Square, we have a suite. We have been here four days and every day I love Sherby more. He is the kindest most considerate man in the whole world. He is so tender and beautiful with me.

I have written to Mother and Grannie but have had no reply. I wonder what they will say? But when they know I am so happy & have such a wonderful husband they will be glad.

After all Sherby is a millionaire and very prominent socially.

The honeymoon pursues the usual course of honeymoons, and Peggy is either too busy or too happy to write much in her diary. A brief entry informs us: "We are going to New York today for a few days," but thereafter there is a blank until the return to Washington and Peggy does not give her impressions of New York until nearly a year later, when she sees the city under far different circumstances.

For the next three months the few casual entries are concerned with the life in Washington of Mrs. Hopkins, society beauty, who speedily became the reigning belle of the diplomatic colony. She is still only sixteen.

THURSDAY. I just love Sherby's mother.

When the car drew up at the big house at the corner of Sixteenth and G she was there waiting for us and until Sherby introduced us I could hardly believe it was really his mother, she was so young and beautiful. At least, she wasn't really very young—about 56 I should say—but her face has not a wrinkle on it and she is very distinguished. It is easy to see that she is very prominent socially from the way she talks and walks.

She was very charming to me but did not say anything I expected she would say, like How is my new Daughter, or How do you like your new Mother?

She just took my arm and kissed my cheek just once, not a big kiss, and said, well, you children will be tired and hungry, go right on up to the attic where everything is waiting for you.

Then she said we would not see her again until the next day (this was two days ago) because she was going to play some bridge.

Do you play bridge? she asked me. I said no.

We shall have to teach her, won't we Sherby?

Sherby told me in New York I would have to learn bridge and golf and how to ride a horse. I told him that I knew how to ride horseback and he said [Continued on page 121]

Why Girls Behave Like Clinging Vines

AS A biologist I am often asked, "Is woman physically fitted by Nature to be a business rival of man?"

In one word: Yes.

Is woman intellectually so equipped?

Yes.

What then of "Woman as the Weaker Sex," of "Woman's True Sphere," and "Woman's Proper Work?"

In three words: Stuff and nonsense.

Not Nature but Society immediately separates girls into one group where they are taught to "behave like ladies" and boys into another group where they are taught to "behave like little men."

The girl has no inherent impulse to play with dolls; the boy to beat on drums. These things are acquired by training.

Reverse the order during childhood and it would be a simple matter to bring up girls to wear trousers more comfortably than skirts.

Boys could be trained to like ruffled pinafores, nod their curls and serve a toothsome ration of mud pies to the doll family.

If you object to the idea that is because of your own early training. I do not contend reversal is desirable, only that it is biologically possible.

GIRLS have been trained to believe that in comparison with their brothers they are rather poor stuff, that whether the race is from the barn to the dead apple-tree or from the foot of the business ladder to the top brother will beat. And why? Because he is a man.

Girls have been trained to believe that the world is pretty easy picking for them if they go at it right. They soon learn that the way to get something is to cry for it. If tears won't get it a tantrum will. They should worry. Later they learn the value of a coy look. Tears, tantrums, coy looks will buy them anything they like—is it any wonder they trade throughout life with coin, the value of which they have tested since infancy?

Brother tries tears, too at first. Does he get what he wants? Not on your life. What he hears is, "Don't be a sissy," or "Why, you're acting like a girl!"

Yet people are asking why it is that brother, when he grows up, won't acknowledge his sister as a rival in business!

If parents today would discard the conventional ideas of what is proper for girls and what is proper for boys and would give their sons and daughters equal opportunity to develop their potentialities as human beings they would find their daughters more than a match, physically and mentally, for their sons.

Look at the average family today. Little Jimmy is the tin god on wheels. Daughter Mary is a dear little thing but she

must not tag Jimmy or get in his way. It is all right for Jimmy to clatter through the house whistling at the top of his lungs and to carry a handful of live earthworms in each pocket. Those are proofs of Jimmy's manliness. As for Mary, she must be quiet and keep her dress clean.

Before long Mary has accepted the idea that there is almost nothing Jimmy may not do and almost nothing she may do. A feeling that she is inferior to her brother and to all men is ingrained in her for the rest of her life.

It is her cue to develop her femininity and to trade on her acquired helplessness to the end that she may win a man of her own, a husband, to whom she will defer as she has always deferred to her brother.

Suppose this conventional procedure were changed. Suppose

Mary were brought up side by side with Jimmy, given the same playthings, the same freedom to follow her inclinations, the same opportunities her brother has. If she wants to drive nails, read blood-curdling adventure stories and dig for earthworms, she is allowed to do so. No one protests. No one says, "Heavens, you shouldn't do that. You're a little girl!"

LATER on suppose she develops an interest in current events and the newspapers. Suppose she is shown the authentic news sources and encouraged to follow her inclination. Her questions are answered fully; she learns to think straight. She is told that if she wishes to become a Rockefeller or a Ford or an Edison, it's up to her; she is perfectly capable of being any or all of them.

What would be the result? One result would be that the daughter would turn to her father as much as to her mother for guidance.

The mother is her children's natural teacher, especially during their infancy, whether they are girls or boys. That goes without saying.

But the father has a distinct re-

sponsibility too—a responsibility which in the nature of things nowadays he assumes only in the upbringing of his sons.

From the time a son is born, his father makes plans and lays foundations for his business success. He may be fonder of his daughter; he is usually more indulgent toward her. But her physical and mental development is left to her mother who has been conventionally brought up and has all the conventional ideas. The result is "Woman—the Weaker Sex." Mothers have gone on for generations bringing up replicas of themselves.

There is no biological foundation for the idea that a father should thus indulge his daughter into uselessness and stimulate his son to success. There is no reason, except that for generations the belief has been rooted into the mind of the father

As the Twig Is Bent

To say that woman is not physically and intellectually fit to rival man in business is poppycock. Nature has not discriminated against her but society has taught her that some things are proper for girls and some things are proper for boys. Reverse the order during childhood and a boy could be taught to like ruffled pinafores and serve toothsome rations of mud pies to the doll family as well as a girl

By GEORGE A. DORSEY

Author of that Famous Book on Human Behavior

(As Told to FRANCES WARFIELD)



George A. Dorsey knows more about you than you know about yourself and is not afraid to make startling statements if he believes in them

that it is his male child who should carry on, who is destined to carry on.

If this notion were forgotten, the father would find it just as absorbing to stimulate and foster his daughter's interest in his business. And just as profitable, too. He would have exactly the same chance to make a success of his daughter that he has to make a success of his son.

Let the father give his children every opportunity from infancy to develop the bases of business efficiency—enterprise, decisiveness, a sound body, a notion of fair play—and then stand back hoping the early training will "take."

It might or might not; that would depend on the child not on the sex of the child. If the daughter failed it would be for any one of the numberless reasons why sons fail. It would not be because she was a girl. There are more sons who do not develop along the lines their fathers planned than there are sons who do. Lots of women would not be able to compete with men—well, there are plenty of men who can't compete with other men, aren't there?

Woman is man's physical equal. I am not sure but that, for practical purposes, she is his superior. The male specializes in the direction of brute strength and has the courage that goes with it. But woman has been made harder-fibered than man; she is more active, more alert: she has more resistance. Therefore, if left to herself to develop naturally, she is physically more valuable than man.

GIVEN a normal woman with normal bodily health, to say that she is not physically fitted to rival man in business is poppycock.

Down through the ages women have carried half the load. If they are not doing it now it's because they don't have to, because they have not been trained to. If woman is the weaker sex it is man that has made her so. Women have been treated as toys; naturally they have become physically flabby. Modern dress and athletics are working against this condition but in general the modern girl still grows up to be a weakling and a social parasite.

She is a girl. It's nice for her to be so much sturdier than

her mother was at her age: it's nice for her to be a Girl Scout: it's lovely, though just a bit shocking, that she likes to wear knickers and go on long tramps, to get a job in an office and take a chance at a career along with her brother. Nice, and so modern—what will the darlings be doing next? But, after all, she is a girl. She can only go so far in the business world and then, of course, she will marry and settle down.

This is foolishness. Let her marry and settle down if she chooses but don't foist the necessity upon her on the ground that she is a woman.

AS THINGS are now women expect to be dominated and put in their places by men. They bow to the superior intelligence, only occasionally giggling up their sleeves. It has been a matter of conditioning since early infancy.

A woman requires a stout heart to dare compete with a man. Her own sex says, "You should not"; the other sex says, "You cannot." If women

avoid the business world altogether or use their jobs merely as stop-gaps until marriage, it is because this easy path is the only one in which they have been conditioned to show efficiency.

Give little Mary a chance to hold ideas of her own and to express them; let her stand up to Jimmy in an argument about the single tax.

Do this and the entire relationship between her and her brother will be simplified. Rivalry will become the stimulating clash of two separate intellects, not of two different sexes.

Later on, Mary will enter the business world unhandicapped by the idea of man's mental superiority. Still later, she will find that in her case the marriage relationship, too, is simpler—a sane balance of give and take, a division of labor decreed not by tradition but by practical efficiency.

So far so good.

But people say to me, women are succeeding in business. There are long lists of them, brought up, supposedly, according to conventional beliefs who are nevertheless being written up in the success magazines. Does not this argue that the small proportion of women who are so [Continued on page 139]

Wallflower

She
Found
It Paid
to
Advertise



AT EXACTLY five minutes after twelve, midnight, proof positive that June Judy had done no gay detouring on her way home from the dance, she slipped from the shining folds of her party dress and said, "Oh, yes, Aunt Martha, I had a lovely time!" and "Oh, yes, Aunt Martha, heaps of compliments on my dress!" and "Good night, Aunt Martha, I'm going right up, dog tired. Oh, yes, every dance of course!"

And then, because nobody can pretend when there is only the dark to know, June Judy went to bed and wept into her pillow, "Oh, I had a perfectly horrible time. I always do and if anybody looked twice at my dress I didn't know it! And of course I danced every dance because I'm June Judy and all the girls send their men around for duty dances and all the old married men and fossils count on me to fill their programs but I didn't have any of the dances I wanted to have!"

From which it might be thought that June Judy was homely and unattractive and as much of a misfit on a dance floor as a double negative in polite society. Which wasn't true at all. In fact there wasn't a prettier girl in Waverly, if you happened to look twice at her and notice the buttercup gleam of her hair, the amazing blue of her eyes and the soft red rarity of her young mouth. The trouble was, nobody looked twice. Not with girls like Bernardine Martin and her set on the horizon.

IT TOOK a personality like a firecracker to compete with their eye-demanding vividness and in June Judy's make-up there was nothing of the fireworks quality. And the fact that she had more money to spend, lovelier clothes to wear and was just a little nicer than the rest of her set, counted not a penny in the marathon of youth for admiration and

It was at ten-thirty, when half the men present were trailing after her, that June Judy saw Larry Kendro. In five minutes he was taking a dance that wasn't his

attention. Her beauty just simply didn't register at all.

"And I don't know why!" wailed June Judy into her pillow. "Take tonight—and it's just like every night—my dress was the loveliest there." She thought of the fragile, delicate thing that had turned her into a fairy princess—a fairy princess who, once at the dance, had been blotted out in comparison with the startling vividness and daring of every other girl there. "And I can dance as well as any of the girls!"

SHE could, as a matter of fact, dance better, just as she could serve a better tennis ball and show a better golf score. "But I might as well have worn a gunny sack and danced like a broomstick for all it mattered! Larry—" Ah, that was the crux of it! Larry, the debonair, the egotistical, the popular! "Larry didn't ask for a single dance, not one!"

She stifled her wail as Aunt Martha, pleased with the world and with her June Judy, padded past the door and went to her own well-earned rest. For Aunt Martha, who knew how young girls should be brought up, never went to bed after any party until her niece was in and tucked away for the night. Aunt Martha took her duty to her brother's motherless daughter very seriously. And just as she had always blocked



Illustrations
By
CORINNE DILLON

By
VIVIEN BRETHERTON

*Who Understands
That When a Man
Likes a Girl
Well Enough
To Try to Make Her Over
He Is Already
Half In Love With Her*

out June Judy's past, she was now blocking out her future.

June, her exquisite, lovely-mannered June, was being carefully reared to make a happy, successful marriage. That June had reached the age of twenty-one—old, for the modern girl—without ever having had a beau, much less a proposal, didn't bother Aunt Martha. As she pointed out at various times to June, "These girls who have a string of men after them from the time they're fifteen aren't the ones the men will marry. Oh, the men may amuse themselves with them, but they won't want them for wives. I know. When a man marries—" and so on in Aunt Martha's definition of what a man married, the sum total of which was, of course, a girl like June.

AND June? She sighed and said, "Yes, Aunt Martha," because she was by nature gentle and sweet tempered. She couldn't compete with her aunt any more than she could with girls like Bernardine Martin. But to herself she thought, "I'd rather have a little fun now! And why should the man I marry be giving other girls all the fun while I sit around trying to be like what he'll want when he settles down! If you ask me—" June Judy's mental observations were taking

on new vigor—"it would be fun to have a man amuse himself with you!"

So ran her thoughts the night she cried herself to sleep. But in the morning things were brighter. To youth every day is a new slate to be written on, with adventure and romance just around the corner. And June Judy, looking like a charming little cherub with her yellow curls and her dewy freshness, lay in bed and decided to be different—to be a new, fascinating June, pursued by excitement and by Larry Kendro.

AS SHE breakfasted she planned her day. She thought, "I'll go out to the golf links. Surely Larry will be there. He'll see I can play golf!"

She chose a sports frock of vivid green, because all the girls wore bright colors and no one had ever told June that the same brilliant shades that turned a girl like Bernardine into a gypsy only served to wipe her own delicate coloring into tonelessness. And because she was trying so hard to be like other girls, she hid the soft flush of her cheeks under rouge and darkened the golden tips of her lashes. Then, telling herself she would make Larry notice her, she went out into the July sunshine.

She found Larry on the practice greens, and trying to be bright like Bernardine, she called to him, "Hullo, you Larry. How are they—fast?"

Larry dropped his putter with the air of one going to better things and gave her the little intimate smile he gave to every girl. "Hullo yourself, June Judy. Not so fast as you make the old pulses beat." Then, "Nice one you are, not to save me a single dance last night."

JUNE tried to parry and failed completely. "You—didn't ask—"

He took her golf bag in one hand, her elbow in the other and steered her to the first tee. "You wouldn't have known if I had, surrounded the way you were! No, I don't want any pieces of dances with you, June. I want a dozen or none at all."

Some girls would have given him a retort as swift as a tennis serve; Bernardine would have done even better work with one of her long, lazy glances. But fair little June Judy, who was far too head over heels in love with Larry to spar with him, could only pretend that she had been popular the night before—that Larry meant what he said and falter, “I—saved one for you, but you didn’t come.”

He said, “I’ll take it next time,” and mounted her ball on a wooden tee. Then, “Smack that baby,” he grinned at her.

Anyway, he’ll see I can play golf!” thought June Judy. “And nobody else is out; maybe he’ll go around with me!”

She swung with easy precision and sent her ball spanking down the fairway for a two hundred yard gain. Then breathlessly, she turned to him, “See how far past me you can go, Larry!”

But Larry didn’t answer. He didn’t even hear her. For rounding the club house was an engaging figure garbed in a brief little frock and a bright bandanna. With that friendly sort of a smile that wipes another girl completely off the map, Bernardine Martin called out, “Neat work, June. Larry’d better look to his laurels. And, you Larry, amble back here. You’re going out on the ninth fairway and show me how to make mashee shots mind mama!”

JUNE JUDY tried to say, “Let’s play a threesome,” but the words stuck in her throat. As completely as a hand snuffing out a candle, Bernardine had snuffed out June. When, after a moment, she started out alone, she knew that neither of them even noticed that she had left them.

The summer days that followed were the most miserable June had ever known. Perhaps she was growing up. Perhaps she was realizing how swiftly twenty-one can turn to twenty-five. Or perhaps she was terrified because three girls in her set—gay, heedless young creatures for whom Aunt Martha had predicted no good end—announced their engagements. On top of being amused by men for years, they were being married by them now!

Let Aunt Martha talk about the right men preferring girls like herself, thought June! She didn’t give a rap for mythical “right men.” It was Larry she loved and what if Larry, like those other men, should decide to marry the kind of girl he showered his attentions upon? What if Larry married Bernardine?

There it was again, down to the crux of the thing. For everywhere that June Judy went these days, Larry and Bernardine were together. Dancing together. Driving together. With Bernardine wearing a promise in her eyes and a smile upon her tantalizing red mouth that said that if she wanted Larry no other girl could have him.

Watching them, June Judy was afraid for the first time. What if Aunt Martha were wrong? What if Larry never really saw her at all?

And then one evening when June felt that she couldn’t stand it any longer, she crept into the house and heard her father talking in the library.

It wasn’t often

that June heard her father’s voice. It wasn’t often, in fact, that she saw him. A big, silent man, he paid very little attention to June, beginning and ending his duty to her by the generosity of her allowance. He was a busy man, the President of the Judy, Kenilworth Advertising Service, Inc. but all that meant very little to June. She had never supposed that advertising could have anything to do with her life. Never, that is, until then.

She heard her father saying authoritatively, “Perhaps there was a time when, if a man built a better mouse-trap, the world made a beaten path to his door. But it’s not true any longer. The best mouse-trap in creation would rust into oblivion unless you advertised its superiority so that every woman in the land felt she had to have one. That’s the secret of modern success—market your product! Get it before the public eye! Advertise it!”

There was more but June didn’t wait to hear it. An idea had popped into her head and she wanted to be alone to think it out. That she did a lot of thinking was proved by the fact that the very next evening she exploded her bomb.

She was alone with her aunt when she did so, and she was quieter than usual because she knew that somewhere in Waverly there was a party that night, a party where Larry and Bernardine would be dancing together, a party to which she had not been asked.

Her aunt, watching her, said, “Going out tonight, June?”

“No,” June said it slowly.

“Didn’t I hear some of the girls talking about—?”

“Yes, there’s a party somewhere but I wasn’t asked.”

“Oh, that sort of a party!” Aunt Martha’s tone indicated that there was only one sort of party at which June wouldn’t appear.

A TEAR splashed down June Judy’s nose, a tear that shocked Aunt Martha and made her cry, “Why, surely, June dear, you don’t care! Why, June dear, you know you’re asked to every nice party. No girl in Waverly is asked to more nice parties!”

June gulped. “Nice parties! Yes, when it doesn’t make any difference how many extra flat tires there are around!”

“June!” Her aunt sat up in consternation. She was as much shocked by June’s vocabulary as she was by her outburst. It had been one of Aunt Martha’s fears that June might some day catch the fever of careless talk that seemed to infect so many girls.

But the pent-up misery in June Judy’s heart could be silent no longer. She was rebelling at last and she didn’t care who knew it. “Oh, it’s all very well for you to say ‘June!’ to me in that shocked tone! You aren’t young; you don’t have to face things the way I do! Watching other girls, girls like Bernardine, having all the fun! Going everywhere! Getting everything! All the attention!”

“Attention that means nothing,” said Aunt Martha.

“Nothing?” June’s voice rose to a wail. Nervousness made her tears come faster. “Is having fun and being popular and hav-



June Judy tried to say, “Let’s play a threesome,” but the words stuck in her throat. She started out alone and neither Larry nor Bernardine knew that she had left them

ing everything a girl wants nothing?"

"You'll realize some day, June, that that sort of fun and popularity mean nothing. You'll realize that it isn't being free and easy with men the way Bernardine is that makes for happiness. The only real way to find happiness, June, is to save all that is sweetest and best in yourself for the right man when he comes along."

"And when's he coming?" cried June, her cheeks two flags of fire. But what she meant was, "When is Larry coming?"

"You are young—"

"I'm twenty-one! I'm old! I'm getting older every minute! And I think you're all wrong, anyway! You don't know! You don't understand how things are these days. Look at me. I'm just a mouse-trap! A better mouse-trap, maybe, but who knows it! I don't see any men, not a single, solitary man tramping any beaten path to my door!"

HER aunt was staring at her, wondering if she'd gone out of her head, trying to make sense from the jumble of words that poured from her trembling lips. But June Judy wasn't trying to make sense. She was on her feet, saying all the things she'd wanted to say for a long time past. And while her aunt gasped, "Why, June! June! What are you talking about!" June Judy was rushing on, "Better mouse-trap! That's me! But the world has changed. You can't wait for anybody to tramp up to your doorway any longer! You have to go out and market yourself! That's what I'm going to do! Market myself! Mouse-trap!" June Judy turned and dashed up to her room.

It was nearly a week later when June decided to call on her father. She found his office building, went down a number of corridors, passed through various doors and found herself at last face to face with her astonished parent. He had to look twice at her to be sure who she was. If he'd seen her at home he would have recognized her, though somewhat absent-mindedly. But to find her popping up across the desk from him, her young face wearing such a very determined expression was enough to make his jaw drop. It had never occurred to Edward Judy that his young daughter even knew where his offices were, much less that she might decide to visit him there.

HE SAID, "Well, well, well, if it isn't June! Want some money, my dear?"

June Judy shook her head firmly and executed a perfect advertising principle by going straight to the point. "No, I want a job."

The father of June Judy blinked. "What did you say?"

She repeated. She had to keep saying, "Better mouse-traps," to herself to keep her courage up. Then since no light seemed to dawn upon her father, she said, "Better mouse-



Peter James did not flicker an eyelash as June said, "If I'm going to put a new June Judy on the market I've got to learn the principles of marketing so I thought I'd be a bar of soap"

traps. Me. I mean, that's what I am. You see, don't you?"

Edward Judy reminded himself that insanity had never run in his family and said, "Are you telling me you are engaged? In possession of a masculine mouse?"

It occurred to June Judy that she might, after all, have a father who understood things—things like girls. She gathered her courage together and said with a rush, "You see, you said that it had been ages since there'd been any truth about the better mouse-trap and the pathway worn to the door. And I've just discovered that that's what I am, a better mouse-trap, really quite a bit better, I do believe, than some on the market. But there are not any men treading trails to my doorstep! So I thought I'd better come to see you about it. Learn marketing you see."

Edward Judy asked himself if he were actually hearing what he thought he heard. He concluded that he was. He also concluded that fifty-one was too old to cope with that sort of thing. He turned and said [Continued on page 136]

Is There Beauty

By GERTRUDE
ATHERTON

Author of
"The Jealous Gods"

IS ANCIENT Greece once more coming to her own? Is the present rage among girls for long boyish figures with no feminine curves a throw-back to those days in the gymnasia of Athens B. C. when youths were trained to such perfection of form that they became the ideal of beauty to all men, and women were regarded simply as mothers of the race?

Never have young men before or since been so godlike to look at; poems were written to them not to girls, sculptors competed for the honor of reproducing them for the glory of posterity.

The girls were no fools, even twenty-four hundred years ago, and no doubt they would have trained themselves to the same bodily perfection, given the opportunity. But there were no gymnasia for girls. They rarely left the house and only during a brief sojourn in the country during the summer were they permitted to take little walks.

They gazed with as much envy as longing at the slim, supple, graceful figures of the young cavalry officers in the Panathenaea, the great Festival that occurred every four years, which was about the only opportunity they had to see any man not of their own household. It is doubtful if they ever caught a glimpse, even from the roof, of the discus throwing, the long-running jump, or the foot race, practised in the stadium without the walls of the city.

If they were rebellious no doubt their parents offered consolation by reminding them it was their privilege to give to the state other malleable boys who in due course would distinguish themselves in the games and compete for the proud position of reigning "beauty." It must have been rather galling for a lovely girl, regarding herself in her bronze mirror, to reflect that her future husband was perhaps at that moment being crowned with a garland and pronounced the beauty of Athens.

BUT the girls of today suffer under no such restrictions—within or without. They may be as thin as laths and there is no one to say them nay, however elders may sneer and doctors preach. Nor do they find it imperative to resort to gymnasia. They merely starve themselves.

Perhaps they take the daily dozen but even that is hardly necessary. Those whose parents have country houses are more or less athletic in summer but there are millions who spend the greater part of the year in the city, many in offices or behind counters; the fashionable figure is by no means confined to the rich. Diet will do it.

Not for a moment is it to be imagined that these girls are inspired with the desire to emulate the ideals of Ancient Athens. Most of them know nothing of Greece save as a geographical unit in school books. What little history they were forced to absorb they promptly discarded for more personal and pressing interests as soon as they opened their eyes to the world.

No, it is not that, but it is something analogous nevertheless.

We had a war not long since and when the young men returned from the trenches, most of them thinner than when they left, they were heroes in the eyes of all maidens. Moreover they were practically one and all disgusted with a war in which they had been extremely uncomfortable and that had been perpetrated and conducted by old men. Not one but could have managed matters far better himself.



Youth is imitative and friendly to revolution. The girls promptly conceived a contempt for their elders, which included the middle-aged, and whether consciously or not began to emulate their heroes not only in attitude of mind but in physique. So they bobbed and reduced. They even went a step further and flaunted their legs, no doubt as a sign of their complete independence.

Whether men were subtly flattered by this frank imitation of their proud prerogatives or merely with the adaptability of youth, adjusted themselves to the new fashion in females, or had been admiring themselves too long to be stirred by anything radically different, it would be hard to say; but certain it is that a plump girl these days wins scant applause unless her father is well millioned.

MOREOVER, the new and radical change has naturally disposed of the old arts of coquetry, subtle allure, the spreading of anxious nets and a "line of talk" purely feminine. There is as little difference today in the vocabulary of the sexes as in their hips. They now meet on common ground and discuss everything with the utmost freedom from prize-fights to sex. As a natural consequence there is more camaraderie than ever before. It has done away to a great extent with romance and sentiment but while they lose something they may have gained more. They are quite pagan in their love affairs and not likely to suffer from disillusion.

in Straight Lines?

Men Despise Curves Because Women Have Taught Them To Like Slenderness

Illustration
By ROBB BEEBE



The boyishly athletic girl of today knows more of comradeship than she does of coquetry

Men may not fall as madly in love as formerly, for with the new lack of reticence, in clothes, as in speech, woman no longer has that air of the unattainable that was once her most maddening attribute. The older men may sigh but the young have no regrets for they have no background for comparison.

And many of the older men have been educated to the new ideal. Not long since Arnold Bennett dwelt lovingly on the full womanly figure of his heroine, making a point of her

magnificent bust, and excited the mild derision of Heywood Broun, then expressing his preferences daily as a columnist. No novelist is more up-to-date than Mr. Bennett but he is no slave to fashion and if he has his private ideals does not hesitate to give utterance.

But he is almost alone among novelists who are up-to-date or nothing. It is only a minor female character who may indulge in curves and then only as a foil to the lathlike heroine. One feels that the author pities her or takes this opportunity to express his profound disapproval of her kind.

I read recently in the magazine supplement of one of the Hearst newspapers an article by some eminent doctor who announced that women should be plump until forty and thin thereafter. The young need more flesh to feed their energies during this active period of their lives, whereas later fat is a menace to longevity.

But this will not "cut any ice" with our girls although the elders may take heed and diet with a grimmer determination than ever. Girls may be more independent than ever before save in ancient Sparta where they claimed equal privileges with the men and wrestled with them in the gymnasium, but, whether they admit it or not, they still live to attract the opposite sex. Insofar they are nature's slaves. And men have now been trained to admire straight lines and despise curves.

MEN are more conservative than women and it is possible they are still more the slaves of a fashion. Certainly in the preceding era they laughed at thin women, calling them "planks," "sticks," "bag o' bones." Today a girl must be slim enough to dispense with a girdle or she will have no partners at a dance.

It is an education in changing ideals to look at the portraits of some of the historical beauties. I remember staring at an old original portrait of Diane de Poitiers at an exhibition in Paris. She had thin pale hair dragged back from a bulging brow. Her heavy eyes were purely animal, her mouth ditto and her nose undistinguished. Her body was rather fat, her complexion pasty. And yet she governed Henry II from his boyhood until his death and through him, France; no doubt she was the toast of all men, and all women tried to look like her and succeeded more or less.

Today men, young men, at least, would be rather afraid of heavy predatory eyes. One never sees them, by the way, no doubt because they do not consort with a frank length of leg and plain speaking. A girl's glance is direct with little challenge in it. Of course I am speaking of girls in general, but even in those small groups where the girls drink too much nothing can exceed their brutal candor.

THE query that gives this article its title is sufficiently answered by the indisputable fact that girls are getting married every day in the year, curves or no curves. If the young men who still, presumably, do the proposing have any inherited hankering for the lost exuberances they conceal it admirably.

Some thirty years ago when English women first took to outdoor sports and began to grow very long and narrow, doctors issued a warning that the race was in danger. However, today one sees as many tall men in the aristocratic and upper-middle classes of Britain as ever. It is only the lower classes that are undersized and this is due to crowded cities and malnutrition.

Food and fresh air will always take care of the race and it is hardly likely that the girls of today will cause its degeneration.

A Modern Novel
Of Love
That Lasts Because
It Laughs



Peter and Mrs. Pan

Begin the Story Now:

IF YOU have not yet met these delightful people, let us introduce them to you:

Peter Hughey, a very serious and very young playwright, who has many idealistic theories about women.

Corinne Renshaw, a small town girl with big town ambitions, who has a first hand knowledge of men and few illusions about chivalry.

Fate, with considerable assistance from Corinne, placed these two side by side at a try-out matinee of Peter's second play in that place beyond the billboards, Fairaway, New Jersey.

In apparent distress, Corinne said to Peter, "Please pretend

that you know me. I'll explain later." The explanation was that she had spoken to him on a dare to prove to a chum that a small town girl can meet interesting men if she is clever.

Peter moved on with his play to Atlantic City but his heart stayed in Fairaway. He wired Corinne an invitation to lunch in Atlantic City the following day.

Meantime Corinne had by letter dismissed the man she was engaged to and also an elderly admirer, whom she called "Daddy." The latter insisted he must see her again so she asked him to take her to Atlantic City. Once there she got rid of him and lunched with Peter. But in the midst of the

By
FRANK R.
ADAMS



Illustrations
By
G. D. SKIDMORE

luncheon the enraged "Daddy" appeared and with one blow on the jaw finished Peter.

When Peter regained consciousness, he found Corinne giving him first aid. "Daddy" was in jail. Peter, with his chivalrous ideas, was much perturbed. "What will you do?" he said, "What will your father say?" Corinne did not explain who "Daddy" was but Peter insisted that the whole situation was his fault and asked Corinne to marry him at once.

They found it was too late to get a license that night so Peter put Corinne on a train for New York where they planned to be married at Peter's aunt's. Neither of them realized that Corinne had nothing in her purse but a lipstick.

The day was ruined so far as Peter's work was concerned. He had to go home and see if what he had lost had come back. Corinne was at the piano when he came in and Peter realized with a tug at his heart that she was very lovely

In New York she walked the streets for hours without food before she went to Peter's aunt.

When she arrived Peter was not there and Mrs. Carmichael, his aunt, dismissed Corinne without ceremony. When Peter did arrive Mrs. Carmichael told him nothing of the interview and he would have lost Corinne forever, if an ambulance had not driven up to the house at that moment. From it Corinne emerged on a stretcher. She had been picked up in the Park where she fainted and brought to the only address in her purse.

"I'll never enter that house again," she said to the bewildered Peter as she regained consciousness. That was that, so Peter took her to lunch and they spent the rest of the day in preparation for their marriage the next morning.

Peter proposed dinner and the theater to finish the day, but Corinne was tired. So he left her in the suite which they engaged at the Ritz and himself went to spend the night at his aunt's.

Among his aunt's dinner guests was Maude Lavery, the most beautiful woman Peter had ever seen. He forgot everything as he gazed at her and it was only when he bid her good night that he remembered that he was to be married in the morning.

And Then Continue:

CORINNE and Peter were married at high noon or thereabouts, by a police court justice who was thinking of something else.

Corinne looked very well and she was as perfectly composed about the entire affair as if a wedding were an incident that came up in the routine of a person's life almost any day of the week.

Peter was not quite so composed—at least not inwardly. He was calm enough outside but it was the frightened quiet of a rabbit in the presence of danger. Marriage as he stood before it, contemplating the institution at close range, was a ruthless giant that ate small boys with salt and pepper on them for seasoning. Peter instinctively held back a little as the relentless words of the justice dragged him toward the inevitable precipice.

It was over; they were on their way back to the hotel, apparently the same two people who had journeyed away from it that morning, and yet technically they had suddenly changed from two irresponsible wards of society to president and vice-president elect—not saying which was which—of a newly incorporated institution licensed under the government



"I absolutely forbid you to begin the use of that thing," said Peter.
 "Begin?" Corinne laughed. "Poor Mr. Mid-Victorian Van Winkle, where have you been these twenty years? Every woman does it"

to engage in the business of training future citizens of the republic.

The sobriety of the occasion oppressed them all through lunch which neither of them was able to lighten with attempted jocularities. They were perilously near to their first quarrel when Corinne suggested that he was tired of his bargain and that they might as well find it out immediately and call it off.

"You didn't have to marry me, you know," Corinne pointed out.

"Of course not, dear," Peter replied. "But we did have to marry each other, didn't we?"

"If you mean because I got in wrong with my family—" Corinne began with an ominously rising voice.

Peter probably had meant that but he shifted ground swiftly

with a swift sharp pain of realization.

"Mine," she whispered softly as she touched his lean cheek with tender fingers, "mine."

He stirred a little and turned his cheek to rest more closely against her palm. The thrill of it gave the lie to all of the life she had lived previous to that moment. There was something in this world besides self.

In a few days "Mrs. Tarbell's Confession" arrived for its Broadway premier. It was just the sort of play, so the manager stated, for hot weather. "Light, sparkling entertainment," the billboards gleefully agreed, "by the author of 'The Butterfly's Day' now in its second year at The Bostwick Theater."

They, Corinne and Peter, took the opening night very calmly. So did the public. The Hugheys were so wildly

with tactics which would have been a credit to a practised campaigner.

"I meant, dear, because we were so obviously meant for each other. You are probably the cleverest girl in the world while I—"

"Are the cleverest man?" Still ominous and scornful.

"While I admire cleverness," Peter completed.

Corinne suspected that he was laughing at her but the words were all right. She decided to take them at face value. He was a dear and if she could not charm him out of any doubts which might exist in his mind it was because she had lost the art which she had cultivated all her life so far.

SO SHE gave her mind a vacation and spent the rest of the day acting like most other women. She made Peter feel like a cave gentleman who had brutally subdued a marcelled nymph who shivered with admiring terror whenever he gave her a harsh look.

Her mind did not report again for duty until the following morning when it came back to inspect curiously the Samson who had just had his first penitentiary haircut.

Peter was still asleep and she had a chance to study him for the very first time when he did not know that she was looking, when his defenses were down and his soul was off guard.

A little ray of dusty sunlight had gotten past the double shades at the windows and the reflection of it against the wall fell upon Peter's face.

He was so homely, so ungainly, so thin! "Is that the best you could do?" asked her mind jeeringly.

And then in some mysterious way his features changed and she saw only the generosity of his mouth, the pathos of his thinness and his awkward sprawl. His homeliness disappeared in the sudden mist that came between them, a mist that existed only in her unexpectedly blurred eyes, but which had its source in the deep well of her heart which contracted

interested in one another that a Broadway premier was only an incident in a happy day. The cash customers did not have the same excuse for their apathy. In the language of the profession the piece just barely got by. It wasn't a flop but it wasn't another "Butterfly's Day" either, not by any means. The qualified praise which received from the press warranted the management in using the pulmotor on it during the heated spell in the hope of getting a more favorable verdict before the fall jury but that was all.

Corinne had been a bigger hit than the play. In her very first real evening gown,—it looked like a fringed silk shawl wrapped around and stuck on with glue but Monsieur Paquin did the sticking at many dollars per stick—she was a very vivid, slim elf with a lot of suppressed vivacity snapping in her eyes at the spectacle of the world which was unrolling at her feet.

It was in the nature of a debut for her, and Peter, who hated to sit in the audience on an opening night, allowed himself to be pilloried in a box simply because his bride was so disappointed when he suggested that they reserve seats in the rear of the balcony where they could observe without being seen.

A LOT of Peter's friends, and he had a surprisingly large number who came out even if it was hot, discovered for the first time that he had taken to himself a conventional bride. They were surprised and, when they looked at Corinne, distinctly pleased. Note: Peter's friends were mostly men. The verdict of the wives would come later when they returned from the mountains and the seashore.

After the final curtain Peter found himself in the outer circle of a group in the lobby all congratulating Corinne as if she were the author of the play. She was keyed to a conversational pitch that made her repartee a lot better than the dialogue of Peter's comedy. The playwright husband glowed with pride as he listened to the ease with which his wife volleyed the conversational Lawfords which were slammed at her. She had an imaginative daring that made it a matter of speculative pleasure to hurl a remark at her and wonder how she would handle it. The odds were all against guessing her reply.

PETER congratulated himself that he had found the one woman in all the world with whom it would never be possible to become bored. Having been with her practically alone for several days he had gotten so used to her that he had not been particularly conscious of her cleverness. Obviously he must exhibit her before a gallery occasionally if only to stimulate his own appreciation of her.

Back in their room at the hotel he confessed his augmented admiration for her.



They chose a house in Connecticut. Below it was a growth of jungle but Corinne would not hear of supplanting this. "I shall always be frightened by it," she said, "and be gladder to get here"

"I guess you're the adorablest girl in the world," he sighed.

"I admit it," Corinne confessed, "but no fair mussing up this materialized dream from Monsieur Paquin's ghost cabinet. I can be just as adorable after I've taken it off, can't I?"

"Darned if I know."

"Peter, you're a bear."

"So are you. Where shall I drop you?"

"Don't. I'm perfectly comfortable where I am."

"Then have the maid sweep up my arms in the morning."

"I'm not so heavy as all that. You don't love me any more or you wouldn't talk this way."

"I do love you more or I certainly wouldn't hold you this way, Mrs. Two-Ton Hughey, and I would bounce you right in the middle of your bed if I wasn't afraid of breaking it."

"Peter, stop! If you're going to abuse me put me down right this minute. I don't want to talk to you any more. Peter, darn you, you tickle."

Peter suddenly stopped and sat down in a big overstuffed chair by the window with his wife in his arms. She was absurdly light.

"I can't play any more, dear," he told her. "I feel a fit coming on to tell you how much I love you and I'm afraid that unless I begin right away I'll never be able to finish in this lifetime."

"Peter, dearest, you're telling me that all the while, most of all perhaps when you're pretending something else. Do you think I'm not a mind reader?"

"You can't be, sweetheart, or you'd be calling for help right now."

"Are you going to need help? I thought—"

"**CAREFUL!** You're too precious to me to take any chances with the mental machinery like that. Besides if I give you time to think perhaps you'll discover that you made a mistake in some of the remarks you murmured to the judge the other day."

"My dear Peter," this quite soberly and seriously, "it was no mistake and if I should be unhappy all the rest of my life these few days since we were married have been so superlatively happy that they would more than make up for it. How did you learn to be so nice?"

"I haven't learned yet, Mrs. Hughey, darling. I'm just learning. You're my teacher."

"If you learn any more I'd hate to be an unsuspecting female and meet up with you. Sure, Peter, you've a way with you. I think it's your manner of appearing so innocent when all the time you've a heart that is blacker than sin and a lot of fascinating tricks you learned from your uncle, the devil. Where, now, did you learn to kiss? Answer that for me."

"To kiss?" he questioned.

"Yes. Don't act as if you never heard of the word. Mr. Webster who was probably too busy ever to experiment much or else had too many whiskers, says the word means 'to salute with the lips' but I misdoubt me if he had you in mind when he said it. I don't know what it is myself but—Peter, wait 'till I've finished talking. —Yes, that's it. And I'll bet Mr. Webster realizes now what a failure he is as a definer."

"Probably he did the best he could."

"**O**H, I DON'T doubt that science has made considerable progress since Web ran around with the chorus janes. Let's get out a new dictionary with some really descriptive definitions in it. What do you say?"

"All right. You make up the one for kiss," Peter answered.

"Let me examine a couple of samples and then I'll tell you the definition."

Thus the racing hours of the honeymoon were spent in exquisite pretense. Corinne played the game of love with a master hand and Peter was a wizard at trailing her moods. Their conversations flickered around the horizons of serious subjects but never bit into them with stark lightnings. Anything unlovely in life they carefully avoided or covered up. It was a segment of existence separated from reality by dashes and parentheses.

Corinne sedulously forgot her parents, her former sweethearts, the annoying complications which had harassed her path before marriage and Peter ceased to concern himself with ambition. Only once or twice did the itch to write intrude itself into his too honeyed leisure and on those occasions he quickly and voluntarily stifled it. One could write any time but the companionship of an elf was something that must be grabbed by the forelock.

Peter had never been so thoroughly amused since he had become a mental snob. Arriving at the conclusion that one is clever automatically bars one from many innocent but simple delights and excludes from the list of one's familiars most of the charming and gracious but bromidic people who constitute a large portion of the population.

But Peter had to make no allowances for Corinne. She was more alert than he, quicker to select the cleverest answer among several that might be made to a given remark. For the first time in his life he had become what is known in acting circles as a "feeder." He was "playing straight" for a comedienne. In her society his mind was engaged principally in following hers about two jumps behind and applauding the twists that she put into an obvious idea, while in most conversations he knew what was going to be said at least three-quarters of a second before the speaker himself.

Peter was so entertained that he even paid little attention to "Mrs. Tarbell's Confession," although such neglect of a new-born play was, according to George Milburn's code, a major crime.

THE comedy traveled along, however, on low gear, the run being bolstered up by the manager who had a lot of money invested in it and who figured that the tremendous success of Peter's piece would give the second play an added advantage on the road. Therefore the play was not shelved although, if it had been obliged to stand absolutely alone and on its own merits, it would doubtless have been withdrawn after a score or so of metropolitan performances.

Peter's royalties from it were just about as large as they were from his more successful opus. That was because, on his second piece, he was paid a larger percentage of the gross receipts. His income from both plays ran well over the four figure mark each week and in the fall would be more than doubled because there were two road productions of "The Butterfly's Day" getting ready to go out. And Peter had some fifty thousand in the bank, a residuum from his first year as a successful playwright after his modest expenses as a bachelor had been paid.

So the new family was well equipped to weather the storms of a first winter in the married regions. Too well equipped probably for happiness, if we are to accept the advice of those of our fathers who started wedded life with nothing much in their favor but their bare hands and a helpmate.

IT MIGHT be supposed that Corinne, who had been raised amid only the pretension of gentility, would have entered upon a campaign of reckless and useless spending. On the contrary she began with cautious, tentative footsteps, learning how to buy as she went along, cultivating carefully a sense for genuine and artistic things. The volume of her expenditures grew in a geometrical pro-

gression as her sureness of taste increased until the spending machine developed what would have appeared to an outsider as a killing speed, but it cannot be denied that Corinne got value for her money, that she purchased things which she had always really needed for soul satisfaction and which she would always want to have as part of her background so long as she lived.

There was the house and its furnishings and the grounds around it. The place was in Connecticut along the Sound on a little promontory jutting out into salt water which she named Veriende, perhaps a complimentary reflection from reading much in Mr. Cabell's excitant contributions to literature.

The location was chosen for purely physical reasons but it happened that there were many literary and artistic folk in the neighborhood especially during the summer season. By firing a machine-gun from the roof of the Hughey menage a good gunner could have potted a dozen novelists, half a dozen illustrators and a score of celebrated [Continued on page 98]

Heart-Free

BY

ANNETTE PATTON CORNELL

*Oh, once I had a false love,
Who kissed and rode away;
I thought my heart was broken,
And wept a bitter day.*

*But now I thank my false love,
Desertion do not rue,
Because he left my heart free
To open wide for you.*

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Corinne and Peter took the opening night of Peter's play very calmly. So did the public. Corinne had been a bigger hit than the play. In the lobby a group congratulated her as if she were the author. She was keyed to a conversational pitch that made her repartee a lot better than the dialogue of Peter's comedy

What Do You Mean?

By LUCIAN CARY

I WONDER if men and women ever mean the same thing by the word "love."

Of course when a man and a woman fall in love each assumes that the other means the same thing. But do they?

The whole tendency of the times is to make as little as possible of the differences between men and women. It is fashionable for women to cut their hair, smoke cigarettes, swear, cultivate the boyish figure and wear men's clothes for swimming, sleeping and riding horseback though not for dancing.

It is quite common for intelligent and sophisticated people to say that there really isn't any psychological difference, that men and women have the same attitude toward life, the same desires and needs and ways of feeling.

Nevertheless there is a psychological difference between men and women, a difference very subtle in its operation but profound in its effects, and irrevocable. The common feeling of the race had recorded this difference long before recorded history began in the stories handed down by word of mouth. The race still acts on this feeling from Patagonia to Greenland and from Broadway to Bombay. It is one of those rare cases in which the feelings of ordinary people and the findings of science are in the heartiest agreement.

THE fashions of the last twenty years have left the essential fact as untouched as did the countless fashions of the last five thousand years. I cannot imagine its changing in the next twenty years, or the next five thousand years, no more than I can imagine that in the future the cat and the dog will reverse their temperamental characteristics.

I mean, of course, the fact that men love and women love to be loved.

That is the essential and the ultimate psychological difference between the sexes and the other psychological differences, if any, are the result of this difference. That is why man is the pursuer and woman the pursued; that is why there is even in the healthiest and best men a Sadistic tendency, which means taking pleasure in cruelty, and even in the healthiest and best women a masochistic tendency, which means taking pleasure in being the object of cruelty; that is why men frequently come to blows over a woman and women almost never come to blows over a man.

But perhaps you don't believe it. Perhaps you have observed that women are sometimes more loving than men, and that women sometimes have more to say about which man shall carry them off than the man has, and that women, as well as men, are capable of cruelty, and that women are frequently in the most active competition with each other for a man even if they don't announce it with a straight left.

Consider the cat and the dog. We all speak of a cat as "she" and of a dog as "he" regardless of the actual sex of the animal and this tendency is so strong that even breeders of cats and dogs, who make among themselves a special point of not mis-calling the sex of their animals, will occasionally slip up. We all understand why we do this; it is because we intuitively perceive that the dog is emotionally like a man and the cat is emotionally like a woman.

I KNOW a household in which there is a particularly handsome English setter. He barks at strangers but the moment you are introduced as a friend of the family he becomes embarrassingly affectionate. If you pay no attention to him he will lay his head on your knee and look up at you with adoring brown eyes; he will lick your hand. If you give him so much as a pat on the head he begins to wag his tail; he will endeavor by repeatedly going to the door and coming back to you to persuade you out on the lawn; if you go outdoors with him he begins to romp; he will also show you how well he can run, ranging back and forth in long zigzags as if he were hunting. He will even stiffen like a statue to point at a sparrow or a robin. The next time you appear at

A dog does not use rouge nor lipstick any more than a man does. He is more concerned about pleasing you than making himself look attractive

that house he greets you at the door, wagging his tail so hard that it swings his whole body; he jumps all over you; if you don't prevent him he will lick your face.

I know another household in which there is a beautiful little Persian cat. She pays no attention to strangers. If you presume on the fact that you are a friend of the family and stroke her back she walks off in a fashion as elegantly disdainful as if she had actually raised her eyebrows and said "Who is this awful person?"

I happened to be spending two weeks in the house so that I saw the

cat every day and had a chance to wonder whether she admired herself as much as she seemed to. She washed her face and arranged her long blue gray fur with a concern that reminded one irresistibly of a woman putting on make-up before a mirror. She had a faculty for passing in the middle of the room when company was present. She was always graceful and never by any chance in a hurry. She seemed to regard



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Love?

Here Is An Old, Old Story

Retold for You

In a Cleverly New Fashioned Way

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herself as an object of art. She was self-sufficiency personified.

But she wasn't quite self-sufficient. Toward the end of my stay she astonished me by perching on the arm of my chair; she folded her front paws under her, cat fashion, and curled her tail around her as if she had settled there for the evening. I ventured to stroke her. She actually purred. She did not stay because, not knowing that it would offend her, I lit a cigarette. At the first puff of smoke she sniffed, rose to her feet, jumped down from my chair and walked with great dignity into the next room.

HASN'T everybody observed these striking differences between dogs and cats? When a dog likes you—and it is very easy to win the liking of most dogs—there is no doubt about it. He displays his affection in the most active manner. When a cat likes you she displays her affection passively by permitting you to pet her. It seems to me that this is why we call a dog masculine and a cat feminine.

One might carry the analogy farther. One might observe that a cat, like a woman, is concerned about her personal appearance and spends a good deal of time on it every day. The cat loves herself and so makes almost no attempt to win your regard. The dog does not wash his face just as a man does not use rouge or a lipstick. He loves you and so he is not so much concerned about making himself look attractive as he is about what he can do to please you.

Consider now the relation of dogs to cats. The family dog can usually be trained not to chase the family cat. In order to please you he will even go so far as to permit the cat to steal his food. But the rule is that dogs chase cats. In fact dogs so love to chase cats that they will continue to do it even if, as happens to most dogs, the cat always gets away; they will continue to do it even when they have discovered, as some dogs do painfully discover, that a cornered cat is not the defenseless animal it appears to be when running away.

BACK in the days when the German shepherd dog was called a police dog and was popularly supposed to be half wolf, a friend of mine imported a dog of this breed into a household that already contained two cats. The dog chased them. He continued to chase them in spite of the fact that they reduced him to howling for help at least two or three times every day.

One of the cats would start up the stairs, the dog in reckless pursuit. On the top step the cat would whirl and with one lightning-fast stroke, slash the dog's tender nose with her claws. The dog would yelp and start downstairs. Whereupon he would discover that the other cat had taken up a position at the foot of the stairs and was waiting for him with her ears laid back. The moment he opened his mouth to gobble her up she slashed his nose. The dog would yelp again and start back upstairs, only to run into the first cat. The two cats

would thus keep the dog imprisoned on the stairs until his master rescued him. But he never learned the obvious lesson. He continued to chase those cats and get a bloody nose.

I should not want to press the parallel too far but it strikes me that this dog and cat story is somehow reminiscent of episodes in the lives of men who have too recklessly followed their impulse to pursue women. At any rate man is the pursuer and women is the object of pursuit.

But, it may be objected, women so much desire to be pursued by men that they deliberately and with malice aforethought incite men to pursue them. He seems active and she seems passive but that is only because she is so much cleverer than he is at masking her purpose. She wants exactly what he wants, namely, possession of a desirable member of the opposite sex. The difference between them is merely a difference of method.

I DON'T think her purpose is exactly the same as his. I think he wants to possess a desirable woman and that she wants to be possessed by a desirable man. But my main quarrel with this argument, which is sometimes carried to the point of asserting that women are the real pursuers and men the real objects of pursuit, is the bland assumption that a difference of method is of no significance or importance. You might as well say that a burglar and a business man both want money; the only real difference between them is one of method.

The difference in method between men and women is a revelation of a significant, though often subtly expressed, difference in psychology. The fact that man loves to pursue whereas woman loves to be pursued means that man loves to overcome and woman loves to be overcome, at least by the right man. That is the difference between a Sadistic and a masochistic attitude. And either attitude colors the whole life of the individual.

For example, the slightly Sadistic attitude of the average man makes it unlikely that he will take pride in discovering that his wife is physically stronger than he is. Most men take care that this shan't happen. The slightly masochistic attitude of the average woman makes her take pride in discovering that her husband is physically stronger than she is. Most women take care that this shall happen.

Now there are exceptional men [Continued on page 92]



Drawings
By
EDWARD
BUTLER

The Rabbit Met the Lioness And Here Is What Happened

Illustrations

By

HUBERT JEAN

MATHIEU

AROUND eleven o'clock Helen Gill succeeded in getting Lora Quain to herself away from the crowd. Gently but firmly she had taken the beautiful lady, the honor guest of the evening, by the arm and detached her from the court that had gathered around her on the edge of the dance floor. On the cool veranda of the country club, swept softly by the music and light from within, they stood at the railing and looked down over the thick dark woods.

Lora was silent. She was not there with Helen altogether because she wanted to be. Somehow—and she felt a touch of regret that it was so—she was not enjoying this renewal of a friendship that once had been so close. She was sorry, but one of them had changed. Either Helen had become less the kind of person she liked since they'd roomed together at college twelve years before or she herself had grown short of patience. Frankly and naturally, she doubted that the latter was the case.

She'd come outside because that was in some way expected and she stood at the railing waiting for whatever lavender and old lace Helen should choose to bring forth.

"What a gorgeous party!" Helen trembled slightly with excitement. "There never was anything like it in Riverside, never! My goodness, Lora, if you only realized——" Words failed her.

"It is sweet; it's wonderful. I've never really been so moved." For the moment Lora forgot Helen's insistence. "And it's so queer. The night 'The Magi' opened in London, and everybody was so grand. I thought I'd never get another real inside kick like that—you know what I mean? All those people and one an American, and so scared, and they were so nice. But two or three times tonight I've felt the same way. I hadn't counted—I'd never thought——"

"THE old home town isn't so bad after all, eh?" Lora cooled. She did not know why, but that remark about the old home town annoyed her slightly. Everybody was saying it to her with such smug, superior complacency.

"Oh, we've followed you all right!" Helen chuckled. "Yes?"

"You bet we have! And we haven't missed the men part, either. We've heard about the Duke, too."

"The Duke?"

Helen's voice lowered. "Was he really so marvelous?" She paused expectantly but there was no answer. "There're no secrets between us I hope," she insisted. "Was he as handsome as his pictures?" She smiled eagerly up into Lora's face, a set, steely-eyed face.

For thirty seconds there was silence.

Then—"Some day," Lora said, "we'll talk it over." She floundered momentarily for a topic to divert the conversation. "By the way, where's your husband? I haven't met him."

The effort was successful. Helen's effervescence disappeared.

"He's somewhere around," she said. "As a matter of fact, dear, he's not very much for parties like this. Nice and all that, you know, but not—well, very social. He'll show up soon. I had," she added with apparent irrelevancy, "any number of chances around here, you know." She paused again. "But Garfield's all right I suppose."

Lora looked at her thoughtfully. "I'd like to meet



The Infamous

By NUNNALLY

The Inside Story of a Rapid Rise In the Social Stock Market



"The old hometown isn't so bad, after all, eh?" Helen said. Lora didn't know why but that remark annoyed her. Everybody was saying it to her

him," she said. She did have a desire to meet him; he was so mysterious, so obscured by Helen.

Without enthusiasm Helen glanced down the veranda and singled out a tall form lurking forlornly in the middle of the

offing.

"Garfield."

It was an order, a command, and the skinny gentleman whom Lora remembered having seen before during the evening gave a happy start. Prowling in gloomy loneliness, he'd caught her attention once or twice by his vague but haunting resemblance to an airedale. There was about his eyes that same anxious appeal, that same devotion, that same simple eagerness to please. He was hurrying to them, grinning.

"Just looking for you, honey," he greeted Helen with disarming naiveté.

"THIS is Lora Quain, Garfield," Helen said. "Lora, Garfield."

Mr. Gill put out his hand and beamed. "Enchanted!" he exclaimed. "Enchanted!" He paused as Lora did no more than smile and nod and then said with less enthusiasm. "Enchanted!" He held her hand clumsily and apparently expected some form of oral relief. None coming, he made another venture. "Enchanted!" he said.

"Well!" Helen looked at him, an amused light coming into her eyes. "So that's what all that monkey business in front of the mirror was about."

Mr. Gill looked suddenly very uncomfortable and inserted a finger in his collar to stretch it. Lora watched him sympathetically.

"Monkey business?" she said.

"He was so funny, Lora," Helen laughed. "I was in the hall this afternoon and I heard mumbling in his room and I said to myself, 'My stars, has he begun to talk to himself?' I peeped in the door and, my dear, there he was—if only you could have seen him!"

Mr. Gill tried to smile understandingly at Lora.

"Lora, he was talking to himself, absolutely! He was in front of a mirror and he'd look at himself and frown very fiercely, you know, and then he'd put out his hand to the mirror at his own reflection, mind you, and say, 'Enchanted!' in a low voice. I nearly died, he was so funny."

LORA returned Mr. Gill's sickish smile.

"If you can just imagine him standing there in front of a mirror and strutting and sticking out his hand and talking to himself—" Helen laughed.

"Well, you see—" he started to explain.

"I couldn't imagine what on earth he was about until just now. He was practicing to meet you."

Mr. Gill joined with unexpected heartiness in his wife's laughter and then addressed Lora. "Helen will have her little joke with me," he explained. "No matter how things are going, she will have her little joke. Got the greatest sense of humor in the world, that girl has, absolutely!"

Lora smiled. "But if it is true," she said, "it's certainly one of the loveliest honors I ever had. Nobody else in the world ever thought that much about meeting me."

"Now, now!" He deprecated her modesty. "You don't know. I'll bet everybody here thought a lot about how they were going to act when they saw you. Why, just yesterday—"

"Oh, don't be silly," Helen interrupted. "People

Miss Quain

JOHNSON

know how to meet others without practicing in front of mirrors."

He flushed but continued, "I just want to tell you, yesterday Hugh Thomason was in the store, the Twelfth Street store; I got two stores now, you know—" He paused innocently to note the effect of this news on his wife's friend—"one on Twelfth Street and one on First Avenue. And I'm thinking," he added, "of opening another in Albany."

"Go ahead with your story," Helen said.

Well, Hugh was in there to get some new tubes for his Wagner set—I sell radios, you know. Wagners, McAfees, Hallman-Maddens, OCA's, all makes. Hugh was saying what a nice little lay-out I had, and not aiming to brag or anything, it ain't bad at all. You mightn't believe it at first, but we do just about as big a turnover in the course of a year as Ogden's in Atlanta."

"REALLY!" Lora obligingly gave him the look of surprise he expected.

"Surely do! Ogden's did \$55,000 in '25 and we did \$49,000. Ogden's did \$65,000 in '26 and we—"

"Oh, go ahead, Garfield. What about Hugh, if anything?"

"Oh, yes, Hugh got to talking about you, knowing you were Helen's best friend, you might say, and he said he was wondering if we'd have to kiss your hand, European custom, you know, when we met you."

"That Hugh Thomason," Mrs. Gill said. "He's about as common—"

"Hugh's all right," Mr. Gill said. "Nothing very high-toned about him, maybe, but not a bad fellow at all."

Lora looked down at the trees. "Poor chap," she reflected vaguely. And so transparent, trying in this simple fashion to show her that Helen, her old school chum, had not done so badly herself. And what thanks for it!

"MATTER of fact, Miss Quain," he said. "I'd like to show you over the shops, both of 'em. Might be very interesting, you know; you never can tell. Some very interesting things in the radio business. You could fill a book with some of the things I could tell you."

"I'd like to see them," Lora said. "When?"

"Oh, any time. I'm always in one of the stores or the other."

"I'd be very much interested—"

"Lora," Helen spoke softly, somewhat hurriedly, and gripped Lora's arm. "This man coming—Ralph Hunter. Awfully good fun—clever—and nothing small town about him, not much! Wait!"

A tall gentleman, handsome in a typical country-club fashion, his face browned from golf and wreathed in a perpetual white-toothed smile, suddenly dominated the little group.

"Greetings!" he said. "If I may quote our French cousins,

I cherchez les femmes. Yes, sir, I cherchez les femmes. That's the French for it—and do the French know their femmes!" He rolled his eyes with jolly wickedness at Helen. "Ask Miss Quain; she's been in gay Paree!"

"Ralph!" Helen pretended an outraged gasp. "You have the most nerve of any person I have ever known or heard of!"



Garfield Gill's mind fluttered. Was he hearing aright? Was this a Garfield," Lora was saying. "I've seen a great many men—always. It's you, dear.

"Nerve makes the mare go," he retorted. "Nothing venture, nothing gain—remember the old saw? Yes, sir, nothing venture, nothing gain. Hello, Gill. Never make a try and you never get anything. No, sir! Come on girls, let's hop in and pep up things. Some people are dead and don't know it. Come on."

Lora found her arm grasped in a firm hand and then she and Helen were being propelled toward the dance floor. She

twisted around to say something to Mr. Gill, only to find that by some smooth and incisive maneuver he had been completely and definitely eliminated from the picture. He was walking in the opposite direction down the dark veranda, again a lonely prowler.

The next day Lora called on Vera Fowler, society editor of

her husband? He seems to be rather a good sort."

"The matter? Is there anything the matter?" Vera looked interested.

"I mean," Lora explained, "every time she was able to duck him at the country club she began apologizing for the good man. I didn't see exactly—"

"Oh, yes," Vera agreed. "It's really pretty bad for her, poor girl. Garfield's such a slow-poke."

"Does he beat her?"

"Mercy, no! Garfield—well, you see, dear, things have picked up around here since you and I were in school. It's a little, well, smarter, if you see what I mean. More pep, more go. Garfield was all right at school, but since he got into business—!"

"What did the town expect him to do, sit on the curb and starve to death?"

"No, but you see, he's so wrapped up in his radio business, poor Helen is neglected all the time. He never takes her anywhere, you know."

"Not if she can help it, I'll bet!" Lora ventured.

"Oh, come, Lora. If Helen has told me once she's told me fifty times how ashamed of Garfield she's been. Why, when they started the country club, do you think he would learn to play golf? No. He wouldn't—simply wouldn't." Vera nailed her fact home. "She tried to get him to. Everybody was learning—and he refused. Said his business was just starting or something like that and refused flatly."

"The brute," Lora exclaimed. "To think of his business at an hour like that."

Vera looked at her suspiciously but Lora was not smiling. "After all," she explained, "Riverside's grown some in the past few years and if a man doesn't keep pace with his town and his wife he's got to be prepared to be regarded as pretty slow."

"Well," Lora said, "I like him."

Vera said nothing.

"In fact," Lora repeated, "I like him very much."

"WHY, of course, dear," Vera said patiently. "Everybody likes Garfield. He's very sweet in his way. It's just that he's so slow and such a weight around poor Helen's neck. But of course everybody likes him."

"But not," Lora said, "as much as they do this town hellion, Mr. Hunter."

"Ralph? Naturally not, dear. Ralph's a regular sport. He's traveled and he's more cosmopolitan. He's got life and pep. He just makes a party. If you want to know what I think, Garfield ought to take a page out of Ralph's book."

Lora shuddered. "I met Mr. Hunter last night," she explained. "He seemed to be a bit touched with high spirits."

"I'll say he is!" Vera laughed. "Always laughing, always a smile, always a jolly word for every one—that's Ralph all right! This town certainly owes a lot to him."

"What does he do?"

"He's secretary of the Riverside Civic Improvement Association."

"He started it too, I'll bet."

"How did you know?" Vera looked at her curiously.

Lora laughed. "I just guessed," she said. "The country's full of paid secretaries who started their own organizations. It's a trick; it's done with mirrors."

"I don't get you," Vera confessed.

Lora was beginning to find in herself a queer concern for Garfield Gill. It was even cutting sharply into the fun she was having on her first visit to Riverside in twelve years. She was getting a real thrill from, these small [Continued on page 140]



dream? Had he lost his mind? "I've traveled around a great deal, French, English, American—and I know the kind of man I can love. Don't you understand? It's you"

the Riverside morning paper, for no other reason than that they had gone to school together. She idled into the dingy little office off the tiny city room and realized in less than five minutes of casual conversation that here was a young woman who had seen or heard almost everything of local interest. Further she saw that Miss Fowler was not averse to broadcasting her information.

"What," Lora asked bluntly, "is the matter with Helen and

The Typical American Girl

*Smart Set Invites You to Help Find Her by Naming
The Girl You Think Personifies Her*

THE Business Girl is leading the field as The Typical American Girl by a majority of eight to two, according to thousands of letters received on the subject by SMART SET Magazine.

These letters describe her as combining all the appealing qualities and abilities of the home, society and outdoor girls. The popular consensus of opinion is that the Business Girl is as capable in her home as she is efficient at her desk, that she is as chic in a party frock as she is smart in a business outfit, and that she is a fair hand at the outdoor sports which interest her because she has the ambition to do everything well.

CALLED a product of the most independent, active and progressive nation in the world, she is said to be characteristically abreast of the times, a crusader for success in whatever she undertakes and courageous enough to "be herself" on all occasions. Her high-powered American quality often called "pep" plus her eagerness to live a full life is given as the reason why she is adept in many fields outside of the office. It was generally expressed that her self-confidence gives her a poise second to none.

Our arch type of American girlhood is unanimously declared versatile enough to play her part advantageously in practically any situation or emergency likely to confront today's modern young woman.

This popular conception of The Typical American Girl as furnished by thousands of SMART SET readers is confirmed by the opinions of hundreds of distinguished Americans whom we asked to analyze the make-up of our most representative daughter of America.

However, we never have believed a strictly standardized model could be produced in this case. Consequently we have no intention of treating even the almost unanimous opinion that The Typical American Girl goes to business in an iron-clad, arbitrary manner. As a matter of fact we welcome the latitude offered by the popular belief that the working girl is typical because she combines all the worth while qualities of the home, society and sports girl.



*Our Typical American Girl knows that all
work and no play makes Jill a dull girl*

Without regard to definite physical features such as face, form and coloring, our symposium definitely indicates that our typical young woman is strikingly attractive and fashionably smart in appearance, but not necessarily beautiful. While age, height, and weight are not important concerns of this quest.

it is interesting to record that according to popular opinion she is about five feet five inches high, weighs about one hundred and eighteen pounds and is between twenty and twenty-four years of age.

It goes without saying that everybody believes she has a pleasing personality, that she is morally wholesome although never prudish and that she is a person of very good taste.

We were not shocked to learn that the majority of opinion is to the effect that the Typical American Girl smokes cigarettes and drinks cocktails in moderation. She

is not termed a "petter" but at the same time she is said not to be a prude concerning her romantic affairs.

Although the majority express the belief that she is practical and a young woman of common sense, she has been voted a romantic young person. Also she has been generally described as a young lady who wears her cosmetics well. Our symposium admits that she is slangy at times but never vulgar. By vote in the ratio of nearly 100 to 10, our informants decided that Miss Typical American Girl wears ready-made clothes, adding that her wardrobe is always the result of good taste and stylish choice.

YES, she can cook a bit, although there was a strong suspicion on the part of many that she has no ambition to become a renowned chef.

Over four hundred prominent Americans claim she is unmarried yet it was universally agreed that she wants a home and children eventually.

Last month SMART SET offered \$100 in prizes for the three letters best describing The Typical American Girl and \$5 apiece for the five letters receiving honorable mention. Many of these letters asked if married girls are eligible in our quest. Yes! The first, second and third prize-winning letters and those

Smart Set's Golden Quest

For This Representative Girl of Popular Opinion

Will Be Launched February First

With a Nation-Wide

Searching Party



From nine
to five her
watchword
is efficiency

Editor of Smart Set:
Dear Sir:

Your quest for The Typical American Girl will not be hard nor long. She is just around the corner; but you will have to hurry to catch up with her. As you know, she is unhampered by short skirts. Dancing, sports, Jazz, and business have contributed to her speed. She is surely associated with business. It is the backbone of this country. It fosters ambition, energy, progress, independence, cooperation, a broad and practical view of men and money. Yet, it does not unsex or unbalance her.

Until athletes, students, home and society girls take up business they are not one with her, for she is a composite of the qualities of all these types to a pleasing degree.

Reared in a country that gives women more liberty than they enjoy elsewhere, brought up where sport is a prominent pastime, where education is free, she cannot help but manifest these qualities. She usually is a high school graduate. Her education does not stop after commencement. Night Schools and the libraries satisfy the urge for self improvement. Instilled in school. As for sewing and cooking, she does both; one to enable her to appease her pride in her appearance on a moderate means, the other as a matrimonial bid. The social characteristic is manifested in her interest in people and convivial events.

She likes good food—not much, but often. She has a hobby, whether it be cards, art, music, or anything different from her usual routine. She is not unmarital. She has a creed. She believes in God, her neighbor, his and her rights; marriage for love on a fifty-fifty basis; motherhood; hygiene; a single standard for both men and women; restraint in wooing; moderation in drinking and smoking, whether she indulges or does not. If she does, it is usually to be congenial.

A synopsis of her personal appearance is given almost lastly, because it is, to her credit, the least of her. Be that as it may, by these signs ye shall know her: That person, good looking, but not a magazine or movie type; appearing young; about five feet two to seven, slender, with good lines and good carriage; not five feet two to seven, slender, with good nose; using cosmetics; smart, sworthy; well groomed and shod, wearing silk shall of the girl you seek.

She prefers Americans. She has many admirers but one steady boy friend. Fortunately for the young men, there is enough of Mary Lee to go around. Now go and find her!

Respectfully yours
Beatrice A. Smith
St. Louis, Missouri

This letter won the first prize
in last month's contest because
it gave us so concise and definite a
picture of our Typical American Girl

Miss Violette Riley,
Pueblo, Colorado.
Miss Marion S. Denny,
Old Saybrook, Connecticut.

Miss Mayrena Mackey,
Fort Thomas, Kentucky.
D. A. Kelly, Jr., Gainesville, Florida.

As to her education, the consensus of opinion is that she has at least graduated from high school and believes strongly in continuing her education after actually leaving the class room. In other words, practically everybody expressed the view that the Typical American Girl seeks to learn something from every new day of her life.

What about her faults?

MOST of the opinions submitted on this subject have it that she is not very "fussy about conventions," if this can really be called a fault. Many also express the thought that her enthusiasm and independence of spirit often move her to impulsive gestures against the advice of the elder generation. There have been frequent expressions, too, that her frankness sometimes causes quite a bit of exasperation and even worry on the part of those most concerned with her activities. However, in the main, the faults checked against her were not important enough to find a place in this symposium.

In its final essence this popular conception of the Typical American Girl presents her as an attractive, energetic, educated young woman of good taste, full of charming challenge, versatile, resourceful, adaptable, pleasing in personality and fundamentally frank and sincere. It pictures her as a business or working girl who possesses the appealing qualities and abilities of the young woman who is more specifically described as the home girl, society girl, and outdoor girl.

This is as close to a definite [Continued on page 130]

receiving honorable mention are published with this symposium.

The letter awarded the first place and \$50 was written by Miss Beatrice A. Smith of St. Louis, Mo., and is published on this page. The second prize of \$30 was won by Miss E. Crane of East Northfield, Mass., and third prize of \$20 by Miss Florence Levy, 494 East 143rd St., the Bronx, New York. They are printed on pages 130 and 131.

Letters from the following SMART SET readers received an honorable mention award of \$5:

Miss Mae Hurley Ashworth, Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

What Every Woman

Learn from Josephine



Napoleon conquered Europe and lost it. Josephine conquered Napoleon—and lost him. A little more understanding, a little more knowledge, and history might have been very, very different

TO KNOW Josephine, the creole girl who became Empress of France, is to know woman as poets and artists have conceived her in all her charm and frailty.

To know how she inspired in Napoleon as great a love as man ever felt for woman, how she destroyed that love but preserved a sacred friendship on his part for herself and how she finally lost him, is to know as much as history can teach of the relation between man and woman.

In Josephine are combined all the wisdom and folly, all the triumphs and mistakes, of womankind.

With the man who became Emperor of France and with his own hand crowned her Empress, she ran the gamut of every experience.

In spite of all the high-priced authors who are being paid these days to write sex stories and all the world-famed psychologists who are digging deep into the whys and wherefores of men and women, no one to date has invented anything that will compare even remotely to the life of Napoleon and Josephine. Study of it produces real gold of experience which can be turned into the coin of knowledge and applied to present problems.

What happened to Marie Joséphe-Rose Tascher de la Pagerie—she did not become Josephine until she left the island of Martinique for France—can happen to almost any girl today.

WE ARE continually reading in our magazines of modern Napoleons who began as Bonaparte began, penniless adventurers. Marriage with a clerk in the bank, the mechanic in a garage, a day laborer working in a ditch, may lead to unknown heights.

Every girl hasn't the opportunity of marrying a man of power or a millionaire. But every girl has a chance to pick a man who may in his country become both, a man who has as much as did young Bonaparte, without deeds or fortune yet to his credit, when the Viscountess de Beauharnais married him.

Josephine was cast first as the enchantress and no woman can teach us more of how that rôle should be played.

Of all the women of history she is the most thoroughly feminine. She had none of the clear and intellectual insight of a Cleopatra, none of the native shrewdness and dramatic instinct of an Emma Hamilton, none of the fine sense of values and splendid intelligence of a Ninon.



Napoleon was painfully aware that he completely at ease that at their first meeting

ine
n
But Avoid Her Mistakes

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Wants to Know

Josephine, like many a woman today, was too sure of her man. She did not appreciate that some day her power would wane and that she would need tenderly shared memories to keep the Emperor at her side



Illustrations
By
ELDON KELLEY

he
ting
lacked social grace. Josephine put him so he fell completely captive to her feminine charm

Had she possessed any of these, the world's history would doubtless have been different.

Yet with them she would not have been Josephine and we should have missed the perfect example of the purely feminine, unconscious instinct for charm and handling men. Without thought, without self-understanding, without analysis of herself or others, Josephine was all that man asks to love. But lacking the super qualities of these other women, she could not use the love she could awaken to bring the best results.

Studying Josephine, other women who possess natural charm must see the necessity for self-analysis, for cultivation of brains, to get the most out of that charm and not allow it to be frittered away in momentary pleasures.

Her final appearance was in a drama that is only too well known in our day—old wives for new.

BUT if one studies with care the entire story, if one analyzes and traces motives and effects from their early beginnings to their later tragic results, it becomes plain that "the incomparable Josephine" lost Napoleon not because of political necessity, not only for the glory of France, but because of her own vital errors in the early days of their love life.

Could she have looked into the future, could she have known during the Italian campaign how greatly she was to love The Man of Destiny and how deeply she was to desire the position he so amazingly bestowed upon her, she would have played her cards differently and it is obvious that had she done so nothing could have made Napoleon cast her aside.

From this can be gained a lesson for all women, a lesson that lifts the things every woman wants to know into the realm of morals and ethics.

Thou shalt not forget that the strength of a man's love in his hour of temptation is the sum total of the happiness and square dealing which that love's past embodies.

And blessed is the woman whose man is bound to her by her own example of devotion and fidelity and generosity and happiness in every hour of their life together.

Each day as it is lived is of supreme importance to love. It may seem to contain nothing momentous, no occasion for sacrifice or service. But the thread of every happy day, of every little kindness or every sweet trust and gentle appreciation is woven into the unseen robe which holds a man to a woman even though crowns



Josephine adapted fashion to her personality. Knowing she had a beautiful figure, she created the Empire gown with the express purpose of emphasizing this asset

The Empress Josephine's The Girl of Today Not to Build Her House upon But upon the Rock of

and kingdoms are offered as the price of leaving her. Josephine had the best chance any woman ever had to weave such a magic rope. Napoleon loved her with idolatry; if she were ill he congratulated himself that no one could force him to live a day longer than she did; he grew ill with longing for her; he groveled at her feet.

What a background could Josephine have built in those days! If she had taken but half an hour a day to write him a tender and sympathetic letter, how rich the reward she would have reaped later on!

But, like many a woman today, she was too sure of him. Her power was supreme and she did not calculate that it might some day wane and that she might need a storehouse of tender, shared memories to keep beside her the conqueror of Europe, who desired to found a dynasty.

IN THAT and that alone, Josephine failed. She left doors in the past, doors opened by her own actions and failures, through which tragedies entered and tore from her everything she valued. She opened the door marked unfaithfulness. She opened the door over which was written the dread word divorce. Her coldness and indifference wounded Napoleon so deeply that he never quite forgot them.

How careful should every woman be of the precedent she herself sets in her love! Let her strike the keynote of truth and devotion and companionship and a man is apt to live up to it. Let her establish things on a basis of easy virtue, casual treatment, jealousy, coldness and tormenting doubts and the time will come when the man will be able to cast her aside without hurting his own conscience because she herself began it all.

Many a man is tided over a period of temptation because he simply cannot bear to hurt a woman who has always been true and kind to him. And he comes back to her in the end and together they find peace and comfort and joy in those long days of middle life which youth refuses to contemplate but which after all form the greater part of life and which, above all, lack so much else that goes to make youth endurable under any circumstances.

THE woman who takes her fun where she finds it, who uses the method so popular today of holding a man by sex lures and their attributes, jealousy and uncertainty, is apt to find herself, as did Josephine, cast aside when life has little left to offer her.

There is no feminine theory so dangerous, so fallacious, so immoral, as the one which infers that ignoble qualities in a woman are most effective in holding a man. Nothing can be taught a girl which is more apt to undermine her happiness than the careless creed of stupid and selfish women: "Oh, the worse you treat a man the better he likes it. Men can't stand to be treated too well; they get tired of it. Never let 'em be sure of you."

Every page of history proves such theories to be immoral rot, created to salve the vanity of women who have failed to use their hearts and their brains to win and hold men by the higher methods of intelligence and charm and honesty.

Josephine in one phase of her life used those methods and nothing could be more fortunate for the woman of today who is intelligent enough to look life

Experiences Can Teach

A Great Lesson—

the Sands of Doubt and Coquetry Service and Real Love

in the face than the fact that we have the whole of Josephine's life before us. It is impossible to see the future of our own acts, to estimate the results of certain methods but we can know what happened to Josephine.

During those early years when Napoleon idolized her to the point of actual madness, Josephine's use of capriciousness, coquetry, coldness, seemed marvelously effective. The instinctive feminine method of arousing jealousy and doubt, never allowing him to be sure of possession from one moment to the next, kept him in a turmoil of anxiety.

But its retroaction was deadly. It was a boomerang as it will always be a boomerang. Step by step Josephine had to retread the path she had taken and with bleeding footsteps. One by one, she had to eat her cold and careless words and they were very bitter.

Let us follow her through the five major phases of her life and see for ourselves.

Of his first meetings with Josephine, Napoleon himself wrote, "I was certainly not insensitive to womanly charm but until the day I met Josephine I had not been spoiled by women. My character made me diffident in their company. Madame de Beauharnais was the first to make me feel a trifle more courageous. Once when we were neighbors at the dinner table, she said many flattering things about my qualities as a military man. I was intoxicated by her praise. I spoke to no one else that evening and would not be drawn from her side."

AS NEARLY as we can, let us also make the acquaintance of "the incomparable Josephine" as her husband delighted to call her.

By birth she was a creole, a French girl born in the tropical island of Martinique. Of no particular family, she was left an orphan at an early age and brought up by an aunt. She could read and write—just that—and she could sing and dance.

Though she was not beautiful, she was evidently what today we would call "a pretty woman." And she possessed to a degree so marked that it is impossible to find a single writer who deals with her or a single person who knew her who does not comment frequently upon them, the two greatest physical charms a woman can have.

These two charms are within the grasp of every woman in the world, can be acquired by every girl no matter who she is or where circumstances have placed her.

Grace and a sweet voice.

Over and over we find them emphasized by those who knew the little creole girl, by those who fluttered about the Viscomtesse de Beauharnais, by those who bowed before the Empress.

Her grace. Her graceful gestures. Her graceful movements. The graceful draping of her garments. Her graceful postures. The grace of her hands.

Looking back into the golden days of their love from his lonely exile at St. Helena, Napoleon wrote, "Even when sleeping, Josephine was always graceful."

This seems to have overshadowed everything else about her appearance. We know that she had soft dark eyes, soft dark hair and that her teeth were abominable. But the picture we get of her is one of grace so charming that it caught and held beyond mere beauty of feature.

[Continued on page 125]



Napoleon laid the whole world at Josephine's feet. He loved her with idolatry. She could have made herself the lasting love of a superman. Why did she fail?

What's A Mere Earl's Title



Mary had often dreamt of becoming Lady Something or other, of talking with kings and living in a castle. Now on her first night abroad, she was meeting two handsome young men and one of them was an English Earl

AT THREE o'clock on a June day that had changed from the gloomy skies of England to the vivid blue heavens of Paris, two young men stepped from the Rue de Rivoli through the entrance of the Regina Hotel. They crossed the lobby with the pleasing nonchalance peculiar to Oxford undergraduates and dignified by envious Cambridge men as "the Oxford manner."

Their sticks were thrust casually beneath their left arms. Their chamois skin gloves were held in the left hand. Both wore bowler hats. Both wore gay suits and light spats. Both were six feet in height and both were strong and lithe of body. The Marquis of Chertsey was decidedly English and decidedly blond, even to his mustache. Thornton Earl Montebarro, Rhodes Scholar of Atlanta, Georgia, U. S. A., was as far from blond as raven hair and jet eyes and a wisp of black mustache could remove him. They walked and looked about them as two Cortezes advancing casually upon a glorious Pacific.

"Well, Monte, old lad," said the Marquis, "this is where

Castles and By JAMES SAXON

we say, 'Open, Sesame' and wait for things to happen." "Yes and there," Montebarro indicated the porter and desk clerks and other employees, "are the forty thieves."

The Marquis of Chertsey went to a long counter which served as a desk. "A suite for John Winthrope," he said. "I cabled a week ago for reservations."

"Yes, Mr. Winthrope." The clerk fingered through an index

To An American Girl In Love?



Monte and the Marquis gazed at the lovely little American. Monte thought of moonlight and roses but the English nobleman sincerely and for the first time gave himself in love to a woman

the Fleir

CHILDERS

and drew out a card. "Will you sign here, sir?" he said. The Marquis of Chertsey wrote, "John Winthrop," and handed back the pen.

"And now, sir," the clerk said, turning to Montebarro, "will you register?"

Montebarro took the pen and rolled his signature across the page. "Thornton Earl Montebarro," and ended it off with

a flourish; probably that was an indication of his feelings.

The clerk took the paper and went into an inner office. A moment later he came hurrying out, holding himself very erect. He bowed low and handed his young guests the card of their suite, then he bowed again and drew back. An assistant clerk issued from the inner office and led the way to the elevator. At the entrance he stood aside.

In the suite the under clerk made a rapid inspection, saw that the luggage was properly placed, then bowed himself from the room.

"SERVICE, this place gives plenty of. What?"

"Yes, it's a jolly good hotel, Monte. One of the best." While unpacking they discussed their plans for the first night of their Parisian vacation. They agreed to dine at the Café de Paris.

"The tumult and the shouting must never die, Monte."

"Let them slaughter a very fat bossy, Marq."

"Adorned with bottles and bottles of the oldest and finest."

"Garlanded"—Mr Montebarro of Georgia bunched a kiss upon his finger tips and broadcast it to the heavens. "garlanded with the fairest of the fair."

"And if we draw blank at the Café de Paris, we'll scurry over to Ciro's. If not there—" the gesture of the Marquis included even the Eiffel Tower. "all Paris."

"Be merciful, O Venus," prayed Montebarro while the Marquis telephoned the café for a dinner table.

"Yes. Table for two. Righto. Special flowers. Yes. I say, wait a moment. Make it for four. Four. That's right. And very special flowers. Yes. John Winthrope at the Regina. Thank you."

BIT of an optimist," remarked Montebarro, taking his shirts of many colors from the packing case and placing them in a drawer of the clothes-press.

"To him that hopes, old boy, all things shall be added unto."

"Marq, why do you travel as John Winthrope?"

"It saves annoyance. That's my family name and I always use it on the continent. These ladies over here rather chase a chap about if they know he has a title. Even my father sometimes travels incog."

"Is he doing it now?"

"Heavens, no. This present visit to South Africa is semiofficial."

They bathed and changed, taking the greatest care with the selection of socks, shirts, ties and pocket handkerchiefs. Then they sauntered forth, seeking tea and everything else the gods might choose to send them.

"Two characters in search of a romance," Montebarro said as they strolled from the Rue de Rivoli into the Avenue de l'Opera. At the Café de la Paix they agreed the tea would be terrible but they could watch the grand parade upon the boulevard.

"Sit here long enough, Monte, and all the world goes by."

"I don't want all the world," remarked Monte. "I want only a fluffy little bit, about a hundred pounds of it all smothered in ruffles and lace."

After tea they made their way to Harry's New York bar. A trio of cocktails and even Paris was enhanced.

"Come, let us be truly merry," suggested Montebarro, ordering a fourth.

A quarter of an hour later they strolled into the lobby of their hotel, still commenting on the exhilarating merits of the human existence and then, as a battalion halts at the order of command, they stopped though not a word had been spoken.

She was a small girl, only a few pounds more than Montebarro's designated one hundred. She was standing beside an elderly lady who was talking to the clerk.

"Marq," whispered Monte, "in the distribution you'll get the mother."

"Montebarro," whispered the Marquis, "our friendship ceases."

THE two young men started across the lobby. Immediately a porter appeared and preceded them, asking passage from guests who loitered in their direct path. A liveried attendant carrying four packages ceased his quick walking to stand at rigid attention as they passed. An under-secretary, seeing their approach, hurried from an inner office and touched the head clerk on his shoulder. The clerk immediately ignored the crowd awaiting him. His assistants put down their pens and assumed an attitude of dignified eagerness. The porter opened a pathway before the young men following him, opened a pathway which led directly by the side of the little girl whose clothes proclaimed her an American and whose eyes languidly murmured she was an angel.

The girl and every one else in the lobby looked at the two young men whose approach was quietly heralded by porter, secretaries and clerks. Those about the counter not only stepped aside to make way for them, they drew back until there was a small but definite clearing immediately before the chief clerk. Montebarro and the Marquis, canes beneath left arms, chamois skin gloves held lightly, bowler hats at the infinitesimal exactness of angle, cheeks glowing from the great joyousness of living, sauntered forward with casual disregard for the stillness of the lobby and the curiosity with which every person regarded them.

Montebarro was slightly in advance of the Marquis. As he drew near the counter the clerk bowed. It was the signal, and the secretaries bowed and the under-clerks bowed. Montebarro gave a quick flick to the tip of his mustache and nodded in response.

"My key," he said, speaking in his best Oxford manner, while those gathered about looked on attentively.

The head clerk bowed and the secretaries and the under-clerks bowed. Then the head clerk called aloud, "Key for the Earl of Montebarro."

Who Is Your Typical American Girl?

*After a nation-wide quest
SMART SET will award
\$5000 to the girl chosen
as the most representative
type of glorious American
girlhood.*

*Won't you help us find
her by proposing your
favorite candidate for
this high honor and
award? See page 54
of this SMART SET for
particulars.*

"Key for the Earl of Montebarro," repeated the secretaries and the under-clerks.

Instantly from behind a partition appeared a porter, whose exalted bearing proved his understanding of the honor done him, holding a room key.

"Key for the Earl of Montebarro," said the porter.

The calling for the key and its arrival had required only a second, much too short a time for an admittance to the peerage to pass through the ruby glow in Montebarro's brain. But when the clerk held out the key and said, "Yes, your lordship," then Montebarro opened his mouth to protest. A jab in the back with a walking-stick and the heel of a shoe upon his instep caused him to pause and that instant's delay was sufficient for the Marquis to catch his arm, remark, "We must hurry, [Continued on page 106]"



Illustrations
By
LESLIE L.
BENSON



Mary, backed by Mama, stood before them. Her hair was like midnight and her eyes like an angel's. Monte and the Marquis were pals. They tried to decide which of them should get the girl and which should die of a broken heart

Enthusiasm

By RUTH WATERBURY

THOSE of us who are trying so sincerely to make this the finest magazine ever published for the young woman of today were discussing a few weeks ago how to get the most out of life. There were four of us present: a publisher, an artist, a famous girl poet and the writer.

"If you had a young daughter and could give her but one thing from all the gifts in the world what would you choose?" asked the publisher.

"Beauty," said the artist.

"Intelligence," said I.

"Don't be silly," said the lovely poetess who has both beauty and intelligence. "Give her enthusiasm first, for with enthusiasm, no matter what life does to her she will possess within herself the sense of beauty, the keenness of mind and the zest for existence which means everlasting youth."

Poets have that ability to arrive instantly at truths that it takes the rest of us long and bitter arguments to reach.

WE GIRLS of today have freedoms and opportunities, careers and social chances open to us such as have never been open to women before. Yet it seems to me that altogether too many of us lack true enthusiasm. We are still burdened with the old-fashioned woman's attitude of watchful and slightly wistful hope—waiting for the traditional knight on the white charger or the newer raise in the pay envelope, but not doing anything very active about either. The vast majority of us are still trusting fate will happen to us instead of making ourselves happen to fate.

NOW the reason so many men of fifty appear happier and more adjusted to life than many women of the same age is because from their earliest childhood boys instinctively begin building up enthusiasms to see them through. A boy accepts the fact that he is going to live a long while and that unless he does something about it, his latter years will come out pretty thin. He may take up nothing more important than golf or stud poker but take it up he does. He may never break ninety but because he hopes he will,

he goes out day after day and chases a little white pill over green hills in a fierce struggle between himself and his own ineptitude. That he never attains his goal doesn't matter. At least he has a goal and he gets a kick out of that.

Too many of us women think of the years after our twenty-fifth birthdays in terms of a vast blank. We take up occasional cults, certainly. But we take them up and put them down again. Because we have no continuity of interest we even, some of us, aspire to the sophistication of boredom and to the pose of the broken heart carefully hidden beneath the painted smile. And that is just plain self-bunk.

THERE is only one way to happiness and that is to live to the fullest extent of which we are capable.

So let us cultivate our enthusiasms. Let us take a deep interest and a deep joy in books, in music, in clothes, in cosmetics, in architecture, in sports, in humanity. Our really fine minds are capable of greater diversity than man's. And we can, therefore, win the rewards of greater interests once we set out after them.

It is perfectly true that our enthusiasms will wax and wane and that we may discover many of them have been misguided. It takes wisdom to handle enthusiasms, they being as explosive as they are. It is likewise true that if you avoid enthusiasms and never do or say or think anything new you will never make a fool of yourself. But on the other hand you will never make a triumph of yourself either.

WITH enthusiasm, with the vitality and interest and zest for life enthusiasm creates, we stand a chance to triumph. But even if we find a little less than glory, even if we do not quite attain the heights, it is, like love, infinitely better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all.

This is the underlying purpose of the editorial policy of the new SMART SET, to bring to you through the stories of girls who have achieved success, fame and love, the enthusiasm to go and do likewise.

A Letter to Mary

from

ELINOR GLYN



I MEANT to write upon the subject of keeping to your ideals and not allowing companions or environment to contaminate them but I have received a letter from a reader which seems to represent the case of such hundreds of girls starting in life—you can read it here—that I will postpone idealism until next month and endeavor to answer this typical missive for you all to read. As you see, the writer signs herself just "Mary."

The truth about it all is that her steady education at the State Normal School has broadened her mind and opened windows through which her imagination can see vistas and the home town life no longer draws her; it is too cramped. I understand and sympathize.

It is this spirit which makes the greatness of America, this desire to rise and expand. But as I have written many times, Mary must first look at the "hole" and ascertain if it is square or round and then decide whether she is the square or round peg which will either fill it exactly or be a hopeless misfit. That is to say, she must first of all examine herself and discover if she has enough strength of character to set out on the great adventure of coming to the big city with so small a capital.

IF SHE realizes that she is weak where influence of others is concerned, weak over resisting ordinary temptations and perhaps physically on the delicate side and accustomed to home shelter and comforts, the setting forth may be very hazardous unless she has some distinct opening in view. Then if she ventures she should live with the greatest economy in the big city and stick to the job she has secured until another and better one is in sight.

No girl should leave home without first having acquired self-discipline. If the case is as this Mary describes and the appointment which she dreads is near, she should use all the spare time in reinforcing her own character; she should set

Twin Falls, Idaho,
October 3, 1928

Dear Madame Glyn: I know I am the Mary that you are talking to in your SMART SET articles. You have helped me. You are helping me with every article you write in that magazine. I am twenty-two. I have just graduated from the State Normal School. I dread the humdrum existence of a teacher's life. The thing I planned for years, an appointment, is coming soon and I dread it.

I realize that the struggle of the average American girl of today is to build up her personality but what chance has she in a small city in Idaho with a limited circle of friends and acquaintances? There isn't a man in this city that I would want to marry and I do hope to marry before I am thirty. I am torn between that and the lure of Chicago or New York. Beyond my small college and normal school education and a fair amount of reading and family background—my father is a well-to-do farmer—I have no special ability. I believe I have a normal intelligence. I have an average share of good looks. I have in the bank about one thousand dollars of my own. Tell me, dear Madame Glyn, how am I going to get any place? I am at sea without a compass. Mary

herself tests of will and ruthlessly dissect her own reactions.

She should discover how strong or weak her emotions towards physical things are—and mental things—and wherever she discovers weakness, she should determinedly eradicate it. All this may take six months but she will then have the suitable armor and weapons for her fight and can step forth with her thousand dollars and, if possible, some definite idea as to the line of work she hopes to obtain.

THE restless expansion urge often shows at first in just a desire to get out and does not seem able to discover in what actual direction it wants to go.

Girls just feel they want to be movie stars or go on the legitimate stage or into some big business or be artists or musicians—anything to express themselves and not be commonplace plodders in the home town where they know all the young men they have been to school with and can find no romance anywhere.

All I say is: Prepare yourself, Mary. Cultivate your perceptions and gain a sense of values. Then try to decide what you would like to have; look into the possibilities of securing it.

Face the possibilities of adverse conditions and what you will be able to do if you have to wait and are unsuccessful for a while. Visualize it all, bad and good, before you plunge. And if possible, before you start, try to have perfected yourself in one or two of the essentials. We will say, if it is the arts which are your goal, learn as much of whichever one you fancy as the home town can teach you.

If it is the business world which draws you, at least before leaving, become an expert shorthand typist so that you will not be handicapped when you arrive among—oh! such a lot of other girls struggling also.

It is perfectly ridiculous to think: [Continued on page 105]

Wise Shopping Is the Way To Economy and Chic



Make your hats lend variety to your wardrobe. An "off-the-face" model, such as this Rose Descat originality of beige felt with horsehair inserts, should be worn when you wish to appear debonaire
(Courtesy Hyland Bros.)

More formal and flattering is this gray brushed felt with pheasant wing trimming. Best for the prominent featured to give a soft, feminine look on days when hair and skin need shaded lights
(Courtesy Hyland Bros.)



Here, in one costume, is a complete guide to clever shopping. This ensemble of oxford gray "Hillbilly" homespun has youthful verve and practicality plus the best style points of the coming season. It has the finger tip coat, the pleated skirt with girdle top, the very new "tuck-in" blouse of white crepe de chine. Worn with an untrimmed felt hat, oxfords and slip-on gloves, it is correct for any daytime occasion

(Hat and Suit, courtesy Peck and Peck)

Photos By
DON DIEGO



This plaid velvet Reboux import is an excellent buy for the girl with a slim millinery allowance. It has enough formality for dress wear and sufficient simplicity for general use. Very becoming to square-jawed young faces. It's the hat shown on the cover of this magazine

(Courtesy Hyland Bros.)

Fads and Fashions Of the Midseason Mode

THE ability to dress smartly is not a gift. It is an acquired knowledge of what to buy and how to buy it. On shopping wisely depends your individuality and charm. Good shopping means good values. If you plan your buying intelligently it can save you at least one-third of your clothes allowance.

I do hope that this department is teaching you this feminine science. I so sincerely want it to be a guide for you to your local shops and the season's styles. Each month I try to assemble real American clothes for real American girls, not exotic, extreme things worn by slinky clothes-horse manikins who never come off the modiste's floor. I choose from the New York shops the models I feel you can wear on all occasions and which are available in your local stores. I myself love these chic little ready-mades. They have a youthful verve the too elaborate French imports never have

By GEORGIA
MASON

to my eye, and express our national spirit more genuinely.

The days when style was exclusive and isolated are gone. New models now appear in Seattle and Keokuk almost simultaneously with their release in New York City and Mary on

Main Street has as much opportunity to be chic as Fifth Avenue. The thing that Fifi and Mary must both have is the real style news plus the training to spend their dress allowance wisely.

I have discovered for myself that the simplest way of purchasing wisely is to plan out my wardrobes in actual two-year stretches. One rarely wears out completely coats or little cloth dresses in a single season and by laying out a wardrobe plan, well in advance of actual purchase, you can get one thing to supplement the other so that you will always maintain that ensemble note which is the basis of true chic.

A good division of your clothes allowance, I think, is to budget it thus: 50 per cent for coats and dresses, 16 per cent for hose and lingerie, 20 per cent for hats, shoes and gloves, 14 per cent for accessories. Figure out your total yearly clothes allowance on this basis whether the total be \$100 or \$1000 and see how very expedient it proves.

DON'T, don't, whatever you do, buy a hat or a pair of shoes and most certainly not a coat or a dress unless it bears some relationship to other items you already have. Because your best girl friend is wearing green shoes, let's say, don't let her encourage you to buy a similar pair unless you know you already possess some costume they will complement. And don't let some hat in a milliner's window so charm you that you buy it and get it home only to discover it doesn't "go" with any dress you own and must therefore become a skeleton in your closet. Of course, we all do it, more or less, but the path of wisdom is to avoid these impulsive purchases as far as possible.

The old proverb of our childhood, "Look before you leap," we can paraphrase into "Look before you buy" when it comes to shopping. Look, look, look and bear



This beige flat crepe frock shows the new cape scarf and the pert peplum finished with a narrow knife pleated frill. Note the jeweled buckle at the belt and the slightly longer skirt. Worn with a beige felt hat and brown suede pumps. The bag is antelope. A delightful "all day" ensemble

(Courtesy Stern Bros.)



Another beige flat crepe—and nothing is smarter—with a softly tied blouse and a separate unlined coat, an ensemble which gives height and slenderness. Slippers of bisque-royale kid and skull cap of green felt

(Courtesy—Saks Fifth Avenue)

your own figure, your own face, your own social life in mind all the time. Just because a dress is filmy and lovely doesn't make it the dress for you if you spend the better part of your day in a business office. And even though beige is generally becoming and persistently smart, it isn't necessarily a good buy if you live in a city like smoky Pittsburgh.

Remember suitability, first of all, to your personality. Check with the mode of the moment. Consider such things as dry-cleaner's bills. Beware of fabrics that need to be pressed every time they are worn. There are others, just as lovely, that do not. It is the little things like this that count. It is the avoiding of these mistakes that saves you money.

And now that that's over, let us get down to the real style news of the month.

The New Fabrics

SHEER woolens will be a definite style feature of the coming spring frocks. They are practical and inexpensive and since they can be cut for beautiful tailoring, remember them when planning your "nine-to-five" dresses.

For evening wear, while tulle, laces and chiffons still remain prime favorites, some distinctly new fabrics are quietly slipping in. Permanent moire of a soft, supple texture is being used and the flat crepes in new shades of green, blue, beige and gray. Lace frocks with long sleeves are shown, indicative of the increasing formality of the whole mode. It isn't possible this year to don a little sports frock,



For the impudent little face comes this Rose Descat model of brown soleil with a draped crown and a bow over one ear

(Courtesy Hyland Bros.)

A circular skirt of black velvet, a bodice and sleeves of scarlet brocade, large, soft velvet collar and cuffs combine to make this one of the smartest of midseason evening wraps. Best on tall sophisticates

(Courtesy Hickson)



The toque continues very chic. Agnes' fetching version is of paisley and black felt. Buy carefully, however, as it is becoming only to the most flawless profiles

(Courtesy Hyland Bros.)



Tailored yet softly feminine is this flat crepe in blue-gray, a new shade, with cockscomb scallops as a trimming detail on sleeve and blouse. Box pleated skirt. An excellent purchase for the girl who goes to business

(Courtesy Peck and Peck)

Here is a treasure, a gown that may be worn at dressy afternoon dates, at dinner or for evening parties. Of black lace it features a back cape and uneven hem line. White flower trimming at the girdle

(Courtesy Stern Bros.)



wear it all day and be fashion's pet. You must be formal and quite ladylike.

In line with this tendency, tailoring in the truest sense of the word has returned. Tailored suits and tailored dresses are daily appearing with clusters of stitching and stitched straps as a finishing detail. This goes beyond the old-familiar "tailored suit." The spring tailleurs are at once more decorative and more chic, the finger-tip jacket coat being an absolute "must" on a costume of this sort.

Then tweed. Count the day lost when you discover no new weave or color in tweeds. They lie all over the mode like a tent and you literally have got to have tweed somewhere in your wardrobe if you are to consider yourself truly in the procession.

All forecasts emphasize chartreuse; sea sand, a new tone of beige; lake blue, a delicate watery tint; and honey as the featured shades for those little silk dresses that combine practicality and charm, particularly for the girl who

works. Prints will be good again this spring but the motifs will be smaller and less pronounced than last year's and should be worn with coats darker than the dress. Silk dresses will have a softer line, their simplicity heightened by skillful cutting and design. Scarfs will be on everything and everywhere. They appear on the back, at the side, in the front, in solid and contrasting colors. They are really ravishing.

Hem lines will dash up and down as they have all winter, and even more so. And the princess silhouette will most certainly be with us.

The Yellow Peril

REALLY, it amounts to a peril, the extreme use of beige, tan, light yellow, honey and yellow-brown I see everywhere. It even has gone into lingerie and the girl who sticks to pink [Continued on page 143]

Read What Ten Years in Paris Have Taught



A delicate new evening note is the persistent use of white. Wraps of white velveteen with redingote capelets are favored for spring



The chic Parisienne has two answers to the problem of dressing the head to comply with the increased formality of the evening mode. She either dons a skull cap of silver tissue, as sketched at the extreme left, which hides every strand of hair—or brushes her bob softly back and pins on some little curls



A dancing frock of printed georgette to be worn with either the classically severe opera pump or the one-strap sandal

will most successfully bridge the "in-between" season's dinner dates. The very smart black satin bag with the rhinestone clasp is a charming accessory



The glittering sequined jacket of the winter should be replaced for spring dinner wear by the newer cocktail coat of pastel velvets

Paris, January, 1929

IT IS not a new thing to advise you to be smarter in appearance to build charm and individuality.

A great many people have told you that you should make the most of your appearance, that more than half your success in business and social life depends upon your appearance.

I'm not coming to you with a new idea, though the idea of building charm and personality is always freshly spon-

taneous and stimulating to me.

I am bringing to you what I have found out about how to do it, little things that make the difference—more than large quantities of money—and also to tell you what is going on in Paris, the style center of the world, which may help you to select the things that are smart and will stay smart until you are through wearing them.

As I sit at my desk looking out over one of the great

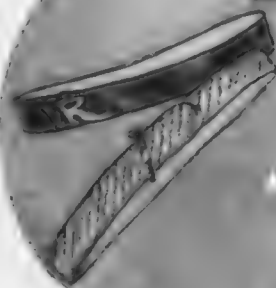
Commencing Another Department of Service

the Author *An Iowa Girl, About Smartness*

Tweed will dominate the mode straight to midsummer, so the clever girl will do well to purchase herself a hat and bag ensemble of tweed as illustrated

Paris now embroiders the boutonniere on the frock. This flower of blue and magenta highlights a white blouse

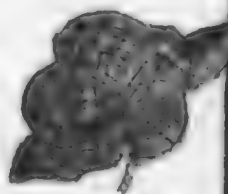
Really dashing and very practical are the new sleeveless jackets of tweed, with scarf to match



Chic complements to spring tailleurs are these two belts, the upper one of kid, monogrammed in silver; the lower of kid and tweed combined



Gloves hitherto have divided into two classes, slip-ons or buttoned models. Now Paris shows them combining the best features of both



Achoker scarf, a small muff, a caracul edged hat and the ultra smart tweed flower can rejuvenate the oldest spring suit into new glory

To the untrimmed little silk dresses of spring, a matching scarf and huge handkerchief in yellow, brown and black lend the correctly debonair note

By **DORA LOUES MILLER**

boulevards of Paris I see a constant stream of women passing. It is not because I love Paris that I think of them as the smartest women

the world. The one difference is that they seem to know how to build instinctively and that we Americans have to learn that secret.

in the world. It is because they actually are the smartest women in the world! The fact is so generally conceded that I am sure you have heard it often before.

It isn't because they are prettier than you are, because American girls have more to build on than any other girls in

Having only a few francs to spend, the little French errand girl can make herself look as if she had stepped from a grande maison de l'haute couture on the Rue de la Paix. The American girl with much more beauty and with much more money often does not seem able to [Continued on page 124]

A Monthly Paris Letter of Fashion Advice

Finding a Job In a Big City

I SUPPOSE you want to come to New York to work, or if you are already in New York, you think you would like to go to Paris and work there for a while. Well, perhaps it isn't Paris or even New York, perhaps it is Indianapolis or San Francisco or Atlanta. Anyway you probably want to go to your dream city and conquer Fate. Going to the big city is the modern equivalent for sending your knight out to fight the Saracen or to kill the Dragon. The modern girl is her own knight. She goes forth to battle, herself.

And indeed it takes a strong will and a fighting spirit for a girl in a small town to come to New York and make a successful living. You must like obstacles; you must be willing to bear loneliness; you must like opposition. If you are so constituted the big city has a lot to give you, although by the time you are about forty, you won't like it any more. But forty is a long way off, so why worry about it? By that time you will be ready to do something else.

Sometimes a girl comes to New York with no savings—with about twenty dollars. What I say about New York applies to any city; I merely say "New York" to save space. In that case, she usually has letters of introduction or a prospect of a job. Sometimes these jobs work out and sometimes they don't. One girl I know lived on bananas for a week and later on rolls and a piece of sausage from the corner delicatessen. Some girls are willing to boil an egg and cook coffee all in the same pot and don't mind having a pie on the bed. A girl who can stand this rough life, a girl who can be really indifferent to it may come to New York with very little money and fight through.

BUT more often a girl comes with little money who cannot bear such dismal, sordid living and who is ashamed to go back home a failure. A friend of mine, Genevieve C., nearly died because she was that kind of girl. Deserted by her husband, with no money and ill, she was living in a theatrical boarding-house. In the next room was a thin, blondined burlesque actress, shocking to Genevieve, fresh from Mississippi, but this stranger fed Genevieve and paid her room rent for two months and nursed her until she was well. It was two years before Genevieve could repay this amazing, casual kindness. Genevieve with this start, climbed steadily on, until she was making \$22,000 a year. She saved \$50,000 and retired.

If I were you, I should not depend on any such accident nor would I come to New York or any other big city with less than three hundred dollars. Bear in mind that it might easily



It took Mrs. Woodward, who is now one of the highest paid advertising women in the country and the author of "Through Many Windows," just nine months to land her first job in New York

take you six months to get a good job and what good would it do you to come to New York and go to work in a factory or at washing dishes? You'd be too tired to know the city or see it. If you had some money you could live a little while until you had found a job and if you didn't find one and had to go back home, you would have the experience to remember.

PERHAPS you are a girl like Mollie Blair, who comes from a small city in Massachusetts. She had a good job there, was well paid and was used to living in comfort. She was in the habit of wearing very good clothes and buying only in expensive shops. And she hated discomfort like a cat. In New York she thought she would meet famous people and do interesting work. Armed with letters from the heads of the office at home, she came in great excitement. But she found that these letters only led to jobs as dull as those she left in Massachusetts. And they actually paid less money while it cost much more to live. She had a definite aim; she wanted to learn the advertising business

but she found that while she could get jobs as a stenographer in advertising agencies, somehow or other, she never got any higher up. I fear she was impatient and didn't give these jobs a chance to work out. At first when she still had money obtaining work was a comparatively easy matter although it wasn't the work she wanted, but by a harsh coincidence of fate, when her little fund dwindled jobs also began to give out. Now she is willing to take even uninteresting jobs because the fascination of New York has reached into her so deeply that she would rather work here at dull work for less money than to go back home.

Mollie has, in the course of her stay, tried every method of getting a job. She had, as I said, good letters of introduction from people of importance. In her case those letters were of some value but often they are not as most successful people are besieged by bearers of letters. Also she made the dreary round of employment agencies. The bigger the city, the bigger the employment agency. Fairly good jobs are to be secured from them but here again you must be prepared for a dreary and tiring experience. You must be prepared to spend days sitting about among discouraged girls waiting for a chance. Catholic and Jewish girls have special difficulties with agencies, many of these will not get jobs for either Catholic or Jewish girls. They are not fair enough to tell the girls this in advance but allow them to waste days which they need desperately and to feel around blindly for the reason why no job is ever

It takes exceptional courage for a small town girl to come to New York and make a successful living. Don't come unless you are proficient in something, can stand loneliness and have about three hundred dollars

By HELEN WOODWARD

offered them except the ones which nobody else wants to take. The large subject of religious intolerance has no place in this special article but it often presses down very hard when a girl is first beginning to make her living. Later on when she has some accomplishment to point to it makes very little difference to her.

There are some exceptions, of course, among employment agencies. There are a few sympathetic and kindly people among them but as a rule they are run by hard, cold and suspicious people who have no understanding of human beings or the needs of business.

I got my first job through an agency but as the job had no pay attached to it and I worked nine hours a day for nothing I was not particularly grateful to the agency. I was willing to work for nothing because I was taught in return to use the dictaphone; after six weeks I was paid five dollars a week; later, nine. I answered an advertisement for another job, paying the large sum of eight dollars a week, although this, remember, was many years ago and pay was smaller than it is now. When I arrived at the address it proved to be a shabby, mean-looking building. I had been so fed on the romanticism of newspapers that I assumed it must be a dangerous place to go into and that here was one of those "lures" of the big city. I actually walked around the block twice before I dared to go in. It turned out that the office was run by the most puritanical woman I have ever known in my life and this crowded, noisy, pine-tabled office was for me the beginning of a vivid business life. It was a publishing house which has long gone out of existence.

THAT was all long ago, while Mollie Blair is fighting her fight today. She seems to be a strong, brave spirit but she has the weakness of young people; she lacks patience and she expects too much of life. She is fastidious and wants to live in pleasant places and to wear nice clothes. She'll solve her problem, without doubt, but she has had a hard time and will continue to have a hard time for a while.

When she arrived in New York Mollie got a comfortable room in a boarding-house, fairly clean, with very bad food for fifteen dollars a week. Often these places are very fussy about the kind of girls whom they take in and have the general air of doing a favor for the fifteen dollars which you pay. She also tried renting a furnished room and "eating around" or cooking her meals over a "Sterno." When she lived like that Mollie ate one fairly good meal a day and patched it out with scrappy breakfasts and lunches. But she found that this also cost her fifteen dollars a week. Naturally, at first, that sort of cooking and eating seemed very romantic and adventurous but nothing you do every day is romantic—not love, nor adventure, nor flying—only the occasional thing can be romantic. So while she had better food she also grew very bored and physi-

cally tired. At the present time Mollie with a little gift of money from home lives in perhaps the most comfortable home for working women in New York, where a single room without bath, attractively furnished, costs her fifteen dollars a week. This does not include food. For meals she generally eats in a tea-room where she pays eighty-five cents for her dinner. Occasionally, she prepares sketchy dinners on a little electric grill, which is especially useful to her just now when she is out of work.

IN THIS hotel when the girls meet for the first time they do not say, "What nice weather we're having," but, "Where do you hang your stockings to dry?" Mollie is lucky about her laundry. Once a week she sends it home to Massachusetts. This is not an unusual practice among girls away from home as the parcel post charge is small. Like all girls, she washes her own stockings and usually when she wears glove-silk underwear she washes that. Most working girls have little electric irons but these are used secretly as this is not allowed in boarding-houses or hotels. The [Continued on page 145]

When she is out of work she prepares sketchy supper on an electric grill instead of spending eighty-five cents for a tea-room dinner



Drawing
By
JOSEPH L. SABO

Let Beauty Go to Your Head

By MARY LEE

WHEN I think of hair and its problems I always think of what a certain woman, wise in the ways of beauty, used to say to me: "The trouble with us, Mary, is that we don't realize that hair is to the face what a frame is to a picture. The loveliest painting may go unnoticed for a long time if its frame is shabby, ugly and broken. And a delicate etching, with subtle lights and shadows, may be completely ruined by a heavy, ornate frame. Then, too, haven't you often seen a simple, unpretentious picture whose charm and interest was brought out to perfection by just the right frame?" She used to add one thoughtful remark. "You know, each of us has only one picture in a lifetime, one face to frame!"

ISN'T it true, when you think about it? We do have only one face, a face which has to last us all our lives. Noses may be a trifle too long, or too short; eyes may be set too close or too far apart, and mouths and chins may fall short of the ideal. But we must decide to make the best of them. I know of no better way than by providing a lovely, graceful frame of hair. For we can change the frame, you see, much more readily than we can change the picture itself. Hair, if it's cared for and dressed becomingly, does marvelous things to the picture which is the face.

In this article I'm not going to say much about styles of hairdressing. That requires a whole article to itself. But I'm going to talk seriously about hair health, which is really the whole sum and substance of hair beauty. Lovely hair must be healthy hair. And healthy hair doesn't usually "just grow," without loving care and watchful attention. In the follicle, that tiny tube in the scalp which holds the separate hair, there is the most marvelous mechanism for making and strengthening hair. At the bottom of the follicle there's the apparatus for nourishing the hair. Along the sides of the follicle are the oil glands, so necessary for hair health and luster, and there's an interesting muscle with a long name which holds the hair erect, and which can actually make your hair stand on end from excitement or mechanical stimulation.

It's a fascinating collection of microscopic machinery, and really much more complicated than this brief description



The hair brush is mightier than the beauty parlor in bringing glory to your hair. Every shade of hair has its individual beauty when the natural sheen is brought out. Five minutes' daily brushing will achieve it

implies. I've talked about hair structure because, in the healthy hair, all these departments are working at high efficiency. The blood is sending plenty of rich nourishment to the hair-making apparatus; the oil glands are producing just enough—not too much—oil to make hair smooth and lustrous, and the little "erector pilus" muscle is holding the hair firmly, keeping it elastic and alive-looking.

WHEN the hair machinery is not working properly one of two things may be at fault. First, your health in general may be below par. There may be diet deficiencies, lack of fresh air and exercise, or your system may be suffering from too many parties and dances. Rest and building up, under a doctor's orders, if possible, are the very best ways to get results. When general health is poor all the hair tonics in the world won't help you. You must get to the root of the trouble.

But if you're reasonably healthy there is no reason on earth why you shouldn't have healthy, lovely hair. Before it begins to show signs of

neglect learn to treat it scientifically. You can do for yourself nearly all the things that the professional scalp expert does in her salon. I do hope that all the girls who read this article will look in their mirrors, feel the texture of their hair, and begin to be very, very critical of it. Now, while you're young, is the time to start. It will save many a heartache later on, when the little gray hairs creep in and the hair grows dull and lifeless before its time.

Begin now a systematic daily treatment, even if your bob is sleek and shining. The daily hygiene of the hair is as important as the hygiene of the skin or the teeth. No girl would miss her morning session with the toothbrush or the daily washing of face and hands. Why should the hair get only occasional attention?

Learn to massage your hair daily—and I mean every single day! After you've got used to the idea a few minutes' massage of the scalp will be no more of a chore than brushing your teeth or taking a bath.

Grasp your head with your two hands, resting your elbows on a table in front of you. The thumbs should grip the neck

Train Your Hair to Flatter Your Face For the Care of the Hair Is the Beginning Of Beauty Wisdom

at the base. Now begin by rotating the scalp under the thumbs, then rotate the fingers, till you've covered the whole scalp with this stimulating, invigorating movement.

A healthy scalp moves quite freely over the bony skull. With a little practice in scalp massage you can become quite expert. Of course, if you can, it's fine to have a professional do it now and then. The skilled hair specialist can use more force and a soothing rhythm that helps wonderfully when you're tired and jumpy.

What about brushing? That, too, is a daily hygienic duty. It ought to be a joy, because the right kind of brushing begins at the hair roots and draws the hair straight away from the scalp. Never brush the hair down flat, for that only mats in the dust and grime that the hair has been accumulating all day. The old rule, a hundred strokes a day, still holds good.

"BUT," wails the girl with delicate hair, "my wave will come right out if I brush my hair every evening!" I know how lovely a marcel or finger wave can be. But I've also seen hair which, because of the wave, has been dreadfully neglected and shows it. It's quite true that there are certain kinds of hair that will not hold a wave after brushing or combing. You must remember, however, that the hair that's so beautifully waved today will react in time to the neglect and abuse that comes from restricting its freedom.

One good compromise is to learn how to wave your hair at home with combs. Often by putting the combs in while you dress you can give your hair all the wave it needs to keep it looking smart. Use light, thin combs, and break them off a little at the ends till they are just the right length. Part your hair as you wear it and dampen with a good curling lotion. Insert the combs at the sides horizontally. At the back it's smarter to put them on a slant across the back of the head. This gives you a soft swirled effect. Comb the hair forward into a curve and push one comb in at the widest part. Now comb the next inch of hair back and insert the comb where the wave dips in. Do this all over the head, checking the back with a hand mirror. A ribbon tied around, or a veil, loosely draped, will hold the wave and combs in place while you're dressing.

I'm really no more partial to comb waving than to any other type of waving. It just seems to me to be a fine solution for the girl with delicate hair who wants to keep it



Well tended hair can frame the plainest face into new loveliness but don't make the common mistake of neglecting your scalp in order to preserve your marcel wave

HAVE YOU A BEAUTY PROBLEM?

If you will write Mary Lee she will help you with it. Individual letters with self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be answered by return mail.

Do not fear that your personal beauty problem may be too slight or too complex for Miss Lee's attention. Address Miss Mary Lee, care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

strong and lively. Don't ever be a slave to your wave, or your hair will steadily deteriorate in quality. If you use patented or kid curlers remember not to coil them too tightly so that the hair is painfully pulled.

It's a mistake to imagine that you must wear your hair waved, no matter what type you are. There are lots of girls who would look better with straight hair. If your features are fairly regular, if your face is neither too large nor too small, you may find that straight, smooth hair, trained to lie gracefully, is much more effective than tightly waved or curled locks. Give it a try, at least while you're treating hair that is over-oily, over-dry, or suffering from dandruff.

DAILY massage, daily brushing, and thorough shampooing: these are the A-B-C's of beautiful hair. There are lots of good special tonics on the market which may be used along with massage: for oily hair, tonics and shampoos that are slightly astringent; for dry hair, preparations with an oily content that encourage the lazy oil glands to get back to work again; and for the first signs of dandruff, antiseptic tonic preparations that, along with massage and regular, frequent shampooing, may cure it permanently. For dandruff in advanced stages a skin and hair specialist should be consulted. Dandruff is a germ disease and as such should be treated by a physician. Be specially careful of your brushes and combs. When you wash them—and you should wash them every few days—put a drop or two of germicidal lotion into the water. Keep them away from dust, in a drawer—and don't let anyone else use them!

Here is comfort for girls who are letting their bobs grow out. The right kind of massage and brushing will make your hair grow much faster than usual and show a much more lustrous and sparkling quality. Some girls find that hair loses its strength when it's been bobbed for some time. Experts don't know quite why this is, but it seems to be because bobbed hair hasn't enough length to get the full benefit of brushing. You need a vigorous, long pull to polish and exercise that strand of hair. Massage with the fingertips such as I described earlier in this article will help a lot. Occasionally it's well to allow your bob to grow a little longer than usual for a change. This seems to improve its quality.

With this first article on hair I [Continued on page 135]

The High Speed Romance
Of a
Man Who Wouldn't Give Up
And
A Girl Who Wouldn't Give In



SHE was long and slim and brown. Her eyes were amber pools set in pale gold. Her hair clung to her head in a neat mahogany swirl. Her mouth was wide, dully red, sullenly full, with the sullenness offset by a sudden and unexpected up-curl at the corners.

Men were taken off their feet by her clean, clear arrogance, her absurdly snobbish retroussé nose and the unmistakable idleness of her long brown hands. Wealth behind wealth, unlimited resources. That was Sherry.

Her long yellow roadster was stopped in traffic. Impatiently she jammed her hand on the horn. It made a long whining sound. She leaned back and stared with absorption at a gadget on the dashboard. She was not interested in the gadget. She was not, if it came down to it, interested in anything. She was terribly bored.

"Lord," she said between clenched teeth, "another week-end at the Barrons'!"

The lights switched and she slid smoothly along behind a delivery truck.

Exactly an hour and ten minutes later she drove into the Barrons' driveway.

She stepped up on the porch, yanked her gloves off and greeted Dimmy Sanders with a brief inclination of the head.

BEE BARRON appeared in the doorway and beckoned to her. Sherry followed her upstairs and into the blue room. Poised for flight in the doorway, Bee said, "Make yourself comfortable, won't you? Somebody's waiting for me to do something. I forget what." She disappeared and then stuck her head in the doorway once more. "By the way, Bruce Harkness is coming down later. Your pet hate, isn't he?"

"Next to castor oil," said Sherry.

"Before he went to Europe, didn't you make some smart crack about him in public?"

"I said that he might be filthy with money, handsome as Adonis, irresistible as love and conceited as I am, but I wouldn't spend five consecutive hours with him if he handed me a million dollars in one dollar bills. Why?"

"Nothing, but I heard that he wanted to meet you. I've never heard Bruce ask to meet anybody. I hope you won't insult each other for the next three days."

"WE BOTH come from fairly good families," Sherry said, "so we won't come to blows."

Bee grinned and departed. Sherry stared at the open door resentfully.

"Bruce Harkness!" she said to herself. "Trying to shove him off on me for three months before he went to Europe. Throwing him at me in conversational balls all the time he was gone! I hope he chokes on his first olive!"

Dinner, with white linen gleaming softly yellow in candle-light. Bee paying no attention to any one, smiling at the blond young man who was the current crush whenever she met his eyes. Jim Barron laughing at one of his own jokes, which were awful. Dimmy paying strict attention to his plate in the awful fear that he'd shove an asparagus tip off the edge. Boredom, boredom, boredom! Sherry rose. Tommy Burns looked up. "Where for?"

"Air," she said.

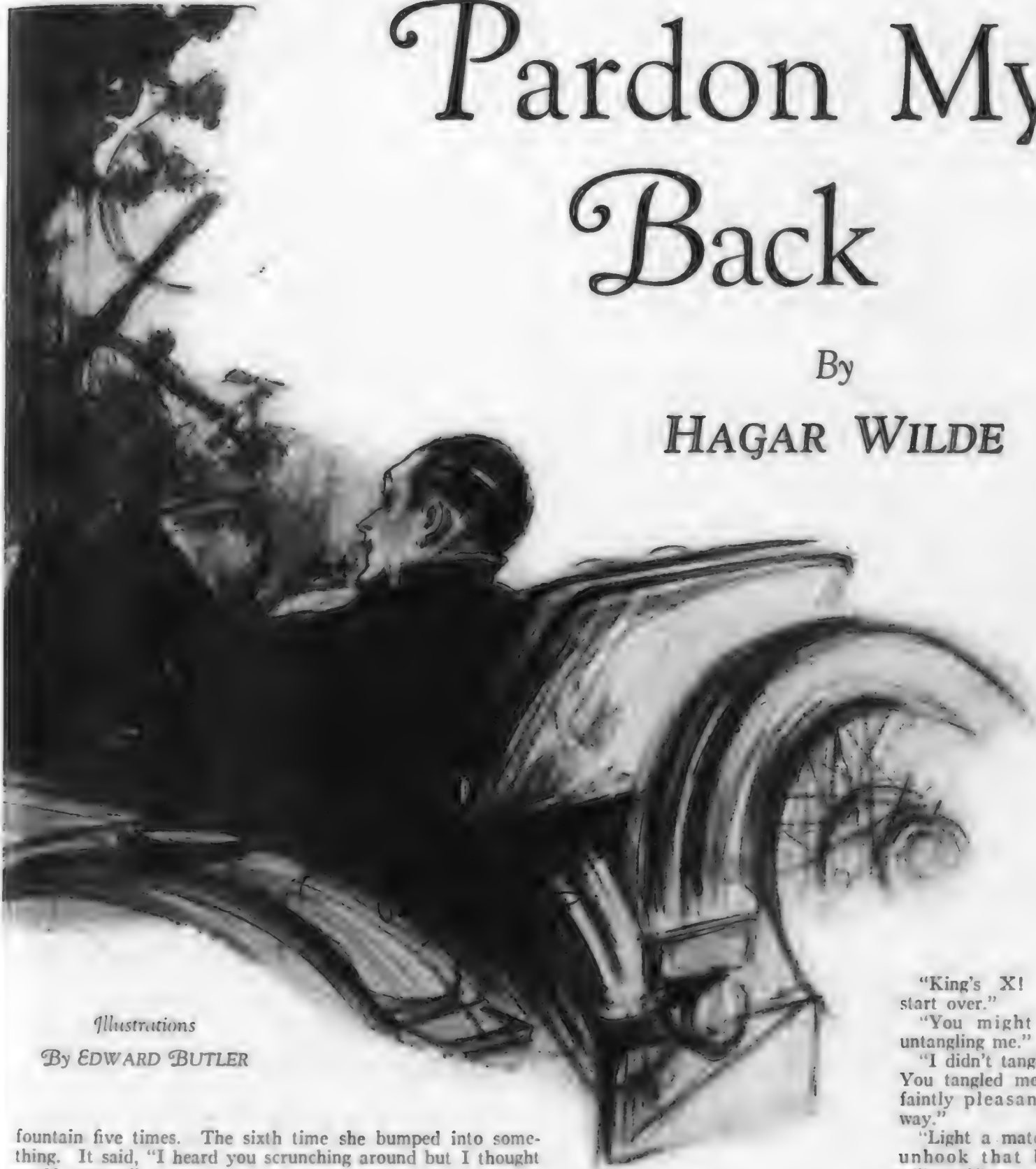
She went into the sunken garden and walked around the

"What do you mean by hiding in my car?" demanded Sherry. "Lady," said Bruce, "it was the biggest rumble seat I could find"

Pardon My Back

By

HAGAR WILDE



Illustrations

By EDWARD BUTLER

fountain five times. The sixth time she bumped into something. It said, "I heard you scrunching around but I thought you'd swerve."

She straightened and gasped. "I beg your pardon!"

"Do you want my coat button? You might have asked like a lady."

"How did you get out here?"

"Through the windows of the library. I dumped my baggage in the hall and heard chatter. I came out to think up some good chatter so they wouldn't get ahead of me."

SHERRY tugged feebly at their mysterious bond. "It seems to be caught on something."

"Unhand me, villain!" is the accepted phrase," he replied.

"You don't know your classics. It's caught on one of your frills. Why do women wear frills?"

"Why do men have teeth?"

"The better to bite you with, my dear."

"Don't be crass."

"I'm not crass. What is crass, anyway?"

"What you were."

"King's X! Let's start over."

"You might start untangling me."

"I didn't tangle you. You tangled me. It's faintly pleasant anyway."

"Light a match and unhook that button. will you?"

"Haven't a match," he said.

Sherry caught her breath in something bordering on nervous hysteria. She jerked. There was a sharp ripping sound. He said:

"Five hundred dollars shot to pieces."

"What do you know about it?"

"It felt like five hundred dollars."

"I came out here to be alone."

"So did I," said he, "and I might add that I was here first."

"The more reason for retiring."

"That's a good point for an argument," he murmured.

"I DON'T want to argue. Why can't you leave me alone?"

"Well," he yelped, "did I run into you and hook something over one of your buttons or did you run into me and hook something over one of mine? Maybe I've a mistaken impression."

"I don't want to talk with you!" she said peevishly.
 "Who asked you to talk with me?"
 She brought her French heel down on the gravel path and he said:

"Is your face anything like your voice?"
 "Am I going to get this garden to myself or am I not?"
 "Not."

She started off with tears of exasperation in her eyes. She found that he was tramping along beside her. She stopped. Her voice was dangerously quiet.

"Just where are you going?" she inquired
 "I don't know yet. Where are you?"

"I'M GOING to walk around and around the fountain until I drop dead."

"Don't let me stop you," said the young man. "It promises to be interesting." But when she continued on her way she found that he was walking beside her. Presently she heard him muttering, "I think I am a camel who is looking for a camel who is looking for a camel who is looking for its young."

She stopped in her tracks and stared through the darkness.
 "If you don't stop talking," she said, "I shall go crazy."

"I'm not talking to you," said the young man, "and I'm not greatly concerned about your sanity. Probably I should be because after all I'll bet you're somebody's sister or somebody's mother. I'm bound to say in self-defense that I know a better one. It's about an elephant. Shall I tell it to you?"

"I shall probably bang you over the head."

"Not when you hear it! I think I am an elephant behind another elephant behind another elephant who really isn't

There was a sickening crash, splintering sounds, and Sherry bounced out of the car



there." He paused and waited for a sign of approval. "Of course," he continued, "it's much the same as the other one except that the animal is changed and the elephant isn't looking for a baby elephant and the camel is. I mean, the camel is looking for a baby camel, not a baby elephant. I know lots of others."

She started on at a swift, savage pace.

"So," he said, "round about and round about and round about we go."

"Did you ever hear of a man named Milne?" she asked when she could stand it no longer.

"Ah," said the young man, "conversation! This is indeed a pleasure. Did you ever hear of a man named Keats?"

"Can't you keep still?"

"I can but it's fun talking. You encouraged me."

"Do I have to go in the house?"

"I don't know, do you?"

"Dimmy," she said, "is an angel in comparison."

"DIMMY," said he, "is a fool. He has no sense of proportion. He has no aesthetic sense. Now, take me for example—"

"I don't want you," she said, "and don't think for a moment that I don't know who you are. You're the incomparable, irresistible Bruce Harkness. I've heard samples of your conversation before."

"Plagiarists," he said in an injured tone, "but you're quite mistaken. I am the gardener. I garden because I love the feel of dirt between my fingers. I don't have to garden because my father is a millionaire who sells newspapers on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street every afternoon between three and three-thirty. You, I take it, are the incomparable, high-hat, insufferable Sherry Langdon."

"Insufferable!" she cried.

"Mustn't stop between posts," said Harkness, "must never stop between posts. Only three steps more and we'll be at a post. Come, only three steps."

"Are you crazy?"

"Please don't tell anybody," he murmured, "I wouldn't be accepted. They'd throw me out on my ear."

"I think I'm going somewhere," she said.

"Where?"

"Somewhere where you aren't," she snapped.

"Try," said he. "There isn't any such place and besides I think I'm going to kiss you. I can feel it coming on. You'd better run."

There was a sharp crunch of gravel under his heels. She stood her ground, hating him like mad, torn between the impulse to laugh and a stronger impulse to slap him. Another moment and his arms would go around her and he would get slapped. Suddenly he chuckled.

"I don't want to kiss you," he said. "You're not worth kissing. You're a conceited, high-brow, opinionated little good-for-nothing. I've never liked you. I've heard a lot about you and the more I heard the more I didn't like you."

"Triple it," she said, "and you'll have my opinion of you!"

He laughed again. Real amusement dripped from it. "We're both no good," he admitted, "but I'm better than you are. I don't curse the world because I'm bored. I don't go around breaking hearts because I have nothing better to amuse me."

"Don't you!" she said. "Oh, don't you!"

"NO," HE retorted. "I don't. I drink because I like it. You drink because you're expected to. I kiss women because it's pleasant. You kiss men because it's too much trouble to refuse. I go on week-end parties because I like to. You go because you're so shallow you can't stand your own company. It's like sitting home alone with an egg-shell. We'd better find a bench. If I tell you all that's wrong with you, you'll get tired standing."

"If I hated you before," Sherry said, "I hate you three times as much now. I hate you a million times more—a billion."

"Trillion—quadrillion," he murmured, "can't count any further. You'll have to go on your own."

Abruptly she turned and left him flat. She ran swiftly toward the house with tears of rage streaming down her cheeks. She burst into the living room and called, "Bee!"

Bee disentangled herself from the [Continued on page 133]



Sherry started running desperately. Bruce caught up with her and bumped along beside her. "Rotten riding and rotten walking," he commented. "There's no accounting for a woman's taste." Sherry did not deign to answer him

*The Story of a Girl
Who Went
Looking for Romance*

The Call

By BROOKE

IT WAS Saturday night and Minna was tired. She leaned against a Louis XVI dressing table in the French Room and closed her eyes. She hated this garden of hats high up in a city of coke and soot, this set world of mirror pools and hats floating on slender stalks, this world made falsely gay by a waterfall of color which was the Spanish shawl Miss Gold, the buyer, had draped artfully over a gilt chair.

"Green! Green!" Miss Gold was summoning her briskly and she opened her eyes to face two women, one stout and one thin, arranging themselves on the spindling gold chairs. "Oh— she advanced in a pretty flutter. "I'm so glad you came in, Mrs. Burns. We have some darling models just in from New York."

Minna had learned salesmanship in her eleven years at the Mammoth. She'd begun learning at nineteen, when the millinery was a small dark section near the main entrance up three steps from the men's furnishings and now, at thirty, with a little nostalgia sometimes, she was still learning. The girlish slenderness of nineteen hadn't yet departed and the eyes were still shadowed and blue, but there was no one in Coke City's foremost millinery salon to see.

Thirty years old. Thirty. "I can't believe it," she thought often. "I can't stand it."

These high shades are so becoming to you, Mrs. Burns." Her voice was dulcet, soothing.

"I can't stand it," the undercurrent of thought pulsed on. "Hats and women! Women and hats! A picture at the Crystal on Wednesday nights with the girls and one at the Empire on Saturday nights."

—there! See that cunning line down over the ear." Her laugh tinkled engagingly and the sale was made. "The wisteria is wonderful with your skin," she marveled.

"With her skin," she thought resentfully. "Nothing to do but loiter around a suite at the St. James until time for her facial. I'll be here at the Mammoth when I'm seventy-two probably mousing around like little Miss Purdy in the art embroideries."

This was a frightening thought and Minna tore the sales slip slowly. Thirty years old and no sights and sounds of far places. No steamers putting into strange ports. No slow surge of happiness. No swift raptures of pain. No men. There were no men in Minna's life. There never had been men.

"Green! Where are you, Green?" Shortly after nine the girls descended upon her. "Gracious!" Their exclamations seemed to splinter against the bright mirrors; their determined giggling denied the fact that they were past being girls. "We'll miss the feature!"

"Not going, girls," Minna reported. Here was one Saturday night she wouldn't do a picture with them.

"Huh hat," Mowbry accused, head on one side. "Since Gold has decided to take her to the big city she spurns our small town pastimes."

Minna was folding the Spanish shawl. She put it down slowly.

"What do you mean, Mowbry?" she asked. "Has Miss Gold—"

"Yes," Chase interposed. "She's taking you to New York with her on the spring trip. What luck!"

"It's true, all right," Horn affirmed. "Four days in the wicked city. 'Night, Green."

"Good night."

The spring trip! Four days in New York!

Minna was going to New York for the spring shopping trip! Things could happen there! In Coke City nothing ever happened. But in New York—four days!



of Spring

HANLON

*And Had to Wait
Till It*

Followed Her Home



Minna let the shawl slip out of its folds, dropped it curtainlike behind her and held her chin for a moment against a cascade of fringe, watching the maneuver in a pier mirror. With a swift sweep and turn she enveloped her body in the glittering green and gold square and revolved slowly. She saw a slender blonde girl with faint fatigue smudges under her eyes, light catching a hidden glint in her hair. "Foolish," she chided.

But New York! Things could happen there. In Coke City nothing ever happened. In New York, four days—

Gold came in, short, black haired and olive skinned. "You look good in that, Green," she commented judiciously.

"I was thinking of taking it." Color sprang to Minna's cheeks as she unwrapped the dazzling garment and stumbled on. "I—We have a cousin graduating in June and—"

"It's a good value." Gold ran Semitic fingers over the weave. "By the way, Green, I'm taking you to New York with me to buy the spring stuff. Tuesday night. I told Ritts it was either that or make two trips. You can help with the sports."

"Yes, Miss Gold."

THE lights winked out and Minna fumbled for her wraps in a closet, went out through the misses' coats and dresses and down the stairs in the darkness, a slow smile touching her lips.

"New York, for four days!" Her mind approached this magical thought timorously, fearful that it was a mirage that would fade. "Something will happen. I'll make some-

thing happen. I know I can make something happen."

The wheels sang on the rails. Minna rested her head against the back of her seat and stared at the lights of a town winking by. "I'll make it happen; I'll make it happen," the wheels sang.

Make what happen? She didn't know but the singing was there, a rhythmic, dream-inducing refrain. She could have sat there, winking lazily from time to time, all night long. But Gold it seemed had different ideas.

"We may as well get to bed early," Gold suggested. "We'll have a busy day tomorrow, you know. Do you mind if I take the lower?"

Of course Minna didn't mind. She wouldn't have thought of demurring even if she had minded. Gold was Gold. A little mellowed and unbent, off alone on a buying trip with

her assistant, but still Gold. Minna climbed up to her aerie and listened again to the pounding of the wheels.

She opened her week-end kit of Mayflower beauty preparations and with the mirror of her ostrich-skin case propped up before her set to work. Mayflower Cleanse for ten minutes; wipe off with soft tissue. Mayflower Stimulay until burning sensation is felt; wipe off with soft tissue. Mayflower Morning Dew, Mayflower Sun Sweet and Mayflower Bon Nuit to remain on over night. The little cubicle smelled like a flower garden when Minna finally closed the kit and rested. She was drowsy now.

"What on earth do you want to spend money on a Mayflower kit for?" she could hear her sister Irma's objections when she'd brought it home. "Cold cream is good enough. I ought to know. It's twenty dollars, Minna."

Minna hadn't listened. Why had she wanted the expensive Mayflower set with its thimblefuls of scented creams? Why, why? She smiled, wondering. Why was the green and gold shawl that Estelle Gates, the ad writer, had christened Valencia now tucked away in the bottom of her bag? What would Irma have said to that? And where on a buying trip with shrewd, hard-headed Gold would she have an opportunity for wearing a green and gold Spanish shawl?

"Irma would think I'd lost my mind," Minna stretched luxuriously or at least as luxuriously as her cramped quarters permitted. "I suppose Gold is asleep." She listened but could hear nothing. Settled at last between the sheets she reached an exploring hand under the pillow and closed it over her bag. This was a beaded affair which matched Valencia miraculously with its green and gold, Chase's birthday gift to her. It was an evening bag with a bracelet fastening which left one's hands free for dancing.

Minna closed her eyes but not to darkness; there was a resplendent Minna Green in the pictures that she saw.

SOMETHING in the bag crackled under the pressure of her fingers. "Lost my mind," she reflected sleepily. "I have lost it. What if Irma knew I'd drawn the six hundred and fifty from my savings account and had it here under the lining of my purse?"

She crackled the purse again and smiled. "Things will happen," she promised herself. "I'll buy a fur coat, that's one thing. And—and—and—" She drifted off at length to a quiet dreamless sleep.

New York embraced them. Its rush. Its roar. The sweep of wind down the canyons of its streets. The wintry sun gilding its tower tops.

"Look, Gold, look!"

"I have that appointment with Eichelbaum at ten."

"Oh! Gold..."

"I made reservations at the Mirabeau. It's on the firm, you know."

"I wish the girls could—"

"We'll look at the new Rienza line, Green. I liked their mid-season showing. Maybe he'll come to terms this time."

The day went by in a delirium of hats. From mountains of cheap felts presided over by gum-chewing priestesses of the guild to hills of silks and straws marshalled by sack-suited

gentlemen with slippery dark eyes Gold went, picking and peering, with Green in her wake. From the smart new season models that came in dozen lots to the expensively atmosphered ones-of-a-kind Gold went imperturbably, her photographic eyes busy. Late in the day she pushed into ateliers where mannequins were high priced and blonde, where curtains were velvet or gold tissue and hats were set like expensively mounted jewels.

Back in their room at the Mirabeau the older woman sighed and took off her shoes.

"Today I was just looking. Tomorrow morning I'll let you go back down to Eichelbaum's and to Fink and Silverstein's. Pick out about six dozen of the sports at each place. A lot of greens and tans. Stick to small shapes. It feels good to get your shoes off, don't it, Green?"

Gold relaxed in a rocker which she filled a little more





Illustrations
By
HARVÉ
STEIN

"I guess you're not glad to see me," Sam said, "but you may be to see this." He brought out the beaded bag. "Where did you find it?" she asked

than completely and gazed out at high cliffs of buildings magically picked out with lights. "We won't go anywhere tonight, Green. Just rest up. Tomorrow night maybe we'll do a picture."

"All right, Gold."

Tonight we'll rest! Tomorrow night we'll do a picture! Minna felt a momentary qualm of disappointment. She tapped

about in black mules with a sunburst of yellow ostrich feathers. Mowbry had given them to her at Christmas time and they matched her silk coolie coat with its markings of yellow and red, half price in the January clearance sales. Well, after all, there were four nights. This was New York and adventure was right around the corner. Romance was passing over. You could hear, if you listened closely, the humming of its shining wings.

"How about a drink of ice water, Gold?" She experimented with taps.

"Thanks. Lord, I'm tired."

"I'll open that box of chocolates I bought downstairs. They have everything here, don't they?" Green's voice was awed. "Listen to this: marcel, shingle, permanent wave, facial, mud-pack. Wait till I tell Irm."

Gold chewed a chocolate-covered nut and rocked. "Imagine

Mordaunt Soeurs trying to work those silver lamés off on us," she sniffed, smiling the smile of one who could not be worked.

Minna swung one mule reflectively. She'd settled down to writing post cards to the girls. "I'll just put 'Green' on them," she decided. "Try one of these nougats, Gold."

Gold tried a nougat. "Guinding claiming to have bought out the Leider line," she scoffed. "The name is all he bought."

Minna stabbed absently with her pen and listened to the beat of the city coming up from below, timing itself to her own rapid pulse beats. She would have liked to take one of the Mayflower treatments, but, looking at Gold, put the thought aside. Gold was so frankly middle-aged and so disregarding of it, sitting there inadequately covered by her kimona. Her feet were in incongruous worn felt slippers.

"I'LL HAVE to get away from her," Minna decided. But how? How get away from Gold, whose sharp glances were arrows pinning one eternally down to facts? It was impossible to bring out the Mayflower kit in her presence; how then bring out last summer's sleeveless chiffon? The green and gold Valencia? The evening slippers she had bought? How dress in chiffon, wrap herself in fringe and step into those foolish French-heeled gold slippers from one of Ed Greeley's bargain tables on the main floor of the Mammoth? How do all this, at thirty, under Gold's cool appraising black eyes?

Yes, there was Gold. Minna ornamented inch after inch of the desk blotter with small curling designs.

"I'll take dinner Saturday night with my brother in Brooklyn," Gold reflected. "They'll expect me to stay over night. I can meet you at the train Sunday, if that's all right, Green."

"That's all right, Gold." The pulse beat of the city strengthened; the shining wings brushed close.

She put on the black silk pajamas that Horn had embroidered for her; the pocket was a yellow kitten's head with green eyes and under it her heart-beat quickened as she planned.

"Oh, hum," Gold yawned. "Saturday afternoon you can buy your coat, Green," she said drowsily. "I know a wholesale place that's good. I'll give you a card. You still got that money?" She raised herself on a plump elbow.

"Yes." Minna smiled in the darkness and located the bag under her pillow. Gold hadn't been very comfortable about its presence on their travels. "It's sewed in, Gold," Minna reminded her.

"I thought you were saving for a bedroom set." Gold's voice came absently from the edge of sleep.

"I don't know," Minna said. "I thought I'd look at coats, at any rate." She wasn't thinking of coats, particularly; she was thinking of Saturday night. Could a girl of thirty, a small town girl, still slightly—yes, still slightly pretty, find adventure, romance? "In New York she can," Minna assured herself.

AND somehow, with Valencia about her, she didn't feel thirty or faded or small town in the least. She felt, rather, queer and frightened and adventurous and young.

Queer and frightened and adventurous and young but mostly frightened.

Minna surveyed herself in a pier mirror in her room at the Mirabeau. Mayflower Silksift was on her arms and throat and face. Red Lilies blended into and concealed the pallor of her cheeks. Passion Flower touched her lips and her lashes were dark with their burden of Light o' Love. The yellow chiffon with its scent of the cleaning and dyeing establishment on Maple Avenue back home clung to her slenderness. Gold buckles winked on the gold slippers. Valencia was spread rippling in gold and green promise over a chair. Minna caught it about her suddenly, tilted her ankle against a waterfall of gold fringe and stared.

Gold had left for Brooklyn right after lunch.

"MINNA Green, go wash your face." Some part of her wanted to say this, and say it acidly, as Irm might have, but Minna fought it down. "You're scared to death," she discovered. "Aren't you?" she taunted.

"No. No." She pulled Valencia tightly about her and bit her lip fiercely.

The phone rang then and she looked at it stupidly. "Who in New York—Why—!"

[Continued on page 94]

The Three Winning American Beauties

Second Prize. Beverly Hermon, one of those fatally gentle brunettes. Beverly is a typist and lives at 3200 Euclid Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



First Prize. Winifred Carter, an exquisite blonde, a model by profession, of 24 Jane Street, New York City

Third Prize. Billie Granger, a brunette of the pretty and pert variety. Billie resides at 92 Van Wagenan Avenue, Jersey City, and is a secretary



WHAT a grand and glorious response we got to the contest run in the September and October issues of SMART SET for photographs of beautiful American girls. Pictures came in from Maine to Texas and points between. There were beautiful faces not only on our mailing-room floor but all over the place. Dark girls and fair girls; girls as delicate as spring flowers; girls as substantial as gilt-edged first mortgage bonds; all kinds of girls but one kind, the homely

kind. Above are the three prize winners, chosen because each in her individual way is truly representative of the millions of lovely girls in this country. To these three SMART SET sends its congratulations. To the other entrants, our thanks and encouragement.

It was only after a long and careful study of the many photographs that the editors received from all parts of the country that the judges made their final decision.

Each picture was painstakingly considered and after many days and many conferences the judges managed to agree in favor of the winners you see pictured here.

Remember that this contest was not the contest to discover the typical American girl, which contest is now running in this magazine.

So read the rules now for this newer, larger contest and try again—and better luck this time.

What Do You Mean Love?

[Continued from page 57]

and women who reverse the attitude I have sketched. There are men who manage to play a woman's game, who instead of making advances to the woman they want, endeavor to interest her in making advances to them. There are women who ignore the usual conventions and go out after the man they want in a fashion that is distinctly masculine. The reversal of method is never complete but you have certainly observed the tendency. Indeed, some faint signs of it can be discovered in most people. It is fairly common for a woman to ask a man to dance with her, though I notice that there is usually a faint flavor of resentment on both sides when this happens. No man or woman can much overstep the rule that man proposes without being laughed at, or worse.

WHY do we hold this rule so dear and defend it so strongly? I think the answer is that we are all in a kind of unconscious conspiracy to preserve at the core of life the masculinity of men and the femininity of women. We feel that a man does not use feminine methods in love as an addition to masculine methods but in order to make up a deficiency in his masculinity. We feel that it is only the woman who cannot trust her femininity who adopts masculine ways in love. Modern biological psychology confirms this feeling and proves that those in-

dividuals who adopt the methods of the other sex are inferior. They do not increase but reduce the sum total of their powers.

BUT you cannot go on from there and argue that consequently a woman who cuts her hair short or drives a motor car or earns her own living after marriage is unfeminine and hence inferior. These things are mere matters of fashion and hence superficial. Do I mean to say that "earning her own living" is a mere matter of fashion? I do. The great majority of women have always earned their own livings. Indeed, they formerly worked harder than they do today.

We frequently speak as if a woman's having a job were a new thing, invented in the United States. It is true that the typewriter was invented in the United States and so was the stenographer as we know her today. It is true that women now earn their livings at occupations that formerly did not exist but the occupation of housewife has existed for thousands of years and the average woman has worked at it in the past quite as hard as the average man has worked. The majority of married women are still working at it.

There are, however, more women in the United States today, in proportion to the population, who do not earn their living

than there have ever been in any other country since time began. This is really only a way of saying that the United States is richer than any other country has ever been before and consequently can and does support more idle women than could formerly be supported.

BUT one thing that has not perceptibly changed since recorded history began is the attitude of men and women toward each other.

This attitude has been fundamentally based on the masculine reaction of loving and the feminine reaction of wanting to be loved. It was established thousands of years ago and has persisted through every change of fashion ever since.

In my opinion this attitude will continue for years to come. It will continue as long as children continue to be born. For when you come down to it, the fact that women have babies is the kernel of the matter. As long as they do they will have an eye out for men who will take care of them and will continue to use the same old methods of luring, ensnaring and hanging on to that variety of man. As long as women have babies men will have an eye out for women in general but will, in spite of themselves, be drawn to that variety of woman who demands to be taken care of and is not too independent.

Blondes · Brunettes · Red-heads

such widely varying types

—yet all screen stars alike have the vital appeal of smooth skin

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin with
Lux Toilet Soap

BLONDES



Marlon Davies—"I am simply delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



Esther Ralston, Paramount—"It keeps the skin so very smooth."



Dorothy Mackall, First National—"It is lovely for the skin."



Anna O. Nilsson, F. B. O.—"It keeps the skin smooth as velvet."

BRUNETTES



Bebe Daniels, Paramount—"Helps keep the skin so lovely."



Billie Dove, First National—"It's pure and so very refreshing."



Lupe Vélez, United Artists—"Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin velvety."



Louise Brooks says:—"It keeps the skin so satin-smooth."

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Jeanette Loff—Pathé
Gilda Gray—Independent
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent

BRUNETTES

Oliver Borden—Independent
Madge Bellamy—Fox
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Pathé
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Virginia Valli—Independent
Lya de Putti—Columbia

RED-HEADS

Sally Ellers—Mack Sennett-Pathé
Mary Astor—Fox
Merna Kennedy—United Artists
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Marjorie Beebe—Fox
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Sally Phipps—Fox
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers

BROWN HAIR

Evelyn Brent—Paramount
Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal

And many, many more lovely stars

RED-HEADS



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Joan Crawford, M.G.M.—"It is lovely for keeping the skin smooth."



Nancy Carroll, Paramount—"It keeps one's skin so very flawless."



Janet Gaynor, Fox—"It makes my skin feel so soft and smooth."

BROWN HAIR



Corinne Griffith, First National—"It gives such a velvety feeling."



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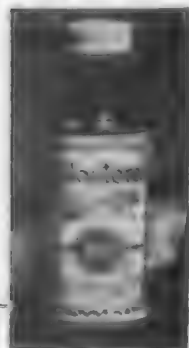
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The Call of Spring

[Continued from page 91]

It was only Gold, after all, calling from Brooklyn. "Get your coat, Green?" she inquired conversationally. "What kind?"

"I didn't get it, Gold. Couldn't decide." Minna didn't tell her that there hadn't been time, that hairdressers, manicurists and beauty shop attendants of various sorts had taken up her afternoon.

"You all right, Green?" Gold wanted to know.

"Yes."

"Had your dinner yet? Didn't? Why don't you take in a picture?—Yes, I would. All right, good-by."

"Good-by, Gold."

Ed Greeley's sample slippers caught all the lights in the corridor and all the lights in the elevator. "I'll walk like a Rienza model, the blonde one." She tried to remember but she felt like a drowning person with everything slipping away, when she stepped out of the little gilt cage.

Self-consciousness claimed her agonizingly.

WHY hadn't she bought a magazine and some mints and called on the safe and miraculous power of room service? It seemed that all the loungers and all the promenaders were staring.

"Two?" A head waiter claimed her at last. "Yes," she murmured thankfully and followed him through a maze of light and color to a small table in a secluded corner. A moment later she looked up in alarm. The same waiter was pulling out the chair opposite her and a big man with brown face and burnt hair was settling himself gingerly in it. The waiter vanished.

"I'm sure sorry." The big man started to rise. "I guess he kind of sat me here by mistake."

"No, no," she said. "Don't go. It's all right. I mean I'm not expecting any one. Please stay." His bulk was a kindly screen, shutting her from view.

"All right, if you say so." He looked relieved.

Minna looked carefully past him and waited for her food. She became conscious of soft music at the left. He ordered black bean soup and planked steak and baked potato; that was manlike. No doubt he'd finish up with pumpkin pie.

"I could move," he offered again. "I hope I'm not—"

"Oh, no." She smiled a shy reassurance and twirled the fringe of Valencia about one finger. People would think they were together, perhaps. In fact—she stopped twirling suddenly—why shouldn't they be together? Why, here was just what she was looking for, a tall, decent-appearing man in a dinner coat. The coat was somewhat rusty-looking, of course, and a little tight. "He's had it a long time," Minna thought generously.

"It's awkward dining alone," she breathed fearfully and then wondered how she could have expected him to hear that discreet murmur.

"IT'S fierce," he agreed fervently. "I've been doing it for a month and I ought to know." He offered her a cigarette. "Oh, no," she shrank back.

"There." He snapped his case shut and grinned. "I knew there was a woman in New York who didn't smoke. I knew it." His laughter boomed for the first time and couples at adjoining tables looked up startled and then smiled in sympathy. Minna found herself laughing too, a girlish tinkle which set the boom to going again. She had happened to think of Mowbry and Horn and Chase, their expressions when she would tell

them of being offered a cigarette in the dining room of the Mirabeau. Of course, she decided craftily, she wouldn't let them know that the man was such a new acquaintance. The music beat, the lights winked and Minna let her eyes brush past him.

"Now down my way—" He settled himself comfortably, evidently thinking that introductions had now been accomplished. "Down my way it's no uncommon thing to see a woman smoke. In fact I've seen great grandmothers at it down there."

"Down your way?" she prompted, dipping into her clear soup.

"Brazil," he said. "But somehow I was kind of surprised to see so many of 'em at it up here." He looked around regretfully. "A man stays away from his home town twenty years and when he comes back expects to find things the same as when he left," he reflected.

"You've been away twenty years?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I have. I have a kind of a coffee farm down there. Went down as a cabin boy on a boat twenty years ago. Yes, sir, I was just twenty and those sun countries looked pretty good to me."

Twenty plus twenty she computed. He was forty years old. What a nice age. His face was brown and his hair burnt from coffee farming. He was nice. "I'm glad I did it." She found this thought in her mind. "I'm glad Gold went to Brooklyn. Things can happen here after all."

"Tell me about it," she invited and turned on the smile that had charmed many dollars out of the purses of Coke City wives and into the coffers of the Mammoth store.

Time simply sped by then. The orchestra, which was said to be one of the best in the world, played an accompaniment and Sam Reynolds told about his coffee plantation in Brazil. That's what he had come up to New York for, really, but no one had asked.

Minna smiled and nodded and colored from time to time. The smiles drew more and more about methods of coffee culture from Sam Reynolds; the nods applauded him; the heightened color accompanied his enthusiastic recital fittingly.

"WELL, say, this has been great," he said regretfully as his apple pie and her Bavarian cream came lingeringly to an end. "I've been up here for a month and it's the first time I've found a soul to eat with! I certainly want to thank you, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Minna Green," she supplied.

"Minna Green," he repeated. "Minna Green. I like that. It's like the mint in a mint julep, isn't it? Say, isn't it?" He boomed.

Minna only tinkled and colored even more softly. She had only a very hazy idea of what a mint julep was, still less any thought of aspiring to be the mint in one.

"I think you'd better let me pay your check," he suggested. "He thinks we're together, you know. I kind of wish you would—"

When she'd said yes hesitatingly he had another proposal.

"I bought two tickets to the 'Swankers,'" he said. "Had a sort of an idea I'd bump around in the lobby here and maybe find a chap with nothing to do, like myself. I'd tell him my pal was side-tracked and I had these tickets, see. If you—I suppose you have an engagement—"

Gracious, anything to get that red from his ears! "I'd love to go," she said in swift compassion and watched the color fade relievedly. "I haven't a thing to do. I—"

There! It was done! He was booming gratefully and the waiter was scooping up crisp bills. So she was the sort of girl who did that sort of thing. She studied the toe of one of Ed Greeley's sale slippers and tried to feel the proper amount of compunction but it was difficult. With Sam Reynold's help she pulled Valencia snugly about her again. She was going to the theater with Sam Reynolds with a man she didn't know.

A procession with lifted eyebrows passed in her mind. Mowbry, Horn, Chase.

"Well, there. That's that." He was tucking his hand under her arm.

"I really ought to get my coat."

"Now, now. It's almost curtain time. We'll just hop into a cab and the theater's just around the corner. I kind of like that thing." He touched the gold fringe with a careful finger. "It suits you, you know."

It suited her! Valencia! Well, it was true, tonight. Her pallor was lost behind a Mayflower mask of beauty; her eyes were jewel-like above their faint blue artificial shadows. He helped her into a cab and she huddled down in a corner, winking at the electric signs.

THEY walked down to the fifth row in the gorgeous new Rainey Theater just as the lights went out and the curtain rose on the first act of the "Swankers." People looked up at them; that was because they were creating a disturbance of course, not at all because her cheeks were burning furiously with excitement and she was wrapped closely in a green and gold sheath above which her blonde head glinted challengingly, just as the beauty shop attendant had promised it would after that five-fifty treatment. They stared, but it was probably not at all because the man at her shoulder was six feet two and browned by a Brazil sun.

"I told him to drive through the park," he said apologetically, settling back in the cab. "Since you wouldn't care to eat again—Sure you won't, now?" he pressed. "There're lots of places we could go, eating clubs."

"Oh, no. It's nearly twelve." She had a Cinderella feeling that the clock would strike at twelve. Night clubs! She read of those, but she couldn't let him do anything more for her.

"There's time for a ride in the park, isn't there?" he coaxed. "It's mild tonight. The moon's come up. There, see it! No, you've missed it."

"A short ride," she granted. "I never laughed so much in my life."

"Was good, wasn't it? 'Swankers.' It's a new show."

"Thank you so much for taking me."

"Say, none of that. I can't believe you're going home tomorrow. I wish I knew you well enough to ask you to stay and see more shows."

"I must go back. I work," she confessed.

"What do you do?" He was amused. It was as though he said, "What could a little thing like you do?" and Minna, with eleven years in the millinery back of her, reveled in that.

THEY rolled and swung, safe in a warm boat sailing through a semi-darkened sea. Up channels between mysterious islands where queer ghost vegetations cropped up, past other boats, swinging into other channels. The driver cut his wheel sharply to make a curve. Minna lurched toward Sam Reynolds and he caught her in his arms. "I'm going to kiss you," he said seriously, and did, holding her close.

"There." He put her back carefully into her own corner. "I'm not sorry." He looked straight ahead. "Don't expect me to say I'm sorry."

They rolled, quietly, swiftly. Light and

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shadow—light and shadow alternating. "I meant to kiss a woman when I came up here and now I've done it. It kind of took me a month to get around to it." He looked at her and saw that she was crying quietly, sunk in her corner.

"Miss Green," he began miserably and then gave it up and stared straight ahead again.

"I wish you could know just how I hate myself," he said after a while. "I guess I forgot myself, just kind of forgot myself, Miss Green. Miss Minna Green. You looked so sweet."

She dabbed at her eyes.

"I don't ever see any women down there. No real ones—"

Minna winked her eyes furiously and arranged the glinted hair. They were pulling up in front of the Mirabeau.

"Can't I take you to the elevator?" he asked humbly. "Yes," she granted and as the door clanged shut gave him a misty smile of forgiveness. The cage shot up, cutting him from her sight.

BACK in the room she had shared with Gold she stood for a long time staring into the mirror. The mascara had run with her tears making deep velvet shadows under her eyes. The misty smile was still lingering on her lips. "It's over, I guess."

She let the wrap fall and stretched her arms with a delicious weariness. Her eyes widened then and fixed themselves on her right wrist. The silver bracelet attachment was there and the chain hung swinging but the purse was gone. She caught the ends and examined them. Broken! No, they had been clipped. There was a clean cut through one link.

She undressed heavily and sat on the edge of the bed in her coolie coat. At one o'clock she was still sitting there and at two. She had no tears for this calamity. "It's gone," she thought. The words kept repeating themselves. "It's gone. Gone." The six hundred and fifty was gone. Gold had been right. Finally other words came.

"He must have been—he was—a thief."

THE wheels sang on the rails and Gold figured absently on an envelope. Tomorrow the French Room again, the frosted, arched windows, the gilt chairs. An hour for lunch and home at five-thirty to her mother's gloomy murmurings, her sister Irm's shrewd, reckoning glances.

"What do you want the ten for?" Irm would ask. "Spent the week after next's salary in New York, did you?"

If she hadn't bought Valencia she'd have had enough to see her through the week, she thought. The Mayflower kit too, she regretted dully. Carfares and lunches and collections for flowers, for gifts, those things came with every week at the Mammoth. The price of the shawl would have tided her over. Minna shrank from the thought of it, glistening in folds in the bottom of her bag. She shrank from the thought of herself in it, threading the Mirabeau dining room, getting into cabs, walking down the aisle of the Rainey Theater.

"It suits you," he'd said and she'd believed him. A Spanish shawl with gold fringe suiting a plain, pale, faded girl from a small town millinery department! "I suppose he spent fifteen dollars or so," she thought, "and gained six hundred and fifty."

A dull color came into her cheeks and she crouched in her seat, remembering. He'd picked her for an easy victim. No, no. Yes. A small town woman—

"They're sharp," Gold said. "They're quick as lightning, too. Usually they work in crowds, snipping. Jewels and purses. It's too bad, Green."

Minna stirred. If only Gold would forget about it. He'd been laughing at her

all the time then. Pretending he was attracted, pretending she was attractive. She'd been kissed by a—

"Let's see, were you in a crowd, Green?"

"I went to a movie," Minna fibbed faintly.

Gold nodded. "That's just when it happened," she deduced. "Do you remember any one's lurching against you?"

"I remember being pushed against a man." Minna looked out of the window, her cheeks scarlet.

"That's it. Ten to one he was the thief."

"I think I won't tell any of the girls, Gold."

"No reason why you should," Gold approved. "Not even Irm." Every one at the Mammoth knew what Irm was like.

"You looked so sweet," he'd said. Why, she'd been a fool, just a fool. "I haven't seen a woman, not a real one," he'd said.

"Don't feel so bad about it, Green," Gold advised. "It's gone now."

It was gone now. She'd been a fool and not exactly a young one. She thought of the comforts the money would have bought her mother. A cheap little car to get out in the country—

"Let's eat something," Gold folded her envelope.

"Yes, Miss Gold." Minna brushed her eyes hurriedly as she followed Gold down the aisle to the diner. In an hour the spring trip would be over. Already the atmosphere of the French Room had reached out and caught Minna.

"I have just the little cloche you're look-

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ing for, Mrs. Lytle. It's in the window; I'll have it out in two minutes. Oh, my, no. No trouble at all. Gray silk with a straw facing in blue. Your shade of blue, Mrs. Lytle. You want a touch of straw now, you know. We're getting on into spring.

"There. How do you like that?"

"Brims are awfully good. Of course, if you like the off-the-face mode better—Citron, in a new weave. It's imported."

Minna shifted from one foot to the other and smiled her bright, forced smile. She had never been so tired.

"No trouble at all. Not a bit. Come in next week, Mrs. Lytle." She watched her sale go, holding her smile.

"Green! Green!"

"Yes." She followed the call and came upon Mowbry, making a knowing face behind a hat she held up as a screen. "Some one asking for you, Green. Right out in

the misses' coats and suits—he is waiting.” He stepped out to meet her from the shelter of a rack of junior tailored tweeds—Sam Reynolds!

“Whv, why—” Minna groped backward and clutched a tweed.

“I guess you're likely not very glad to see me,” he said unhappily, “but maybe you will be to see this.” He dived into his pocket and brought out the beaded bag. “There. There you are, Miss Green.” His ears were reddening slowly and his eyes clung to hers.

She took the bag and stared at it helplessly. “I thought you—” She stumbled and bit her lip but too late.

“You didn't think I made off with it, did you?” His laughter boomed but only for a moment. “Well, say now, Miss Green, I didn't give you any call to think very highly of me but I didn't think it was as bad as that.”

“What happened?” she faltered. “Where did you find it?”

“They arrested a snipper in the lobby of the Rainey that night,” he explained. “He had a lot of jewelry and stuff. Your name was in the purse and it was advertised. I happened to see it, that's all. They gave it to me without any fuss. Guess they didn't know it had money in it. You better count it, Miss Green.”

HE WATCHED her, his ears now an incredible brick red. Minna was conscious of the girls watching. Mowbry and Horn and Chase, all eyes for this tableau. She put a hand on his arm and drew him into a little recess reserved for stock. “Six hundred and fifty.” She finished counting and looked up at him.

He looked down at her and the seconds passed.

“You could have sent it,” she remembered.

“I guess you kind of wish I had sent it, Miss Green.”

“No.” Looking straight ahead her eyes were on a level with the top button of his coat. “No. I'm awfully grateful.”

Silence enfolded them.

“Why didn't you send it?” she prompted gently.

“I guess maybe I sort of wanted to see you again,” he stammered. “I figured I'd come on up and see if there was a hotel here I could kind of hang around at for a while and see if I could talk the project of going down to Brazil up to you, Miss—Miss Green.”

She smiled mistily. “Miss—Miss Green?” It was a barely audible murmur.

“I guess I meant Minna.” His laugh boomed and seven customers on the floor jumped and opened startled eyes.

“A taxicab is better,” he discovered in a moment.

“Green!” A staccato call rang through the coats and suits. “Green!” Minna put hurried hands to her hair.

“Is that for you?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Don't answer it,” he said masterfully.

“I don't believe I will,” she decided against his shoulder. And didn't.

He was a famous author whose pen dripped romance but his own love story turned out quite differently from any in his books! How a writer found the truth stranger than his fiction is told in “Faunesque,” one of the most enchanting tales you have ever read. In March SMART SET.

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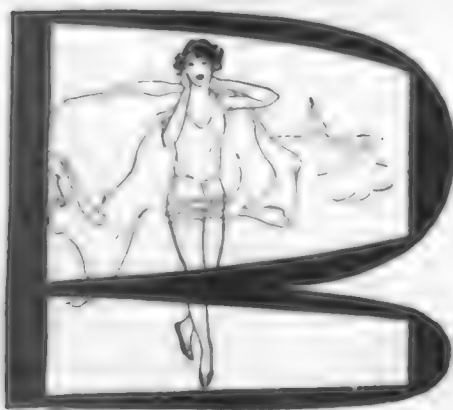
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And, of course, you must see the wondrous Isle of Pines—the valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Matanzas—Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf.

Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

Havana
SMARTEST CITY
IN AMERICA

Peter And Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 54]

actors without even loading a second belt.

The building itself, a deceptively spacious half-timbered affair, was on a considerable rise of ground dedicated to lawn. Below it on all sides, like encampments of savage enemies held in check only by constant warfare, was a tangle of natural growth, almost a jungle of brush, brambles and small trees. The realtor who sold the property suggested that the jungle effect could easily be supplanted by formal gardening but Corinne would not hear of it.

"The charm of it all is to find this gay and comfy home in back of a forbidding wall which makes you think it must surround the House of Usher or the country retreat of Stevenson's Mr. Hyde. I shall always love to be a little frightened on the way home. It will make me so much gladder to get here. No, we shall never change the jungle. Inside its scratchy brambles I shall pretend that I'm the Sleeping Beauty—all but the beauty part."

"And the sleeping," completed Peter.

"You should have said I was kind of beautiful."

"That's obvious, my dear, but you can't expect the world to know that you dream your most beautiful dreams with your eyes wide open—"

"Looking at you."

"If that isn't sarcasm save it until we are alone."

THEIR conversations always led them with harelike twists and turns a thousand miles from where they started.

They got back finally and bought the house.

It was only about two hours' drive from New York City by automobile, especially if you had a very good car so that was purchased too, a long-snouted, heavy beast that looked as if it were scratching its belly on the road. It purred very satisfactorily and there was every sort of appliance on the instrument board except a fuze setter and a submerging lever.

There was furniture in the house as they bought it but Corinne unobtrusively replaced most of it in the course of time and gained something of harmony and appearance by each exchange. The effect was never formal and yet it was always good. Corinne wrote her name on every room by the things she bought to put into it and by the way she arranged them in comfortable and convention-defying disorder.

She had never been so happy before as when she was feathering that nest. It was a pleasure that could be prolonged indefinitely because there was nothing set about her system, no bothersome period scheme that barred anachronisms. Her house could grow as she grew with something new added whenever she had a spring fit for change.

IT WAS a house that required several servants to keep up properly. That meant an ever changing retinue because neither Peter nor Corinne knew anything about managing or retaining a staff. Corinne was clever enough to learn to run the house but chose not to devote herself to it.

"If I do become a first class housekeeper," she told Peter, "I shall not be much of anything else. It's a question whether you want me for that or for a companion."

No one who had ever played with Corinne, the empress of the elves, would ever have wanted to transform her into a household drudge. Peter certainly did not.

"It's always possible to engage some one to supervise the house," he decided. "Hire some more servants."

It was not an economical policy but just at that time there was no particular need for economy. It is true that the entire savings account and then some had been knocked out by the purchase of the house at Veriende but the royalties were still coming in by bushel basket and the prospects were that the approaching theatrical season would be much better than the last.

Then of course there would be the new play which Peter was going to write. There was no need to worry about finances. For a young man Peter's income was phenomenal. It could scarcely have been attained in any other line of endeavor except lucky speculation.

SO CORINNE devoted her steel-spring energy and her tireless youth and vivacity to making her home and herself attractive to Peter, succeeding too beyond the wildest dreams that any bride might dare to dream.

Peter was a charmed and chained giant. So far as he could remember real life dated from the time he had first partially captured the elusive spirit which wore the title of "Mrs. Hughey." She was his certainly; she was constantly surrendering something of herself but overnight the fairy gifts vanished. In some way he found that he was starting all over again every day. He got the impression of being an actor in a play that ran the gamut of emotions once every twenty-four hours. It was a game that intensified the pleasure of married life a thousandfold. There was nothing humdrum about it. There was nothing restful or recuperative about it either but Peter didn't notice that. Young nerves, even when constantly stimulated, do not sag back so noticeably as old ones do when the temper has been drawn by constant reheating in the furnace of emotions.

Some days he would find that Corinne was a different person entirely, had even taken a new name which she announced to him gravely by a note sent to him at breakfast by the maid in the morning, proposing a day of delightfully wicked philanthropy. She could keep up an assumed character for hours at a stretch and never, so far as Peter could tell, make a false move. The girl's powers of invention and histrionic ability were a marvel and a constant joy to him.

NO ONE called on them but they did not expect that nor want it. Enough social life could be secured by joining the country club later. Peter knew some of the men from college affiliations and many others knew of him by reputation. He had only to signify that they wished to be passed upon socially and they would be given plenty of opportunities to be tried out.

It was Corinne who finally suggested that he get back to work.

"Something really worth while this time," she spurred. "Not to hint, darling, that your other plays aren't the cleverest things that have been done in their line but they're terribly light for a Twentieth Century Shakespeare."

Peter grinned. "I don't want to write anything that you are not apt to understand, beloved child. I had seriously considered doing my next piece in words of one syllable."

She ignored his insult. "You ought to write twice as well here as you used to do working the way you did in hotels or in a barren office downtown. You notice I modestly say nothing whatever of the inspiring effect of my own presence."

The living room became Peter's workshop. "It's the most charming spot in the entire house and it ought to be the best place to work."

Perhaps it ought to have been but it certainly wasn't. Peter spent fruitless hours trying to get started but for some reason the laboriously summoned puppets of his brain did not compare interestingly with the pervasive presence of Corinne which was almost as potent in the room which she had stamped so vividly with herself as if she were actually vis-à-vis.

And on the few occasions when he did manage to get started something always came up to break up the day; the cook fell downstairs and broke an arm vociferously one time and the plumber had to tear up part of the floor on another occasion. The interruptions were not long nor particularly important but they were very effective. Peter did not resent them. On the contrary he was glad to be present to take the onus of responsibility from the slender shoulders of his wife who was charmingly dependent upon his decisions even in matters of household policy.

STILL his work did not progress. Peter did not, could not, realize it but he was working his imagination so hard keeping up with Corinne that there was very little left for the hours that he devoted to alleged dramatic creation.

There was a tiny office in the Bostwick theater which he had had the use of ever since his "Butterfly's Day" had begun its phenomenal run at that house and once a week he drove in to collect royalties and attend to the simple routine of the easily handled business matters connected with his plays.

Once or twice an idea occurred to him while he was sitting at the disreputable desk in the cramped cubby-hole which had been assigned to him because none of the office staff would work there and he spent blissfully unconscious hours there chewing pencils and scribbling. Corinne was terribly hurt the first time he came home late from such a spree, hurt and suspiciously jealous, and he promised not to do it again. But it happened the very next week. Corinne had driven in with him to do some shopping and after waiting two hours at the place they had agreed to meet she finally ferreted him out in the cubby-hole.

She laughed and gave up. "I'll never scold you again but I won't make dates with you either, not unless the appointment is for one minute after you get out of bed in the morning. I'm surer of you when you're asleep than when you're dreaming with your eyes wide open."

They had their first tiny quarrel that day, too.

CORINNE was tired by the time she found him and careless perhaps. Anyway she produced her vanity case right there in the office and applied rouge, powder and lipstick before Peter's astonished gaze.

The lipstick brought forth the explosion. "Corinne," he said sternly, "I absolutely forbid you to begin the use of that damn thing."

"Begin the use of it?" she inquired curiously. "What do you mean? I've always used it."

"I never knew it."

"That proves how skillful I am. Thanks."

"Stop doing it now anyway. No one but actresses of the cheapest sort make up for the street."

Corinne laughed. "Poor old Mr. Mid-Victorian Van Winkle, where have you been these twenty years? Every woman does it."

Peter coldly, "I beg to differ with you. Every lady does not."

"Where did this word 'lady' creep into

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the conversation? Never mind, I'll accept the nomination. What I can't understand is how you are qualified to speak on the habits of every lady when you didn't know those of your own wife?"

"It's an abominable practice."

"Why? If it makes us more attractive, why?"

"Men don't want to love something that is false, something that is not what it appears to be on the surface."

"So they love women," Corinne jeered. "There's food for a lot of thought in that, friend husband."

Peter pounded his desk. "I'm no husband to a woman with painted lips and a painted face. Take it off, I say."

"Yes, sir," replied Corinne with surprising meekness, doing as she was told or at least pretending to.

SHE started to laugh while he watched her rubbing vigorously at her cheek with his handkerchief which she had borrowed for the purpose.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"I was just wondering how you were ever going to know whether you were a husband or not in the future. If you didn't know until today that I've always had it on how are you going to tell tomorrow and all the days after that unless you happen to catch me right in the act of gilding the lily?"

Peter assured her that he would notice from now on but he had an uneasy feeling that he had won a distinctly empty victory and he stayed cross about it for the entire evening.

Corinne had more fun than usual. Peter got the first data for the conclusion which he was to arrive at much later, that she would much rather win a strategic contest with him than almost anything in the entire world.

It was on one of Peter's infrequent working days at the theater that he was discovered in his retreat by the office boy who said that there was a lady in the general waiting room who wanted to see him.

Peter could not imagine who it could be. Corinne would have brushed right past office boys, doormen and even Cerberus himself. Perhaps it was his aunt. She had not communicated with him since his marriage except to send a case of table silver to his office as a wedding present.

He went out trying to straighten up his tie and smooth out his hair; no success however as usual.

There was no one in the room whom he knew. There was no one there at all, in fact, save an elderly man and one girl. She must be the one. But why?

Peter must have looked his bewilderment because she arose and met him.

"I'm Rose Pommery," she said and added in explanation, "Corinne's best friend. I think she must have spoken of me."

In Peter's not very serviceable memory there floated a vague cloud which came forward obligingly at the mention of the name, "Rose Pommery." Yes, he had heard it before but for the moment he could not recollect where or in what connection.

IT WAS a pretty name, much prettier than its possessor who was a dumpy creature with substantial ankles and a blotchy complexion. Outside of that she was doubtless all right. Peter's reaction to her was pity. It must be too bad to be a girl and no more attractive than that. Nature is so needlessly cruel to women in this matter of sex selection. It is so silly to shower more happiness on those who accidentally have bones of a certain shape and skin and hair of a texture that is no more their own fault than breathing!

Still she was his wife's friend although

that puzzled him a little too. Peter did not know yet that a very attractive girl is usually piloted by a sub-calibre fish of no splendor whatever, some one who plays audience and furnishes contrast at one and the same time.

"Come into my private workshop," Peter invited as he led the way, "and tell me what I can do for you."

He placed a chair for her facing his desk. A second look at her in the privacy of his own den was not reassuring. She was distinctly unprepossessing.

"Some of us girls from the knitting mill are taking a couple of days' vacation without pay. The mill is running on short time anyway and they're glad to have us lay ourselves off. We thought we'd run up to New York and have a large time."

"Yes," Peter supplemented, his mind wrestling with words like "knitting mill," "short time" and other expressions which he had not hitherto stubbed his toe against.

"We wanted to see Corinne," she was continuing, "and nobody back home knew her address, not even her mother. But I saw your name on the posters for this theater and I came over to see you and find out where your wife was."

That was perfectly clear. But Peter was frankly puzzled by the fact that Corinne had not sent her address to her parents. Why not?

"Where is Corinne?" the girl was repeating.

"We live in Connecticut," Peter replied.

"The name of the railroad station and post-office is Stamford but we're not very near to that even. The best way to go out is by automobile."

"Are you going home soon?"

SOMETHING warned Peter in time that it would be an unpleasant surprise to his wife if he brought in unannounced this substantial memento of her past. Doubtless she had not wanted her old friends to visit her yet or else she would have invited them.

"No," he finally replied in answer to her question, "not until late tonight."

"How far is it by train?"

"I don't really know but I believe it takes three or four hours."

"Shucks! That would ruin a whole day, wouldn't it?"

"How would it be if I told her you are here and she could meet you in town for luncheon tomorrow?"

"That would be swell. Where?"

"The Plaza," he suggested and then changed it. "No, she usually goes to the Iroquois." He had realized almost too late that the young woman before him did not quite fit in with Plaza atmosphere, that she would not be happy there herself.

"At what time?"

"One o'clock."

That was settled. But his guest seemed to show no signs of departing. Peter cast about in his mind for material for conversation. Finally he remembered something, remembered it with a smile. He did know something about this girl, something interesting too that gave him a much higher opinion of her mental qualifications.

"You're the girl," he told her, "who is responsible for my meeting Corinne."

"Gee, I didn't know it. How?"

"Don't you remember the argument you and she had about the way for a lonely girl to meet men?"

Seeing that she was still mystified he went over the entire story as he recollected it.

Rose laughed. "She made that all up. This is the first I've heard about it. Corinne is the darndest liar, ain't she? A man gave her that seat to the show, a traveling salesman I think. He was going to take her to it himself but he had to leave town the last minute. Ain't that the limit?"

We all wondered how she met you. The kid is certainly clever."

Peter was suffering from an inexplicable nausea. He wished that he had not heard what this creature of flesh and brass had just told him. Just why the discovery that Corinne had lied to him should make so much difference he could not have told. The truth was not particularly discreditable to her and the lie had harmed no one. And Peter knew, or at least had pretended to know, that women are mendacious. His plays were full of epigrams on the subject.

Still this concrete example so close to his heart had all the effect of a tap on the solar plexus. His wife was a being apart from the rest of her sex, he had built her a habitation of cotton wool that she might be protected from everything coarse or smirching. But here was a canker inside, something that had been there all the time. It made him feel uncertain; the pathway ahead rocked a little under his feet.

At any rate he wanted no more of Rose Pommery's society. The sight of her slightly piggish face affected him like the presence of an unbeliever in his temple. The one who overthrows idols may have a conscientious and upright character, may even do a lot of ultimate good, but he certainly leaves nothing in his wake so beautiful and comforting as what he has destroyed.

PETER remembered. It was matinee day. "Would you care to see this play?" he asked.

Rose giggled. "I was wondering if you would ask us."

The "us" brought Peter up with a jerk. "How many are you?"

"Just ten. The others are waiting down in the lobby."

"Are they—" Peter hesitated, "—are they all friends of my wife?"

"They all know her," Rose returned. "We all worked in the same room in the mill. Of course Corinne was never there much. She didn't like to work and only came around when she was broke. Nobody else could have got away with murder like she did. But she is so good looking and the foreman was kind of stuck on her himself so he gave her a job whenever she wanted one—a soft job too. She treated him rotten and I don't know why he did it. But she always could get around a man. I guess you know that by this time."

Peter could have killed her for the smirk that accompanied that remark. Instead he rose hastily, and looking at his watch without seeing it, remarked that it was nearly matinee time.

He led the way out and downstairs to the lobby of the theater. They were all there, nine girls, all of the same general type as the misnamed Rose. Some were pretty but not attractive, others were plain and eager, all were pathetic but uninteresting. They wanted so to have a good time but there wasn't a chance that they ever would. Peter was troubled by that thought afterward.

HIS immediate problem was to get them out of the way. He went to the box-office window. Max Nathan, the house treasurer, was on duty.

"Give me ten, Max," Peter demanded.

"What do you mean, ten?" Max demanded. "This is a successful show. There aren't ten seats left in the house. Are you giving an annual orphans' outing or are those the shades of your own past standing over there?"

Max was an accomplished kidder and a privileged character. He had been an employee of the theater since he was sixteen when he had started as an usher.

Peter was troubled. "I've promised them seats," he said.

"Well," suggested Max dubiously, "I

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might be able to buy some back for you from the speculators but you'll have to pay a premium."

"All right, do that," Peter agreed. It was finally accomplished. The ten seats cost Peter fifty-five dollars but it was worth it to get his grinning charges out of the lobby and off his chest for the moment.

Peter did not return to his office. The day was ruined so far as work was concerned. He didn't know what he wanted to do, what he could do. He was unhappy, harassed by doubts and most of all by the sense of loss. Something had vanished, something that he had never had, it is true, but it had seemed all the more his perhaps because it had only existed in him and for him.

He took his car and drove and drove and drove. His idea was to drive as far as possible from Veriende, perhaps never to go back there.

But he couldn't do it. Something kept pulling him toward the tiny clearing in the jungle where the half-timbered house stood. No matter where he drove he crossed roads that he knew led back home.

FINALLY he took one of them. He had to go and find out if what he had lost had not come back. It was a silly idea but he had a feeling that maybe he would discover his idol upright again in the niche where he had left it.

Corinne was at the piano when he came in. It was dusk, dark almost and a tall candlestick with a lighted candle on either side of her was all the light.

She did not hear him come in nor see him because she was intent upon her music. Corinne did not sing nor play much but she made the most of the smattering of musical education she had picked up. She had feeling and her voice enfolded a little tender song as a mother holds her babe at her breast.

It was a little song she was singing now, nothing but a thread of a melody with a few glistening words strung on it. She made them glow with unexpected caressing lights. The words:

Within the garden of my heart
A little flower grew,
A blossom fair you planted there,
It was my love for you.
You found the garden of my heart,
That none but you might see;
Where now there grows another rose,
It is your love for me.

At the conclusion of the song she sat with her hands on the piano keys. Peter realized with a tug at his heart that she was very lovely. Her frock was an old-fashioned thing, intentionally so because it had cost an entirely new-fashioned price, with a fichu of ivory lace at the neck. Her hair was piled high and she looked like a little girl who has just had it done up for the first time.

A tear ran down her cheek. Peter stepped forward and spoke. Corinne looked up suddenly, her hands both of them going to her heart in the universal feminine gesture of fright. Then she saw him and smiled a glorious bursting sort of a smile all the more wonderful because of the gesture and the tear that had preceded it.

She held up her lips to be kissed. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Whence come these tears?"

"I'm a silly woman," she explained brushing them away. "I was crying because that song made me realize how much I loved you. I guess, too, I was wondering what would become of me if anything should ever take you from me. I've let you fill up all the space inside of me where my soul used to be."

Peter held her tight and kissed away the tears. Nothing mattered much except that they cared for each other.

There seemed to be no question about that.

Peter did not tell Corinne about the engagement he had made for her with Rose Pommery until after dinner and even then he made no allusion to the fact that Rose had ruined the story of their first meeting by telling the truth about it.

Corinne's reaction to the advent of the chum out of her past was not at all what Peter had expected.

HIS wife was unaffectedly glad to get in touch with her old friends. "I must show them a good time, Peter mine, because they have so darned few things in life to remember with pleasure. Do you care if I spend a little money on them?"

Care? Peter was more than pleased. He had been afraid that she would repudiate them utterly and he was glad to find a rock of genuineness on which to rebuild his ideal.

So they went into town together the next day, Corinne to the Iroquois to meet the Terrible Ten as Peter characterized them to himself and he to the theater for an afternoon of work.

Max Nathan hailed him from the box-office. "Do you know what happened to that bunch of janes you got the seats for yesterday afternoon?"

"No. What?"
"They came out after the first act and tried to get the money back for the seats—said it was the worst show they had ever seen and wanted to go to the Hippodrome."

Peter laughed ruefully. "I suppose I ought to be glad to find ten people who are good judges of the drama. Except for the acting and the scenery I think it's pretty bad myself."

He assured himself later that he ought not to care what people of that order of intelligence thought of his work. It certainly did not matter in the least as long as so many thousands disagreed with them but Peter had a funny sensitiveness and the criticism rankled. It annoyed him enough so that he accomplished very little that afternoon.

Corinne was gloomily subdued also when he picked her up later in the afternoon.

"Why, where are your little friends?" he asked when he found her unexpectedly alone at the rendezvous.

"I finally ditched them," she replied climbing into the car beside him. Then a moment later, "Peter mine, aren't they dreadful? It's funny I didn't remember how they were. I guess I must have liked them in the old days because I didn't have you to compare people with. Please drive fast. I want to get to that little house back of the jungle where nothing unpleasant can get me."

PETER silently stepped on the accelerator. They rode in mutual glumness for a dozen blocks or so.

Finally she slipped her hand under his arm and drew imperceptibly closer. "I'm still your favorite wife, aren't I? I wasn't rude to those girls as you're thinking I was in your lofty disapproving fashion. On the contrary I gave them the best time that they've ever had or ever will have. You see I know their tastes better than you do. It cost nearly a hundred dollars and they'll never forget it. But I don't have to pretend that I liked it, do I?"

She had hit unerringly upon his exact thoughts. It was uncanny. He was relieved to find that Corinne had not failed of generosity, that she had not snubbed her old friends merely because of her own altered estate.

"It's pretty hard to blame me," she suggested plaintively, "because you happen to

have made me over into something I once wasn't and never even dreamed of being."

It was difficult to resist Corinne in one of her self-abasing moods, in any mood for that matter, and while Peter deep down suspected that her apologetic and worshipful attitude was two-thirds domestic histrionism he allowed himself to be pleasurably thawed.

They arrived home gayer. A little winding road did an uphill reverse S through the tangle of screening undergrowth and there you were before the unexpected house, unexpected by every one, even its new owners who were unaffectedly pleased every time they stumbled upon it.

Peter stopped the car because that was the best view of the place, just as you came out of the jungle. It was dusk but lights in the living room had been lit against their arrival and the welcoming windows seemed eager mother eyes watching for the return of adventuring children.

Beyond it lay the Sound, calm and unstirred. There wasn't even a boat in sight.

Neither of them broke their silent enjoyment by speech for a full minute. Finally Peter sighed.

"IT IS pretty swell, isn't it, Mrs. Hughey?"

"It is, Mr. Hughey. Do you know what, Peter mine? When I get this far and take one look I always feel as if I'd just had my face washed and my teeth brushed. Let's decide right here and now never to have a quarrel in that peaceful home heaven of ours. When we feel one coming on let's get in the car and go somewhere beyond the jungle. We'll both be so anxious to get back that we'll cut it short."

"Why not decide never to quarrel?"

"Peter mine, you're still talking like a bridegroom. Married people always quarrel. I think that's why some of 'em get married. But when we come home let's us always stop and kiss right on this spot so the house can see and know that everything is all right."

They inaugurated the custom then and there.

"See," said Corinne. "the darned old mother house is blinking her eyes because she's happy too. No, it's my own eyes. Do you know what, Peter mine, I'm getting to be a weepy old sentimentalist? Drive on. Let's see who lives in that house. If they aren't home perhaps we can borrow it for the night. I want to sleep in the Teenie Weenie Bear's bed."

Peter's wife's mind worked like that, spiraling from one altitude to another with an occasional nose dive or a head spin by way of unexpected diversion. Peter's own quick perceptions whizzed through the air right after her, identifying the landmarks by which she got her bearings. He had had a greater educational training for mental acrobatics but she was more daring. Therefore it was Corinne who led the way almost invariably.

THEY played that evening that they were Two Babes in the Woods who had found the empty house of The Three Bears and they explored it from basement to attic in mock fear of the return of the real owners.

The possibilities of the exploration game being somewhat exhausted it was decided after dinner that Peter was to go away and return later as one of the bears to find Corinne Goldilocks in possession of his pajamas, bathrobe, tooth-brush, razors, Lares and Penates.

Peter played good naturedly because it amused the childlike love of pretense which, probably present in all women, was developed to its highest degree in his wife. But he never quite threw himself into the game so wholeheartedly as Corinne did. He found it more difficult to forget his dignity and while he did do exactly that he always

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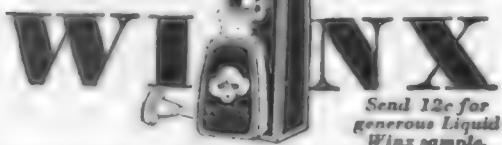
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had a detached way of looking on at his damn-fool self, that was analogous to the attitude of a patient elephant pretending to drink out of a teacup for the amusement of a tentful of children.

Tonight, though, his mood more nearly approached that of his wife and when he left the house to change into a bear he had an inspiration to make up for the part.

There was a heavy fur coat in an old trunk of his own up in the attic of the garage and unless it had been entirely destroyed by moths since it had last been worn it would be a very efficient bear disguise. Without telling Corinne of his plans he went after it.

Corinne's part was much simpler although it took considerable time. She was small and childish looking anyway and when she had rolled down her stockings to resemble baby socks, manufactured an absurdly brief skirt out of a lace petticoat and tied her wavy hair with pink ribbons she was the adorable personification of a Wiedersheim kindergartner.

Then she raised the window shade which was the signal to Peter that she was ready and that he should come in.

THE telephone bell rang in the library. The maids were making so much noise in the kitchen washing dishes that they did not hear it so when it happened the second time Corinne answered it herself.

Standing there with her slim, immature figure, clothed in demure babyish garments she did not look old enough to know how to use a telephone.

Still thinking in character, she wondered vaguely as she took up the receiver if it could be one of the three bears calling up to see if his porridge was ready.

"Hello." The man's voice was not very friendly, although it sounded familiar. "Is this Mrs. Hughey?"

"Yes." "I thought so. This is George." Corinne gasped.

"Surprised ain't you? Hoped you would be. I've been looking for you whenever I could spare any time ever since you ditched me that day in Atlantic City. Pretty foxy of you not to tell anybody back home where you were but to let them address you at the Ritz. You're wondering right now how I found you, ain't you? It was a cinch. I ran into Rose Pommery and her gang not ten minutes after you left 'em and they spilled the beans."

"But," faltered Corinne, trying to collect her momentarily scattered wits, "why did you want to find me? Where are you?"

"I WANTED to find you for the same reason that any man wants to find any girl. I'm nuts about you; I always was and still am even if you did play me a low-down trick. And if you want to know where I am now I'm over at Stamford and I'm going to call on you just as soon as I can get hold of a taxi to make the trip."

Corinne was panic stricken. The frightened thoughts which were racing through her brain were certainly not in keeping with her childish costume and her slender little bare legs.

"But George," she protested, "you can't come here. You can't possibly do that."

"Sure I can. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"You mustn't. I'm married. My husband is here."

"I don't want to see him. All you got to do is slip away for a minute. Come out in the yard. I'll find your house and be waiting somewhere near the front door."

"Oh, I can't," Corinne wailed, at a loss for an expedient for one of the few times in her life.

"Yes you can. You're such a darn good liar you can do anything."

"But I don't want to see you."

THAT'S what I thought. But I want to see you, girly, and I'm going to get my wish. I've got some stuff to spill that you're going to want to hear. I advise you to hear it first anyway before I dish it up to Mr. Peter Hughey which is what I'm going to do this same night if you don't come out to see me when you hear an automobile horn honk four times—our old signal."

"Please, Daddy—" "Tell it to me when I get there. I'll give you plenty of time then. Good-by."

"Wait a minute!" He was gone.

Corinne, her nerves all taut with apprehension, hung up the receiver. What should she do? George must not talk to Peter, at least not right away, not until she had done some anesthetic explaining herself. She could not imagine what George thought he could tell that Peter would believe or that

THE first and second instalments of "Peter and Mrs. Pan" appeared in the December and January issues of SMART SET. Copies of these will gladly be sent to you postpaid for twenty-five cents each

would really hurt her much with her husband except for the fact that she, herself, had lied so egregiously about George at the time of the adventure in Atlantic City. If she had not laid such a substantial cornerstone of doubt it would be possible even now to defy George to bring on anything he had up his sleeve.

But she had lied and until she had explained that away there was no way of accounting for George or what he might say. Thinking this and darting hither and thither mentally like a cornered rabbit Corinne left the telephone and turned slowly, unseeing at first.

The door was opening, deliberately, silently. Through it came a huge furry object not easily distinguishable in the down-thrown illumination from the reading light, with two gleaming eyes peering through black slits in something covering the face.

It came toward her with arms outstretched.

Corinne screamed, a dry harsh scream that choked her. She fell to the floor before Peter could emerge from his terrifying disguise and catch her.

AND so at the most inauspicious moment that could have been chosen the curtain fell on the comedy that Peter and Corinne were playing. It will be rung up in the March issue on Corinne at her wits' end in an effort to keep George from meeting Peter again face to face! Peter bewildered! George indignant at the tricks Corinne has played on him and determined to do something about it

A Letter to Mary

[Continued from page 73]

that you will succeed just because you are a nice-looking girl with an average good education unless this is accompanied by energy, will and character. Supposing you have no definite goal but just strongly want to get out. Even so, I say perfect yourself in the typing, for nearly every profession requires that knowledge.

Then we will suppose that you have taken my advice and strengthened your character and self-respect so that you are self-reliant; you will then be ready to start. You will perhaps look round for a week on your arrival and by that time you will gain some idea of what you can try to obtain first or what you can do for a living until some definite goal does present itself. Then secure this, however small it is, and learn all it can teach you in the game of advancement. Do your job to the very best of your ability no matter what it is. That is never waste of time.

IF I were Mary I would try to be the best on the job. If I were a cook, I would invent new dishes and learn methods and orderliness. If I were a typist I would practice until none of the other girls could go as fast or be as accurate. Whatever you do, if you perfect yourself in it, you have acquired a valuable asset. You will have secured the approval of all those placed over you who will then gladly help you and you will have subconsciously acquired personality because conquerors always have personality.

The negative creatures who just come for an adventure never put any sinews into temporary work; they are always procrastinating and saying, "Oh, I will show more interest when I am in something I like." Show interest in everything you have to do. As well as the spirit of adventure, show the spirit of conquest.

Then if Mary comes to the big city she must not be one of those innocent doves who think all strangers mean well by them. Mary must be cautious as though she knew that half of those she meets were crooks. She can be polite and charming but watchful.

She must be chary of her favors too and not let amusement take up all her spare time nor tire her out. Let her have a definite goal as soon as possible and go for it. She should not let any weak or foolish self-indulgences get in the way. It is no harm if she has not been able to decide what she eventually wants to do so long as she takes each temporary line as a lesson, gains some benefit from it and does not merely become a restless drifter.

WHEN girls are young, some strong emotion of love generally crosses their paths very soon; the men in the great city seem more attractive just because they are a novelty. So, Mary, do remember that in truth men are all the same fundamentally in the home town or Chicago. If they are attracted by you, they desire some physical as well as mental response from you, and so it behooves you to keep enough head to be able to decide what or how much it is wise to give them.

Do not let yourself tumble into a love affair headlong! Be as cunning as a serpent. Make yourself attractive, be reserved, and give the impression you are worth while knowing better, but are not wearing your heart on your sleeve or ready to be complacent to Tom, Dick or Harry. Every day in your new emancipation try to learn something; knowledge always comes in useful! Every day sharpen your critical faculties, acquire the power of observation. Acquire knowledge of character in others. Cultivate tact and control your own feelings while you watch for the reactions in others.

I know a girl who came from just such a place as Mary. She had been one of the belles of the home town and as gently bred and tended as possible; her family was so angry at her going that they gave her nothing and she arrived in New York with only a few dollars. She failed to get a suitable job while they lasted so she had to take really menial situations.

I saw her six months afterwards; she was a maid to a society woman. She was doing her very best in this uncongenial task and turned her mistress into a friend. She told me she was learning great lessons of life there.

From this, she went into a model house and learned all she could of business methods there, and now she conducts one of the largest florist establishments in the Middle West. She was intelligent, despised nothing and learned from everything. She did not take jobs and do them badly because she did not think them worthy of her; she made the job polish her experience.

SO TO sum up my advice to the Marys who have the "get out" urge strongly, is this: first, before sailing from your harbor, spend at least six months in preparation, trying to sift out the jobs you don't want from those you do. Try to save up every cent of your money to have a little capital. Try to obtain information about the centers of employment in the great city and the possible opportunities—and above and beyond all, begin at once examining your own character, taking stock of all its faults and virtues so that you will be aware of the sides you will be likely to slip up on.

Prepare your own inner being for your fight always remembering that the only magnetic serenity in the world comes from perfect self-respect.

If you have a strong, splendid character you can step out bravely and take all your chances and make them benefit you. If you are a weakling you will have more opportunities for getting into morasses in the city than you would have at home. Your lessons may be bitter and you may go under and out or you may learn strength through pain.

No one can tell another what to do on all occasions but any one who thinks can give this advice.

Be true to yourself, be kind, be strong, be brave, be sagacious and watchful and you will be armed for all emergencies and most probably you will achieve success!

JOHNIE COLONNA found himself knee deep in lies. It was either that or lose the girl he loved. So Johnnie went in for the lies, by the wholesale, even to faking the name of his college. Everything was jake until the girl saw a telegram denying his attendance at the university in question. Then he had a terrible time proving that all his yarns had been just "White Lies." Don't miss this Holworthy Hall story in *Man h SMART SET*

The Girl They Didn't Invite



MARY shed real tears that night. Over at Elizabeth's, the party was in full swing, and for the first time Mary had not been invited.

She had been to all the other parties with the crowd. But, now, they had gone in for Bridge, and she was "out of it."

She tried to read her magazine and forget about it, but the tormenting thought kept coming back to her—she couldn't play Bridge and they had stopped inviting her.

The magazine page was just a blur. She couldn't read. She turned the pages idly. Then, suddenly, two lines of heavy type took form before her eyes and forced themselves upon her: "Now, you can learn to play bridge quickly and easily!" And just as that advertisement brought the solution to Mary's problem, so will this one bring the same opportunity to you.

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Castles and the Fleir

[Continued from page 70]

your lordship," and led him away toward the lift.

Twice in the car Montebarro attempted to speak. Both times the Marquis prevented him by saying, "Suppose we don't discuss it until later, your lordship."

In the room Montebarro threw his hat, stick and gloves upon a bed. Then with hands upon his hips he turned and in a voice barbed with icicles he said, "Will you kindly tell me what the deuce you mean by—"

"Just a moment, your lordship, until I close this transom."

THE Marquis shut the transom, locked the door, went across and pulled down the windows, then toppled on the bed and loosed the laughter he had been restraining with such difficulty. Montebarro stood staring down at him.

"The Earl of Montebarro! Why did you—shut that howling, you ass. Why did you step on my foot? You with your—will you keep quiet? My God, I could cheerfully strangle you."

"An honor, your lordship."

"Oh, shut up, Marq. Do, please. Tell me why you didn't let me explain."

"My dear old Monte—" The Marquis sat on the edge of the bed. "I saw the expression upon the face of the fair one when she heard you announced as the Earl of Montebarro. I saw her glance at her mother. I saw that. Monte; and at that moment I understood that somehow it's going to mean our introduction, while if you were only Thornton Earl Montebarro of Atlanta or wherever it is, the sky, as you say, wouldn't look so rosy."

Montebarro glanced at the Marquis quickly, then he went to the window and looked down at the lights of Paris. Finally he turned and went back to the side of the bed where the Marquis was sitting.

"You know, Marq," he said, "at times I'm proud of you."

At six-thirty two young men in faultless dinner jackets sat in the lobby of the Regina Hotel, their chairs in the unavoidable path of one coming from the lift.

"The only thing I can think of, Marq, is for you to faint at her feet."

"Then what?"

"Why, after you are carried out I'd—"

"Take her to dinner. I don't like that suggestion."

The door of the lift parted and they gazed with the fixed intentness of two masculine Pandoras watching the opening of a potential treasure box. A fat man, two slender ladies and a boy wearing an Eton jacket came out. The young men slumped back in their chairs.

"Why don't you rush up to her, call her Miss Marble or something and ask where she has been since last you saw her at Ascot?"

"You're a vast assistance, Marq. What does she know about Ascot?"

"Then ask if she isn't Miss Reid from Chicago."

"Or Jones from Texas."

Again the door of the lift swung open. Again the watchers by the threshold sat erect. And again, after six ladies and seven men straggled out, they relaxed.

"Monte, why not tell her you're waiting to meet a cousin from America and ask if she isn't the lady desired?"

"She undoubtedly is the lady desired but your suggestion isn't worth a damn. Neither she nor her mother would fall for anything so obvious."

The Marquis tenderly adjusted the upper

tip of his evening tie. Montebarro lighted a cigarette. They sat in gloomy uncertainty.

"I say, Monte, old chap, let's tell them we are guides and for a small sum would show them about the city."

"Such a suggestion could have been made only—"

From out the lift came two elderly couples; then a lady accompanied by her daughter, a small girl with hair of midnight, dressed in white velvet with a lone red rose on her left shoulder.

"Montebarro, do something, anything." The voice of the Marquis was of pained huskiness. "Have a stroke. Stab yourself. Do something."

The lady and her daughter passed with only the casual glance of strangers. They crossed the lobby and went into the dining room.

"Marq, old chap, we do not dine at the Café de Paris."

"At least we know where the quarry is."

Five minutes later a head waiter was called from the dining room in answer to a request that he attend the desires of the Earl of Montebarro in the lobby. One minute after his appearance he was backed in a corner behind some palms receiving in open-handed bewilderment crumpled banknotes from two young gentlemen who both talked in eager whispers.

"I'll try to do it, m'lord," the waiter said at last, stuffing his pockets with his suddenly acquired wealth.

"My good man," said Montebarro with overwhelming lordliness, "unless you are successful in this simple commission I shall speak to the management."

"Yes, m'lord."

A moment later when the two young men entered the dining room they saw the head waiter arguing wildly with one of his underlings, arguing directly beside a table at which an elderly lady and her daughter were just beginning their soup. The young men drew near the table and then stopped suddenly, apparently in some embarrassment.

"My sincerest regrets, your lordship," said the waiter in a very audible voice as he turned to them, "but your table is taken. Already it has been given." He pointed with French frankness. "Already diners are there. I am desolated, your lordship. This, of course, is your lordship's eternal table but tonight the mistake has been made and it is taken. The lady and her daughter are there and it is your lordship's perpetual table. I am distract."

AND he proceeded to give a most excellent imitation of a head waiter being distract, clasping his hands and sighing, then unclasping them and sighing and pointing and waving his arms and calling malediction upon the one who had made the error. Throughout the tirade the waiter watched the elderly lady and when she gave a little sign he almost bounded to her side. For a moment she spoke in a low voice to him.

Then he stood erect and said in a loud voice, "But yes, madam, it is the Earl of Montebarro's table reserved. It is his throughout his stay in Paris."

Again she spoke softly and again the waiter spoke to the ceiling and the four walls. "But no, madam, all other tables are reserved. There is no table for his lordship."

It was at this moment when Montebarro and the Marquis advanced, walking with dignified reticence.

"If you will pardon our obvious bold-

ness," said Montebarro, bowing in a manner he imagined approved at Buckingham Palace, "we would like to assure you we sincerely regret our arrival has caused you even momentary embarrassment."

"But we, your lordship," said the lady in a soft pleasing voice, "are the ones to apologize, for we, apparently, are about to deprive you of your dinner."

"It is nothing. We can go elsewhere."

"Yes, so we could, m'lord," said the Marquis, "but already we are late."

"Yet there's nothing—"

"Perhaps," interrupted the waiter, "perhaps madam and her daughter would permit his lordship to dine with them at this table. I will set two other places. Yes?"

The waiter bent forward, deferentially waiting the commands of madam yet about him was an air of hopefulness calculated to induce a favorable decision. The lady glanced at her daughter and they both glanced at the young men.

"It is an imposition, Jacques," said Montebarro. "We would be intruding."

"After all," said the lady, "we are the intruders." She placed her serviette upon the table and nodded to her daughter. "We are the ones imposing."

"Not at all." The gesture of the Marquis was compelling. "Besides, we could not even dream of interrupting you."

THE lady looked at her daughter in momentary uncertainty, quite evidently troubled about what to do. Then she turned upon the young men and in a quick glance considered them. A most pleasing laugh was the announcement of her decision.

"Why not?" she asked, showing a spirit of dignified friendliness. "Why shouldn't we dine together?"

Montebarro bowed. "We of course would be honored."

"Then join us. There's ample room." She watched Jacques scurry away and return with dishes and glasses and silver. She waited until the two young men were seated, then she smiled at them. "While we are being so frightfully unconventional may I announce that I am Mrs. Bannering? And my daughter, Mary. We are from America."

"May I present the Earl of Montebarro?"

"And may I present my friend, the Mar—"

"Winthrop, John Winthrop. His lordship and I are at the same college in Oxford."

"So you're Oxford men," said Mrs. Bannering.

"Yes. Both of us."

"Mother, Phil Rogers is at Oxford. He writes the most delightful letters. I imagine it must be the most wonderful old place."

Montebarro, with his American ability—developed through numerous casual flirtations—to fall momentarily in love, told himself her voice was more of music than of words.

The Marquis the instant he heard her speak not only forgot about nightingales and the far-off sound of slow running water but sincerely and for the first time gave his heart to a woman.

They told her about Oxford and she encouraged their talk with soft questions, with understanding nods. As she moved her head the lights, playing upon the midnight blackness of her bobbed hair, caused it to seem streaked with blue; the Marquis swore it did.

Before dinner was ended Montebarro and the Marquis were pushing each other aside, trampling on each other in their efforts to supplant a delicate little idol.

As coffee was served the Marquis apologized, carefully apologized for his boldness, but would Mrs. Bannering and her daughter be so gracious as to accompany them to the opera?

"It's most kind of you to ask but neither of us enjoy the opera."

"Then the theater."

"Let's be real honest, mother." And Mary Bannering made a quick little gesture which caused the heart of a young English nobleman temporarily to suspend action. "This is our first night in Paris and we've planned a terribly wild time, beginning at the Folies Bergère."

"I say, that's topping. If only you'll let—"

"Mrs. Bannering," interrupted Montebarro, "it's our first night in Paris too. And we'd like to have a terribly wild time. We don't care where we begin. Won't you please let us make it a foursome? We'll have such a good time."

And they did. First they went to the Folies where the Marquis being the only one who understood French sat between Mary and her mother and, Montebarro gloomily believed, unmercifully displayed his knowledge of the language.

Afterward they visited the Bal Tabarin to see the Cancan. Then they sipped a bottle of wine at the Moulin Rouge. At one-thirty the door of Zelli's cabaret swung open to admit them.

"I adore this," said Mary as they sat at a choice table and saw a man bend his partner almost to the floor, then jerk her upright by a sudden pull upon her hair.

The lights were few and dim, the music was softly insistent, the wine of such a vintage that several bottles passed rapidly across the table.

An hour after they had come to the little cabaret, Montebarro was dancing slowly in an uncrowded corner with a girl from whose raven hair stole a perfume that for the evening had rushed through his brain and galloped to his heart, there to play a fleeting havoc.

"Mary," he whispered, "Mary—you don't mind if I call you Mary?"

"Not at all, Lord Montebarro."

"Don't call me that. Call me Monte, won't you, Mary?"

She smiled up at him and asked, "Are all lords so nice as you, Monte?"

"Why should you think of other lords, Mary?"

"I won't, Monte."

The music was all the murmur of a saxophone and the persuasive whisper of a violin. The lights were slowly blue and red and yellow and then blue again.

"Monte," Mary said and her voice told that she too had been bewitched by the evening, "Monte, I want to see your castle."

"Mary," he swore, for he had persistently looked upon the wine when it was bubbling, "you shall see my castle."

The music sobbed to a fairy ending and hand in hand Mary and Montebarro crossed the floor toward the table where the Marquis and Mrs. Bannering sat in gay conversation.

"We have only a week in Paris, Monte. Then we're going to Brussels for two days. Afterward we're off to England. May we see your castle then?"

"Yes, Mary," he said, at that moment perfectly willing to promise her the moon set in planets, "when you come to England you shall see my castle."

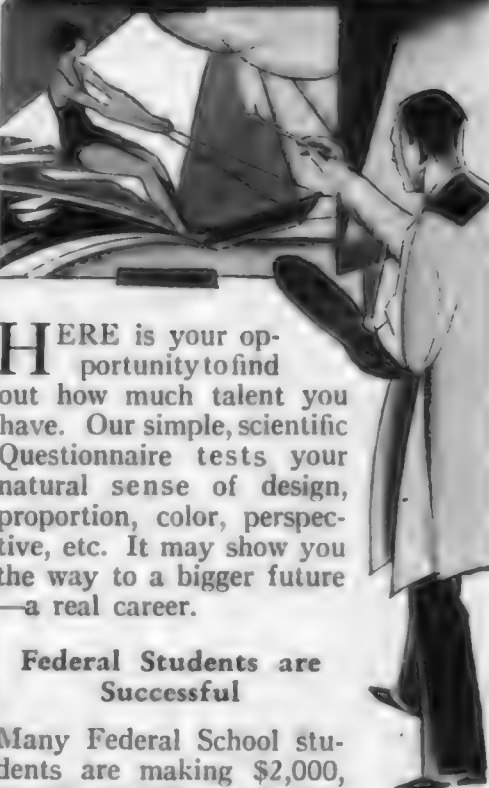
THE Marquis of Chertsey and Thornton Earl Montebarro sat in the ancient library of "Cravenscourt," sipping glasses of brown sherry.

"If you ask me, Marq, this can't continue."

"But why? All day you've been a perfect lord."

"All day I've been a perfect ass. When Mrs. Bannering asked me about the chapel, wasn't that a fine one? I tell her Queen Elizabeth used to say mass there, then she

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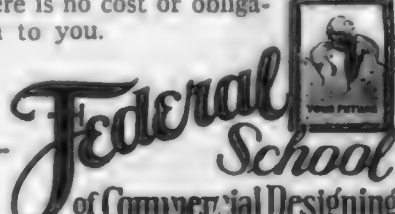
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reminds me the Queen was a Protestant."

"But your reply was perfect. I adored that, Monte. 'Yes, but she said a very low mass, Mrs. Bannerling.' Oh, Monte, you were priceless." He raised his glass and laughed as he nodded. "Health, your lordship." He drank and then hurried on. "But undoubtedly you were at your best in the picture gallery. I almost swooned when you told them my great-great uncle was the Duke of Alva."

"How the deuce was I to know?"

"What difference does it make, Monte? They'll never learn any better."

"That's just what I want to know. What difference does it make? Why should we keep up this lordship business? I'm tired of it. I want to be a citizen."

THE Marquis started to finish his sherry; instead he put aside his glass and went across to a window, there to stand with his back to the room. "Monte," he said, "you don't really mind, do you?"

"Of course I mind. Every time one of your servants calls me 'your lordship' he looks as if he wants to chop off my head."

"You mean you won't go on with it?"

"But why? Why should I? Turn around, Marq. What's your real idea in all this?"

"Don't you know?"

"You're gaga about Mary, aren't you?"

"I worship her, Monte. During that week in Paris I learned what real love is. And now every minute I think about her. I dream about her. Never before have—I'm sorry."

"My soul, Marq, I had no idea you—"

"Well, you have it now. As you say, I'm positively gaga about her."

"Gaga, Marq."

"Yes, gaga, that's what I am about her."

"Fine. I agree with you. I think she's a perfect doll and I'd be delighted to see you two plunge over the precipice together."

The Marquis only shook his head.

"But why don't you say you'd like to make her Lady Chertsey or whatever she'd be? What's the idea in not telling her the truth?"

The young Marquis went back to his chair and sat down. He sipped the last of his sherry, then smiled a little wistfully at his glass. "Monte," he said and his voice was lonely, "we've been most awfully good friends. For two years, old boy, we've forgotten all these silly international differences and we've had some ripping times."

"Ripping, you call it. Damn fine, say I."

"And a friend, Monte, doesn't try to take a girl from one who loves her."

"And what does that prove?"

"You love her, Monte. I've seen you pat her hand and heard you tell her she was adorable. I know what that means and I—"

"Don't be a blithering ass. That was nothing, nothing at all. In America those things mean only we're good pals, that's all."

NO, MONTE, it won't do." He went to the decanter and filled his glass. "You're just being generous. You know Mary is heaven and earth and the stars above to me. You know it and that's why you're giving her up."

"But it's not, I tell you. I don't love Mary that way. I swear I don't. I think she's a little dear but I'd never dreamed of anything serious."

The Marquis held up a warning finger. "They're coming," he said.

"Marq," Montebarro sighed, "I'm afraid you're an Englishman after all."

But the Marquis of Chertsey had gone to the door of the library to admit Mrs. Bannerling and Mary, Mary in a soft dress of orchid color.

"We're late?" asked Mrs. Bannerling.

"Two sherries late," answered the Marquis. "May I serve you?"

"Oh, Monte, I think it's just marvelous here. This gorgeous old place and that terrace garden and the lake. You are a lucky fellow."

The Marquis came to them with the sherry. "Very lucky," he said. "Very, very lucky. Did you have any trouble finding your way to the library? We have had guests—I mean, the first time I was here I got all tangled up and entered a maid's bedroom thinking it was the chapel."

"And did you remain to pray?"

"I did not. She screamed as if I had been Bluebeard."

The door opened and the butler, appearing as if several pillows were lodged beneath his belt and a poker beside his spine, came into the room.

"Dinner is served, your lordship."

"Thank you, Lawton," answered Montebarro. "Shall we go in? I'm positively ravenous."

With the soup they talked of Paris, of the happenings in the shops, of their experiences in Montmartre; they bewailed their losses at the races and recalled adventures in questionable cabarets. Afterward they talked of England. Mrs. Bannerling told of the trip to Belgium. While the filets of pigeons were being eaten, Mary asked numerous questions about the house and grounds of the old country home. As the raspberry sponge was served, Montebarro caused the butler suddenly to choke and become very red by explaining that the silver upon the table had been brought from the Indies by one of his ancestors who sailed with Drake.

Coffee was served at the table. Montebarro declaring that during his mother's absence the percolator remained idle. Then the Marquis related half a dozen stories of Oxford, all of them being to the glory of Montebarro: how he had won a place on his college Rugger side, how he had won his half-blue at swimming and how he had come in an easy victor in the intercollege grind.

"TWAS a most marvelous race," said the Marquis. "Monte was up on Thor's Hammer, a noble horse but a devil of a temper. Yet Monte brought him home lengths ahead of the field. And when—"

"For heaven's sake, keep quiet. I'll never hear the end of that story."

"And why should you?" laughed Mrs. Bannerling. "I'm sure it's worthy of repetition. Do tell it."

The Marquis glanced about him. "We're all through with our coffee. Let's go out and I'll tell it on the terrace."

But on the terrace he didn't tell the story. Instead, he remembered a picture of the finish of the race, a picture he said he had seen on one of his previous visits to "Cravenscourt." Would Mrs. Bannerling be interested? Would she come back into the house to see?

And so Mary and Monte were left alone.

A heavy old moon, broken and yellow with age, rested in senile loneliness just above the tops of the trees that nodded and swayed in sprightly minuet. The flowers kissed the air, and he, base deceiver, bore away the sweet caress, murmuring and offering continually proof of his dalliance. At the bottom of the lake a great yellow eye glared back at the moon in baleful insolence.

Then Mary spoke and her voice blended with the night. "Monte," she said, "it's heavenly. It makes me think of poetry."

"Of Shelley, perhaps, or 'the vain young night trembles o'er her own beauty in the sea.'"

And there they sat in a great silence, un-

til the goddess of the night left her ebony throne and they could almost feel the soft rustling of her sable cloak.

"I think we better go in, Monte."

"Why?"

"I don't know. The others are in the house and I don't know. I'd just rather go in, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind. I've something to say to you."

"Monte, I swear I'd rather go in."

He ignored what she had said. "At Zelli's the first night we were together you said you wanted to see my castle. You said that, didn't you?"

"Monte, please let's go in."

"You said it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I said it."

"Well, Mary, I—"

"Oh, Monte, don't please, please, please. All my life back home I've read about Lady This and Lady That. I built up a land of dreams where wondrous women lived in golden castles and always I was one of them. Always I was a lady who went to courts and talked with kings and had many servants and—and such a home as this. But, Monte, I was wrong."

"Mary, don't say that. Don't say you were wrong."

"But I was wrong. Those were only the dreams of a silly little girl."

"Listen, Mary, to marry an Englishman with a home like this and with a title would be—"

"No, Monte, I won't let you. It wouldn't be fair, because I could never marry a title, Monte, never, never, never."

MONTEBARRO audibly swallowed his bewilderment. "Mary, for heaven's sake don't say that. You don't understand what I'm trying to say to you. I want to tell you—"

"I know, Monte, but I could never marry a title. That isn't what really counts. That isn't what sets your heart singing. Oh, I know I'm talking wildly but that's the way I feel, the way I feel deep inside."

"Mary, are you opposed to international marriages? I mean do you think it's all right for an American boy to marry an English girl, or an English boy to marry an American girl?"

"Positively yes. I—"

"Then, Mary, if John were to come to you and—"

"Oh, Monte, Monte, don't."

She sprang up and, softly white in the moonlight, fled along the terrace toward the house.

THORNTON EARL MONTEBARRO watched her disappear into the front entrance, then he stood, saluted the moon, tossed a kiss to the black canopy, tried to pat his own back and sauntered after her, his hands in his pockets and a very naughty whistle upon his lips. Inside the house he went directly to his room where he rang for the butler. A moment later that dignity appeared.

"Yes, your lordship."

"To hell with that lordship racket. Go tell the Marquis I want him here, now and in a hurry."

"Yes, your lordship."

"My name is Montebarro. Mr. Montebarro, you understand. I've discarded my coronet."

"Yes, your lo—Mr. Montebarro."

And the old butler waited until he was certain he was unseen before he even dared shake his head in decorous bewilderment.

Montebarro was standing before his mirror, quite obviously admiring the reflection he saw there, when the door opened and the Marquis came in.

"Lawton said you wanted me."

"I'm not the only one."

"How do you mean—not the only one?"
 "So does Mary."
 "Oh, Monte, I—" The smile was driven from his face. "I wonder if that's kind."
 "Now be a good boy and sit down and listen. I want no interruptions."

"But, Monte, I—" "Sit, I tell you." Montebarro stood with his feet apart, his hands in his pockets, his face announcing himself as a young man very much pleased with himself. "I've known all along you were in love with Mary. That's great, because I think she's a little peach. But just before dinner I learned you thought I wanted to make her Mrs. Montebarro. That's wrong, Marq."

"But don't say that, Monte, because the way you talked to her and the way—"

"Listen, stupid, as I told you that's American. Nothing else. We on the other side say and do things which in this country would be mistaken for a proposal. I'm not in love with Mary any more than I am with a score of others. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but—" "No interruptions. Out on that terrace just now I tried to work things around so I could tell her the truth about who was the lord and who wasn't, but she popped it to me she would never marry a nobleman, because, don't you see, she thinks I'm the guy with the title. Then she all but told me she was mad about you."

"Wouldn't marry a nobleman?" "No. Positively not. Therefore, my lad, what I'm telling you is to run along, ask her how she'd like to be Mrs. Winthrop, marry her as is, then drape the coronation robes after the preacher has said his say."

"But I couldn't—why, Monte, that would be—"

"I don't give a damn what it would be. You're cuckoo about her. She is about you. She's not worried so much about a title as she is in thinking I go with it."

A quarter of an hour later there came a soft tap upon his door.

"Come in," growled Thornton Earl Montebarro, poised to hurl fresh scorn upon the Marquis. "Come in," he repeated.

"Oh, Monte," came from the hallway. "Ye Gods— Yes, Mary," as he hurried to the door.

"Monte," she said, "Monte, Marq's downstairs talking with mother."

"Yes, Mary." "And, Monte, you know I told you I'd never marry a British title."

"Yes, Mary." "Well, Monte, I've changed my mind."

Tights to Typewriter

[Continued from page 33]

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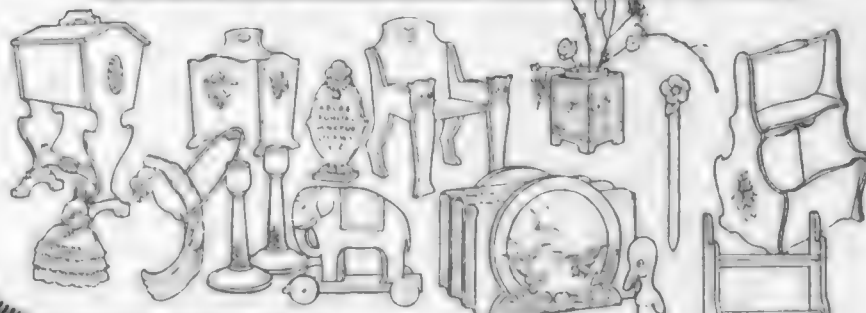
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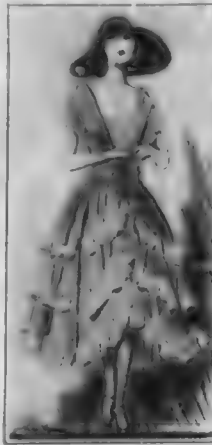
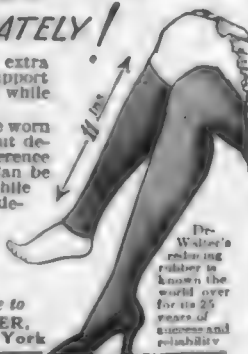
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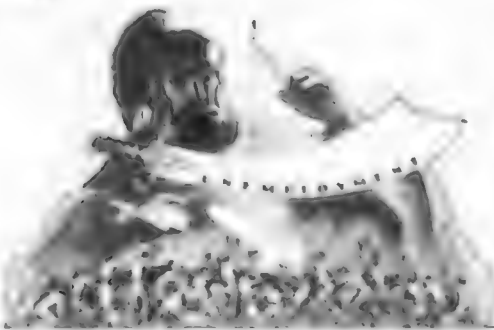
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Life Isn't So Bad

[Continued from page 31]

A sense of arrangement." He glanced at the cheap attractive china, the carefully tended tubs of flowers. "Savoir faire. I hardly know how to put it. I'm having to travel a good deal on business; I'm going to California shortly and just any dud won't do for me."

An alert silence descended on mother and daughter. Out of it

"Please don't stand," said Mrs. Gerald. "Sit down, do. It is just possible—things happen so strangely—that we might—that my daughter might suit you excellently, if—" she said with a maternal care. "we knew rather more about the post. Don't you think so, Esta?"

"Things happen so strangely!" the girl repeated with a sudden breathlessness of excitement and interest.

"My experience is," he smiled, "that things seldom just happen."

"Oh, you mean they are intended."

"I mean they are intended," he smiled.

The girl meant, of course, fate, destiny, a divine plan. Or clairvoyant stuff or something. He meant something quite different, the lure that had drawn him solemnly up here. No need to tell them that. Perfectly natural, yet it would, on the face of it, seem suspicious.

"Please sit down," Mrs. Gerald repeated.

So he had the third chair.

"If you have time—" Mrs. Gerald suggested.

"I have lots of time. Busy men always have."

And the girl, Esta, went in for another cup and saucer.

Yes, he had known that he would take tea.

HIS eyes followed Esta automatically and while that was happening Mrs. Gerald studied him, swiftly, keenly, apprehensively, hopefully. She had married at seventeen, borne a son at eighteen, a daughter at twenty-two. In the late thirties she had lost a hard-drinking, hard-tempered husband who had spent his only moderate salary too freely when alive and had nothing but some furniture to leave her. And half that had been sold instantly to pay debts!

Yet penniless and with a young daughter on her hands, she had thanked God for taking him. Privately, of course. To people one always said, "I had the misfortune of losing my dear husband quite young." One sighed. People liked that better. It was a more popular remark than, "I was glad to be rid of him."

She had learned daily little things like this, learned quietly, and with humor, without bitterness, smiling often at the world's foibles without explaining her smile. Thus in her patience and good humor and quietness she had learned people. She looked at Kelly March.

Her own age? No. Five years or more younger. A well-set, ordinary-looking man, and yet not so ordinary looking. His face was reddish, weather-beaten and sophisticated. His eyes were quiet and observant and hard. His mouth was hard for all the courteous diffidences it had uttered. He was rich. He worked. His brain, she guessed, was keen and many compartmented. He might even be brilliant. Who was he? And she said to herself, "A good poker-face."

Her look slid off him even as his look came round from Esta's disappearing figure to her. "I ought to introduce myself," he observed, "if you will allow me. I am afraid I am behaving very badly in troubling you at all." His ingenuousness did not deceive her; it was the ingenuousness with

which men of the world covered every indiscretion. But it made for good manners and she loved good manners. She smiled slightly—her rather chaffing, cynical smile.

"My name is March."

He laid a card on the tea table with every effect of apology. She took it and then put it on the tea tray; she had read, "Kelly Francis March, 1 Mayfair Square," and the names of two of the best clubs in London.

"I am interested in buying up properties," he said, indicating vaguely the further, wider end of Hardwick Street. "That is how I happened to be passing."

"Buying." He had suggested their flat was to let. A little slip, a little carelessness. She appeared not to notice it at all but her mind fastened on it. He had not, then, been looking for a flat or house to rent at all? What had brought him up those stairs? At that moment, as if in answer to her unspoken question, Esta came through the French window with the extra cup and saucer, the sun fairly flaming on her molten-copper hair.

"THANKS," said Mrs. Gerald and laid the card down, "and our name is Gerald. Esta, this is Mr. Kelly March." And in a moment more they were having tea.

"May I really talk to you, Miss Gerald, about the job I have to offer?" he asked.

He looked directly at Esta and Mrs. Gerald sat back, lighting a cigarette, thoughtfully blowing spirals of smoke into the still air.

"You may!"

He laughed. "I want a capable secretary-typist, good shorthand. Well educated—that is to say, good punctuation and spelling. And tactful. And able to compose a good letter by herself if I need it. And able to understand a little of my business and to sum people up. Also able to receive people attractively and stand on her own dignity too."

He offered a very thin, very long gold cigarette case and noted Esta's nails as she took a cigarette.

"I want a girl of about your age—" He paused. "Twenty to twenty-two—"

"Twenty-one."

"Thanks. Twenty-one would do. A girl, because she is more teachable than an older woman and yet I want a girl who is a responsible woman too. To be frank," he said, "I can never stand nonsense, you know."

"And yet," thought Mrs. Gerald, "what is it but 'nonsense' that brought him up here?"

"That's luck," said Esta. "I too hate anything that might be summed up as nonsense."

"Have you any references, Miss Gerald?"

"Excellent ones!"

AND then the usual string of questions and the references carefully noted; Mrs. Gerald's mind the while fastened on the great maternal question, "Is he married?"

Because, undoubtedly, it was Esta's beauty that had drawn him up here although Esta did not yet know that.

As to Esta's safety, Mrs. Gerald was very little concerned. She had brought Esta up. And London had brought Esta up too. There had been no frankness too frank for Mrs. Gerald to voice to her growing daughter.

To herself she had said, "Oh, she must never make my mistakes. Never! Never! She must know everything, reckon with every chance. It shan't be my fault if she doesn't."

"We have a little Corona here," Esta was saying, "I'll type something to your dicta-

tion if you like. Then you can judge my work."

"May we?"

"Of course," Mrs. Gerald answered. "After all, there is no need to settle anything today."

"Pardon me," said Kelly March, "there is need."

He followed Esta through the French window into the living room, leaving Mrs. Gerald to her cigarette, her second cup of tea and the plate of cress sandwiches which, after all, the three of them had hardly touched. She began to eat them between puffs at her cigarette.

"Esta's old enough. Esta's shrewd enough. Esta's hard enough."

She reassured herself thus, sitting under the orange umbrella. And there came out the clicking of the typewriter on which they did odd work, when they could get it, in the evenings.

MARCH stood above Esta, his eyes able to range round the room while he dictated. A nice room. A poor room but nice. Home-made curtains and a beautiful old Nanking bowl with flowers in it. Yes, this mother and daughter were two unusual women for their circumstances. Better, if she were efficient, to take this girl than the usual kind—faintly frowsy from bed-sitting-room living, or narrow from some small home in a cheap suburb.

And what a girl!

"But why do I do it?" he asked himself.

Yes. Why did he do it? Despising women as he did, disliking them as a sex as he had grown to dislike them, with distaste for their sponging ways, why did he do it? What did it matter if the young women had hair like beaten copper or dim stuff like the fur of a wild rabbit?

"Don't punctuate, please," she had requested, "or paragraph. I'll do it. Then you can see."

In a few minutes she handed him an intelligently typed letter from her own shorthand.

She was efficient.

"Very nice. Excellent."

She rose. Her movements were lovely. It occurred to him that she probably danced very beautifully. She could have a good time if she liked. Yet he thought that perhaps she did not have a very good time of it as girls counted good times. She seemed remarkably sufficient to herself, like her mother. His mind went glum for a moment, then rallied. He did not like women to be sufficient unto themselves. What man did? And yet, despising, deriding them as a sex, what else should he wish them to be?

"Will your mother miss you very much?" he asked.

"Why? Where would my work be?"

"I'm going to America next week; I have banking interests. I'm a banker, in fact. After a while in New York I'm going to California. I have private interests there—oil."

"I should travel?"

THERE was a light on her face that took him quite by surprise. Fancy being so keen, so excited, as that! Then she dimmed the light and became cool as before.

"I think, Miss Gerald, that if your references are good, you would suit me, if you care to think very quickly over the idea. Shall we go out and speak to your mother about it?"

They were all three sitting once more under the orange umbrella and the girl was telling her mother, "Mr. March would want me to go to America with him next week."

"To America?"

"Wait a moment," said Kelly March. "I must give you my business card as well." He laid it down. Mrs. Gerald looked and read, "Mr. Kelly Francis March, Vice-President, Atlantic Combine Bank, 1000 Cannon

Street, E. C." and looked up again.

"Oh," she said. And she knew she had a big man, a magnate of the banking world, sitting there on her roof-garden. What strange, freak chances life threw into one's lap if one were lucky! Esta was lucky! Esta was lucky! The song in her heart rose above the wail in it. She asked precisely, "Should you be abroad long, Mr. March?"

"All the autumn and perhaps all the winter."

"I couldn't—" It was Esta suddenly interpolating. "You couldn't manage, mother—I wouldn't—"

"I? I can manage perfectly," said Mrs. Gerald. "All the winter, Mr. March?"

"In New York and then in California."

"My daughter has always hoped to travel."

He addressed the mother entirely.

"I take two secretaries abroad with me, Mrs. Gerald—a lady and my man secretary, who for the past few months has been young Charles, Sir Tudor Charles. He does more of the entertaining and the social side, you know, though he can typewrite too. There would be, if she accepts my offer, your daughter and Sir Tudor Charles. The salary for the right type of girl is six pounds a week and of course, while traveling, all expenses."

"I think that might suit you, Esta," said Mrs. Gerald.

"Suit me! suit me! Oh, of all the luck! When I think of the beastly offices I've been into today, and the stuffy rooms and the measly salaries! Suit me! California and sunshine! Even in winter the sun shines there, doesn't it?"

"I believe so," said Mrs. Gerald.

HE HAD gone. The brown car had glided away. The air was cooler, the sun lower in the sky.

"I must water the geraniums," said Mrs. Gerald.

"You don't mind? You don't mind, ma?"

"Ma." The affectionately derisive name by which Esta and Robert—before he had disappeared from their lives ten years ago—had called their girlish looking mother "Ma," Robert used to say teasingly, coming in, a great lumpy schoolboy, his satchel on his back—. And then, suddenly, fury after drunken fury of their father's and Robert kicked out, and stayed out.

All that was ten years ago and yet Mrs. Gerald suddenly shrank and felt small and frail, and burnt and sick with longing, at the word which Esta seldom used now.

Esta usually called her "Therese" or "darling" or "varmint"—something sisterly.

"Ma, can you manage?"

"Easily, you vain thing! I make a good four pounds a week with my evening jobs, don't I? Manage! I assure you there are hundreds of thousands of women in London who would envy me this home and a creditable daughter traveling about the world, writing me wonderful letters."

"And a son God-knows-where!" said her heart.

"Because, dearest—"

"Esta, you go. It would break my heart if you didn't go. It would indeed. You're going to have glorious experiences and see glorious places. And that man will look after you. Yes, I believe he will."

"I can look after myself."

"Thank heaven, I know you can."

"But, I say, old varmint, I've hardly a rag. And supposing I have to dress for dinner every night?"

"You must have everything we've got."

"What do you mean, ma? As if I'd take your bits of things!"

"Well, you will."

"Only five days! I'd better begin looking over mine now."

"And mine. You're the idle lady in this establishment for the next five days."



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"My lord! I'll be out of work for a week. No pay."

"What have you? Where's your bank book?"

They took the tea tray in. Dim were the glories of hardly-won geraniums and orange umbrella. And examining Esta's savings bank book, they found it lean. There had been this and that she hadn't been able to resist. "Well, plenty of time, plenty of time for you to learn to resist," said Mrs. Gerald, "when you're my age—"

"Watching you has taught me some, ma!"

"I hope it has taught you not to trust; I hope it has taught you to fight and never despair and—and—that you may catch up with the good things that may be round the corner."

"If I don't handcuff and shackle myself too soon."

"You belong, luckily for you, to a hard-hearted, sane generation."

"Do I?" thought Esta and marveled that wise women in the forties really believed that a mere generation or indeed hundreds of thousands of generations ever could change the face of nature. Did this adorable ma really think then, when Esta stepped out of a taxicab in the little hours of the morning after an infrequent night of excitement and dancing, wine, music and thrills, that the man who brought her home hadn't kissed her just as men did when ma was twenty-one and came home from parties?

No, not when ma was twenty-one, when she was seventeen, for at seventeen she'd been married, poor devil. And how horribly married too! Did this sweet, wistful, cynical ma truly believe that nowadays young blood ran ice water instead of the red wine of life, that one's dreams weren't colored as vividly and one's heart as swift to beat to the tune of romance as hearts had been twenty-five years ago?

Yes. Undoubtedly older people thought that of the young generation.

"Well, I've hardly any whole silk stockings left."

"I've a couple of good pairs."

"Oh, not yours, ma! Not yours!"

"Mine. It's wonderfully convenient that we're exactly the same size."

"You're proud of your girlish contours, aren't you, old varmint?"

"I've never had a chance to grow fat," said Mrs. Gerald. "Never needed any expensive slimming treatment. There's something to be said for poverty for women after all." She opened a drawer. "There's no saving what I'd be like if some man fed me often enough on caviar and roast duck and champagne."

THROUGH the open door of her own bedroom into which she had hastened Esta called. "I shall have to make myself a new negligée, something saucy. They say American women are—"

"I've got the stockings. Here. Two pairs, quite whole, as I thought. One's only artificial silk—"

"—the smartest things in creation. They take a lot of care of themselves."

"You must take the manicure set, Esta."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. The case is decent. I can do with odd things at home. Then there's my jewel case—"

"But no jewels in it."

"Well—"

Laughter came from the two bedrooms.

"There's that really good hide bag of your father's that I never sold."

"My trunk's terrible."

"You're to take my new white satin jumper. So smart with your black suit."

"Ma—"

"Don't call out so threateningly, darling. I can't be intimidated. There's the enamel cigarette case the boss gave me at Christmas when we thought he might be going to propose marriage to the poor widow, but

after all it fished down to the cigarette case. It usually does. You're to take it."

"What'll we do when he notices you never take his gewgaw out of your vanity bag in office hours?"

"He's given one, since, to some one younger, darling, and he's noticing that."

"My evening cloak is in tatters; that's the worst of this cheap gold tissue. And it's tarnished."

"Well, darling, I've a bit in the bank too. We'll put up a show between us."

"I simply hate—"

"And I positively love doing it."

Silence and thinkings and rummagings in the two slips of bedrooms.

"You're to have my satin slippers, Esta. Nude satin is all right with anything."

And so on.

Soon Mrs. Gerald had laid out on her bed and hung about its rail her scanty sartorial possessions. Her mock-Chinese shawl, her satin shoes, the enamel cigarette case, her best vanity bag, the two pairs of stockings, the jumper.

"And my top coat," called Mrs. Gerald. "We only made it two years ago. Do you remember buying that remnant at Selfridge's? That's all right. And it's got all grandma's sable on. That looks good."

"Oh, ma! What will you have left?"

"I will take an inventory when you're gone. I'll have plenty. Don't worry about that."

DO PARENTS COUNT?

April and Vere, spoiled children of indulgent millionaire parents, got everything they wanted—even to a prince and a movie star. But when at last the tables turned, and mother annexed daughter's Prince and father took a liking to sonny's movie star—well, really, it's a dreadful responsibility—that of bringing up one's parents! "Parents Do Count" in March SMART SET is that "different" story you've been wanting

Then the smile quivered on Mrs. Gerald's lips and her lips twisted and writhed as if she were going to cry. But crying was taboo. From seventeen to thirty-seven she had cried almost nightly and daily, and though there were plenty more tears where those came from, she did not shed them.

It had been just the words, "When you're gone," that had momentarily weakened her.

When Esta too had gone and she faced an autumn, a winter of cold fogs, alone here in the little flat over the dairy shop! When Esta had gone, when the ties had slipped that bound them now so closely together, when she had lost Esta as she had lost Robert, what then? But Esta would come back? "No," Mrs. Gerald thought, "Esta will marry wisely, not like me. Esta will be happy." Her heart sank; it seemed to dissolve in weakness; the ten-year-old longing for Robert pierced her like a sword. Ten years gone and not a word!

"No mother," thought Mrs. Gerald cleaning the satin shoes with a wisp of rag and benzine, "should expect the joys of motherhood to last: she should eat them and drink them and be merry for presently they will die."

"That's the telephone," said Esta.

Mrs. Gerald heard her fly to answer it. How eager was youth!

"Therese! Here! It's Mr. March, wanting you."

Mrs. Gerald straightened herself, a little look of apprehension in her eyes, and went out. He couldn't, after this sad and radiant hour, intend to change his mind? She passed Esta, flushed, starry with curiosity rather than fearful. How young! How young not to know that a blow came as often as a kiss.

BUT the young were wise. For Kelly March was saying, "Mrs. Gerald, if you have no engagement for this evening, won't you let me return your hospitality rather precipitately? Would you and your daughter care to dine with me at Ciro's tonight at eight-thirty for a further talk? I would send the car for you and it could take you home of course."

"How kind of you, Mr. March. Yes, we should enjoy it very much. At eight-thirty. Thanks so much. Esta! Esta! Esta!"

MOTHER and daughter entered those expensive portals very creditably. True, as they knew, the liveried servants, and every woman there too, could assess them at the very little they were sartorially worth but they were pleasing to the wider-looking, deeper-discerning eye of man, which could detect Esta's divine young figure under the tarnished cloak and the thin beautiful feet of each in the near-silk stockings and the oft-cleaned shoes and the classic contour of the two strikingly contrasted heads that more than made up for cheap shingling.

Each had her air of distinction: Esta's, the distinction of youth—so eager, so strong and radiant that the eye of every male diner in the club turned to her as moths to a flame; and Therese's, so wise, so wistful, so gay with the gaiety that can be hurt no longer by the poison arrows of life. Unusual women!

March had not asked a fourth. He did not want them to consider this as a social occasion and so flatter themselves, perhaps, slightly too much. At the same time, he wanted to see the girl again, confirm his afternoon's impressions and that cup of tea he had accepted at their hands just gave him sufficient excuse. He did not know that he even meant to dance. He meant simply to look them over again in a setting other than their own. The sunshine, the tea-cups, the orange umbrella and their own environment might have presented them oversatisfactorily. He had planned to give them dinner and make early appointments tomorrow the excuse for sending them home early tonight.

But they looked more charming here than they had been in Hardwick Street, quite at ease and at home. He thought, "Curse it, how do women do it? Cadgers all, of course, and used to all the good things men can buy for 'em but these two are a bit"—and again, "unusual."

THEY kept their wraps: Esta her tarnished cloak and Mrs. Gerald her near-Chinese shawl, a shawl that didn't for a moment deceive his rapid glance. He had given women too many real ones, Spanish ones, the genuine articles from Madrid. They knew the shortcomings of these coverings, yet they knew the greater shortcomings underneath as they would be seen in a leisurely walk over a long space of floor flanked by some of the keenest and most extravagant female eyes in London. Dancing, if this man danced, would be different but to enter a restaurant as a member of a small and noticeable party in a gravely nondescript and battered frock was a trial to any woman.

He escorted them to a table at the end of the long restaurant.

Esta had a little but not much of

Therese Gerald's fatalism. She was too young ever to be wholly indifferent to her own doings or the doings of others. As she slipped into the velvet seat, as she dropped from her fine-skinned shoulders the cloak which she so regretted, she looked about her and was gloriously happy.

Kelly March looked at her and saw it.

He consulted Mrs. Gerald as to the dinner. She took the menu from him and studied it as one who knew. She took him a little aback because, of course, she couldn't know. Nevertheless she chose a perfect meal.

He looked sideways quickly at her white shingled head. The whiteness was blue-white, not yellowy. Women who would take the trouble could do that for themselves at home with ordinary washing-blue in the rinsing water. He knew even that. He knew terribly much about women.

HE DESPISED and derided women and yet—it was perfectly true—he would have despised and derided Therese Gerald in particular had her white hair not had the blue-white purity of snow. He knew that much about himself too. Her very ability for beauty in the face of such odds as were indicated by her humble flat and her tired frock forced his respect.

She knew how to play her hand.

And the daughter knew how to play hers.

He ordered champagne since the girl was young and probably would thrill to it. So much stupid tenderness he found in his heart.

He hated to see women so sufficient unto themselves as seemed this mother and daughter and yet he was intrigued by it; liked it; honored it in a glum fashion.

The orchestra was playing; the girl was all alive, dancing from her toes to the tips of her fingers. It would be churlish and mean not to indulge her.

"Do you really want to dance this hot night, Miss Gerald?" he asked.

"I want to dance any night, every night."

"Oh, I hope you are more serious than that!"

She laughed at him, as if challenging him to scold her, as if she didn't care for him any more than her elegant mother cared. One must deal with such a girl! And slightly bewildered in spite of all he knew that he knew, and in spite of all the young women from agencies who had fawned upon him for the post of traveling secretary, thereby confirming his contempt of their sex in general, he raised an eyebrow at Esta, rose; she rose too and they were out upon the floor.

Well, she could dance! How she danced!

"If kept well in hand and not allowed too much rope, she'll be very useful at restaurant dinners when I'm having to put something over," he considered. While she thought, "Oh, what a strange wonderful ending to a brute of a day! Here am I with a fine job, a boss who wants enterprise and initiative. And—and—everything!"

MRS. GERALD did not dance that evening. She was not asked. "Mustn't fuss the woman," Kelly thought, "or I'll have her driving bargains. I know 'em!" She sat on the three brief occasions on which he invited Esta to dance, smilingly content, aloof, restful, smoking cigarette after cigarette in the lovely long enamel holder that she was going to give Esta together with the case, as if her feet were not pulsing to the rhythm.

She regarded Kelly March. In part, she could translate him; in part, he was unknown language to her. A hard man, immune against women yet valuing women as he might value horses, pictures, food, wine, speeding—anything else that could bring



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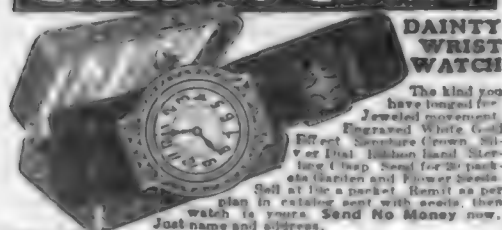
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him a thrill and for which the price could be carefully computed beforehand. She liked him. To her weariness, the restfulness of his complete sophistication was grateful.

She need not pretend, need not put over mother stuff as, "Oh, Mr. March, I cannot let my little girl go so far from me. Oh, Mr. March, I shall miss her so. Oh, Mr. March, we have never been separated." No use to voice her sincere trepidation at her girl going away, so far, with a man strange to them both. Opportunity had come. They could take it or leave it. He knew that she was glad for Esta's chance and would only too willingly release her and that Esta herself was delirious for it. Yes. He could pick and choose. All those fawning young women from the agencies— He knew and she knew.

"If there were only a few innocences, a few new emotions left at my age!" thought Mrs. Gerald. "If only I didn't know everything."

Esta and March returned to the table and sat down.

"It's delightful for Esta to have some dancing," said Mrs. Gerald.

He answered, "I should imagine she can get all the dancing she wants."

Esta laughed, "I could never do that."

"Insatiable?" said March. "Women are."

In the car, driving home without him—he had alighted at his own house in Mayfair Square.

"Well," said Esta, "he's seen me use a knife and fork; he's danced with me and talked to me about all sorts of things. I should think it's all right now shouldn't you, darling?"

"What did he talk about when you were dancing?"

"He went from subject to subject. Had I any pet crazes, theories, missions? Am I good tempered? Am I tactful? Am I resourceful? Do I like work or play best? Do I realize I may have long hours and little leisure? In short, he wanted to know what he was getting for his money."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Gerald, "a business man. And here we are, home again."

"Ciro's! I'd never been there before. I'd been to the smaller places, the ragamuffin places. You know."

"I wish I did," said Mrs. Gerald, unashamed.

THE five days seemed extraordinarily short. She was all ready, the family trunk and the hide suitcase properly reinitialed and not very full, even with their combined contribution. Mrs. Gerald's wardrobe, indeed, was almost cut down to what she stood up in. But what matter? The boat train was at twelve and in her lunch hour taken early that day by permission she could see Esta off.

Kelly March and his other secretary and his valet were all motoring down to Southampton. Esta would join them there on the giant Cunarder. There hadn't been more than the briefest instructions given and received since that night at Ciro's.

"I'm just his secretary, his typist," said Esta. "I mustn't forget it and he doesn't mean me to."

Esta and her mother stood together on the platform amid little groups of excited travelers and their friends. Some lovely women came by, some leisured-looking men. People had bouquets of flowers. Esta had a breast knot of roses, too, that the people at the dairy shop had sent up with their kind wishes. She looked very young and lovely. She kept talking:

"I think over and over again how extraordinary it was that he mistook the house and came up to our flat."

Still Mrs. Gerald had made no comments on that to her.

"Therese, you'll be able to get another

top coat before the cold weather won't you?"

"Of course I shall. You know it."

"And look after yourself, Therese."

"Why not? It's all I have to look after."

Mrs. Gerald wanted to cling to Esta and weep and kiss but did not.

"There, I have to get in. Good-by, ma Good-by."

"Good-by."

Mrs. Gerald stood on the platform waving to the radiant face that had suddenly whitened dreadfully at the parting, until the train had curled out of sight. And then she walked as far as the Embankment Gardens where she lunched frugally out-of-doors. Before her gleamed the river, beautiful on the summer day, and behind her had she looked, she could have seen a great hotel which was full of wealthy people lunching in a very different fashion.

She decided not to think, not to brood, just to wait for whatever it was that people waited for.

Back in her office again, her employer asked her kindly, "Well, how did your daughter get off?" and one or two typists said, "My, your daughter has luck, Mrs. Gerald! I wish it was me." And at last—it seemed a long while—she could go home.

She was back at the flat. "What am I going to live for?" she thought. Time went by. Dusk was coming. She began at last to cry, to see if it helped. Tears used to help. When she began, she could not stop. She sat rocking and crying till at length through her sob-deafened ears came the sound of the persistent knocking on the front door. She still wore her hat and pulling it a little lower, she dried her eyes, powdered her face swiftly and went to the door.

She saw a great, tall, rather lumpy young man in good clothes, a stranger at whom her heart leaped. She stood quite still in the dusk of the threshold, the light behind her.

"Is Mrs. Gerald here?" he began.

She pulled off her hat and gazed up at him. What made her do it? She didn't know. His eyes fastened on her slightly ruffled aureole of white hair. And her silence somehow seemed a sort of answer to him, for he began:

"I looked in the telephone book for Mrs. John Gerald and I found Mrs. Therese Gerald and that's my Mrs. Gerald, the one I'm looking for, and this was the address—" and got no further.

"I am Mrs. Gerald—"

"Ma!"

THE old loving, derisory cry! She knew, all at once as her arms strained around Robert, that there were innocences left, innocences left in a young man for his mother to find and that there were new frantic emotions for her. She drew him in hugging and kissing him, and he hugged and kissed back. Oh, how huge he was! Oh, what a splendid son!

Full under the light they looked at each other. She thrilled. A grown man! Hers! Her first born, her baby, her lost boy. How she thrilled!

"You look fine!" said he.

"My hair's white."

"Lovely. Smart. Chic, Ma!"

And they hugged and kissed again. Simultaneously:

"You alone?" And:

"Where have you been?"

"Australia."

"Australia!"

"Landed this evening at Tilbury; looked for you— You alone here?"

His look took in the size of the place.

She nodded.

"Where's he?"

"Dead."

"Dead! When?"

"Six years ago. Four years after you left."
 "Gosh! I could have written to you all that time. I didn't at first; I was too sore and then I didn't—afraid of making trouble for you and the kid."

The kid. Esta.

They did not linger on all that. The dead were dead. She wanted to know all about him and he about her.

"But how did you get to Australia?"

"Stowed away. Yes. Actually. With some grub I bought before I got on the boat. An awful cattle boat. My word, when they found me—but where's Esta?"

"What did they do when they found you?"

"Licked me and made me work. But you're awfully thin, ma. What have you been doing?"

"Never mind me. They licked you? How dared they! Oh, those nights I had, wondering! And nearly going to the police but that would have meant trouble, your father losing his job perhaps—there was Esta. I kept thinking you'd turn up some day."

"Not me!"

"I prayed and prayed. But go on. They made you work. And then?"

"When they landed me I vamoosed. They'd have handed me over to some kind of authority otherwise. I said I was eighteen. I got farm work right away; it was harvest time. How long have you been here, my old lady?"

"Go on. Where was the work?"

"A farmer met the boat at Sydney and took me off to Victoria. Then I went to Melbourne, then on a sheep farm for years, and that's what I've got to tell you about."

"Tell me quickly. Oh, Bobs, tell me everything at once."

"I'm rich! I'm a damn millionaire in dollars anyway."

"Bobs! Bobs! Bobs!"

"Came home to give you and Esta a good time."

"She's gone to America. Sailed today, a lovely job as traveling secretary—"

"Leaving you!"

"I'm an able business woman!"

"Able, my hat! You're frail as frail. Sit down, Tiny Ma." The old small endearments! "Why don't we sit down? All this yarning—" they sat, side by side, hand in hand—"let's get it all out. All that matters to us. I was working on a sheep farm for a rich boss with a pretty wife. She got bored and left him for some fellow she had met at Melbourne races. Never came back. The boss was awfully unforgiving and when suddenly, he died, he left me all his stuff: lock, stock and barrel, every head of sheep on the place!"

HIS eyes were staring at her solemnly bright as they had done when he was a very little boy about to give her a present.

"To you, Bobs?"

"To me."

"Tell me again, are you rich?"

"Very rich, ma. There's not a great deal doing just now on the farm and I've put in a fine manager, given some one else the job I worked up to! And I've come home to trot you round. What d'you want? Theaters, Ascot races, the cricket matches, restaurants? Hit it up with me!"

"This," she whispered, "is wonderful. A miracle. Not to be believed."

"I'll help your unbelief. But ma, let me stay here tonight. Nice to sleep at home."

"Esta's room. Oh, Bobs!"

"Can we eat here tonight, too? At home?"

"I'll begin cooking supper. The little shops round here aren't shut. I'll get—"

"No, I'll get."

"I'll cook."

"We'll cook."

It was thrilling to be ordered about by one's own grand, tall son. She faltered, all ecstasy and laughter:

"Where are your things?"

"Railway cloakroom. I'll get 'em. And, Tiny Ma, a bottle of bubbly?"

It was sweet. Devastatingly sweet. Holy, wonderful, all of it. He vanished and parcels came up thick and fast. By the time she had spread her best tablecloth and the few good glasses that she had left, he was back with suitcases.

"My great old cabin trunk can stay where it is for tonight."

"Do you know you haven't even asked to look at Esta's portrait? There's her latest."

"My sister's a beauty!"

"We must talk and talk and talk. We'll never get it all said."

"Shan't we?"

SHE was like a girl with a white shingle, he thought, helping her grill the steak and serve the meal. They drank; they talked; a barrel organ came into Hardwick Street and played below their window; he jumped up and seized her and they danced.

"Ma, how you dance! How did you do it?"

"Esta wanted practice. We dance together here whenever a barrel organ plays."

"I'm going to dance with you at all the nicest places. You're the girl for me. All the nicest places in London and Paris."

"Paris!"

"Ma! Would you like to go to Paris?"

"I've never traveled at all, Bobs. I'd love—"

"You shall."

She was so proud.

"How did you get along after he died, then?"

"Any work I could get and I learned typing and shorthand in my spare time. Now I'm just a fairly competent secretary-typist. I make up on tact."

She could laugh. He couldn't.

"You'll drop all that."

After supper, sitting and smoking:

"Smoking's a new gambit for you, ma."

"Darling, I went in for every vice the moment I became a free woman."

"Ah! Freedom! Freedom's great, isn't it?"

"You think so, too, Bobs? So does Esta."

"We saw what we saw when we were kids."

"You mustn't judge entirely . . . But yes, Freedom's great."

"I'll never marry, anyhow. You're the girl for me."

"Woman-hater, Bobs?"

"I've seen some, and had some."

His rather heavy strong lined young face tautened. She recalled, suddenly, Kelly March.

"Esta's secretary to another woman-hater."

He glanced at the portrait on the mantelpiece.

"She may break him of it."

"Couldn't any one break you, Bobs?"

"Not a darned one."

"Lovely, lovely freedom," Mrs. Gerald murmured, soft, slight, sleepy, entranced with the sweet gifts of life.

CHILLS sobered Esta at Southampton. Chills because no one met her, and she must manage passport business, luggage, everything, alone. The knot of roses at the breast of her neat coat-frock seemed no more an augury of gala to come. They were a parting kindness from humble neighbors and no more.

She surveyed the vast wall of the ship's side and saw the antlike streams crossing the gangways. Was Mr. March aboard or awaiting her here? And a cool independence learned in the business world that had

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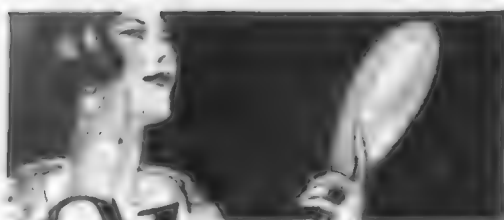
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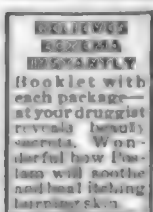
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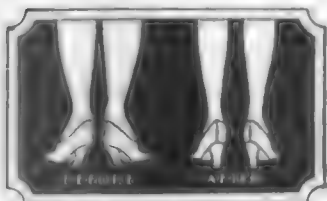
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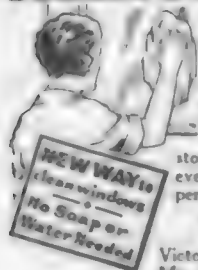
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trained her made her think, "I don't care where he is. I'll go aboard by myself." But it was lonely work, crossing the gangway from, as it were, an old world into a new. Every one else had friends.

Of course ma couldn't possibly have afforded the rail fare to Southampton, after all their contrivings to fill the family trunk and the suitcase but at this moment it seemed as if somehow she ought to have done it. One felt strangely orphaned. And to an inquiring, obliging steward she said, "B.2." and wandered down a wide companionway and found B.2, and shut herself in.

She surveyed the appointments of the cabin and the first thing her eyes lighted on was a long cardboard box on the neat bed addressed to her. She literally tore it to bits in her anxiety for a message. She found sweet peas and a slip of paper. "Darling Esta, make hay. Ma."

She cursed herself for having felt discouraged. Ma knew. Ma had provided a little sop for this loneliness. And arranging the flowers in a tooth glass, she saw, on her dressing chest a note formally inscribed, "Miss E. Gerald." It was from Kelly March.

Dear Miss Gerald: I have no doubt that saying your good-bys and unpacking and so on will occupy you till dinner time; therefore please don't feel yourself obliged to trouble about me. There is nothing I wish done at the moment that Sir Tudor cannot do. Our dinner table is No. 143, and I suggest eight-fifteen for dinner. I trust this will be convenient; if not, please make your own arrangements. K. F. March.

IT WAS three o'clock. By five she had received her luggage, been greeted by a nice stewardess and was unpacking very carefully the garments she and ma, between them, had managed to provide. Her throat was lumpy inside. How austere, peremptorily, he wrote. When was a girl not a girl? When she was Mr. Kelly March's secretary. Not an arrangement made for her comfort, not a greeting, not a genial gesture! One did not, of course, need those things; only, somehow, one expected them. One's feelings were hurt, like the feelings of an innocent child who has been met on an eagerly anticipated threshold with a frown. He was an unkind man, this Kelly March, selfish and arrogant. He did not care for the happiness or unhappiness of others, not anyway for those who served him.

Never mind. She dashed away tears that had risen, kissed the sweet peas and took to herself Tiny Ma's laconic message, "Make hay."

She felt a smooth gliding motion of the ship moving out to sea. She did not know that this was a moment watched by most travelers, the tugs taking up position, slowly straining, pulling, maneuvering the monster, escorting her from the fine harbor.

Esta merely went to her open port-hole and saw a glimpse of it: Southampton receding, the coast line falling back, the ships and little fishing boats and rowing boats and electric launches and idle yachts being passed, one by one. Gulls wheeled about the Cunarder, dazzling in the sunlight. They were out, heading slowly as yet, across the Channel for Cherbourg.

Esta remained a long while, kneeling on the sofa-berth under the port-hole, gazing out at the blue sea, the burning sky, the drifting sun-silvered gulls growing fewer and fewer.

Voices came to her, drifted down the corridors or from the deck where people passed and repassed. Most people were in twos, anyway not alone. A brilliant-looking

woman or two went by in superexcellent clothes, escorted. Beyond this little cabin, B.2, was an atmosphere of expectancy. She heard the chink of tea trays being carried, and far off, very faint, the strains of an orchestra.

"I ought to explore."

Esta explored, thoroughly, persistently, with determination. She went through palm lounges, a ballroom, a smoke room, along hot white decks and up to A deck and thence up to the boat deck, where very young people had already begun to play deck tennis. She watched them for a little while, withdrawn, solitary, standing back against the rail between the boats. She heard snatches of business talk as men tramped past her and snatches of talk indicating plans for future fun and revelry during the next few days. She faced forward and felt the wind as well as the sun play on her hair. Finally she went down again to dress for dinner.

IN ALL her explorings she had not met Kelly March. His note to her was the only indication that he was really on the ship.

She had in her purse about fifteen shillings, all she possessed in the world, not enough for tips. But then, surely, March paid all tips. She had a brief moment of worry about that, with the sensitiveness of inexperienced youth, while she selected her frock for dinner.

She was so frightened, yes, really cold fingered and chill blooded with fright, that she thought, "I'll put on my best things, all the amber colored things Therese and I thought out." She could hear Tiny Ma saying, "It does a woman good to be absolutely matching throughout. You shall have one outfit like that anyhow." So, it had been. She had amber-colored lingerie, one set, an amber-colored frock picked up on the first day of the sales, which luckily were just beginning. They had carefully placed a knot of yellow roses upon one shoulder. She had an amber necklace, the only thing she had that was over five pounds in value. She powdered her face, reddened her mouth, burnished her hair with the most extreme care. Her finger-nails had been manicured devotedly that very morning, as she sat out under the orange umbrella.

"Surely," she thought, "I shall do." Never before, she was sure, had she "done" so well. This was her apex. Her hasty efforts, and ma's, for that night at Ciro's had shown nothing to compare with this leisured, powdered, sleek young thing looking out of the mirror. Her feet were in ma's satin shoes; she slung over her arm ma's gay near-Chinese shawl and went out.

A MINUTE late. All the better. A revolt rose in her against letting Kelly March see that she was eager, anxious. He had opened the gates to an unexplored world, was paying a salary nearly twice as much as she'd had before, was providing for her the most luxurious form of travel, outside cabin to herself and probably wine every evening and yet she was for some curious reason in revolt against him.

She turned out of her corridor and saw an exquisite creature in an ermine cloak and diamond-heeled shoes, just entering the lift to descend to the dining room, fawned upon by two or three of the glossiest of men. Not the nicest of men, but the glossiest and probably the wealthiest; her city training showed her that. Oh! she didn't want to go down in the lift with the creature in ermine, with her incredible, beautiful shoes! But the lift paused for her and she entered, and glances swept over her. She did not return them.

The ermine lady's face in a way was

familiar. It wasn't pretty at close range but it was young, quick, hard, pleasing, gay, experienced. And suddenly Esta had it! This was "Blossom," the dancer, no doubt down in the passenger list under her full name which few of the public knew. Yes! She was close to Blossom, London's darling. All the papers had been saying that she was sailing shortly in order to fulfil an early fall engagement in New York where she was to make her debut.

Blossom was miraculously white, scented and soft. And of course, Esta knew it, these big ships carried scores of famous beauties like this but she hadn't thought much about it before.

"**W**HY did ma and I take so much trouble? What does it matter? One can't compete with such elegance."

They stepped out of the lift and she went hesitatingly into the great dining saloon. A band was playing seductively. A steward, seeing her hesitation, helped her. "Number 143, madam; over that side." She threaded her way and saw Kelly March's head to her right. There was another man at the table.

Both of them were waiting for her with strained punctiliousness. She reached them. They looked up and rose. The strained punctiliousness left the face of the other man like a flash. He stared at her out of well set dark eyes from a handsome young face. He was tall. His clothes were perfect. His lips were ready to smile. They looked at one another.

"Ha, Miss Gerald," said March, "we were just hoping you wouldn't keep us long. No, no, you've really been very good." He meant, "It's what one expects of a woman, isn't it?" He did not seem to observe her amber frock, nor the careful shingle, nor those really perfectly sweet shoes of ma's, nor anything. He did not seem to care. He shook hands with her and indicated the seat between them and presented the other man to her.

"Let me introduce Sir Tudor Charles, Miss Gerald; you'll be working together, so I hope you'll get on nicely." The young man only smiled as he bowed but his smile said much.

They sat down. "Will you take a cocktail, Miss Gerald," said March, "or have you had one?"

"I'd like one, please. A dry Martini, please."

Had she had a cocktail! With fifteen shillings in her purse and no pay due till a day or so after landing! She thought, "Have I had a cocktail! He's as callous as they're made; not a thought, not a bit of comprehension! Oh, yes, I'll have a cocktail and anything else I can get! I'll grab all I can."

"Another for you, Charles?"

"Thanks, sir."

MARCH gave the order. And he sat there, lean, saturnine, quizzical, a sharp light in his blue eyes, watching for a moment the two younger people and wondering about them.

He too knew that they would take all they could get.

Why not?

The young man and the girl were glancing at each other covertly. Under cover of "How smooth the Channel is," and "Hate the first day out, don't you, Miss Gerald?"

and "This is my first trip," and "Oh, really? You've been busy doing all your unpacking I suppose," and "The sunset was very fine," they were taking stock of each other. Bound to, of course. For perfect machine-made peace March ought really to have got a stringy worthy woman with a long list of credentials. But in Hardwick Street he had seen that gorgeous head.

"Martini all right, Miss Gerald?"

"Very good, thanks."

Kelly put out his hand and readjusted the shawl which was slipping from her chair back. Her pride felt a qualm. Did he recognize it? Of course not. It was too humble a fake for his recognition. His recognition was a connoisseur's, no other. She knew that.

"Lots of people traveling; quite an interesting crowd from the list," said Tudor Charles. "Lots of stage folks, writers, artists and movie people."

"Quite," Kelly answered. Inside himself he felt sardonic amusement. First thing they looked at, the Tudor Charleses, was the passenger list to see who was going, what rich old New Yorker on the east bound trip, or what creditable looking stage star on any trip they could make acquaintance with.

The girl looked up. Really, she was lovely. She was all he had remembered her on the roof-garden and in his arms dancing at Ciro's.

SHE said with youthful excitement, "Do you know, I'm sure Blossom is on board? I'm sure I came down with her and her party in the lift. And I read somewhere that she was sailing for America."

They smiled.

"Oh, we know she's on board," Kelly March answered. "She's been putting down cocktails marvelously well, hasn't she, Sir Charles?"

The young man laughed. He turned to Esta.

"In Mr. March's suite," he explained. "She brought her party in just a little while before dinner."

"In Mr. March's suite!" Suite? He traveled magnificently, she might have known. It would have been considerate of him to have sent an invitation to this party to her.

She drained her Martini.

"She's perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed vivaciously.

They smiled again.

"I expect you know her well, Mr. March?" she said, not wanting to ask such a vapid, such an intrusive question yet asking it all the same. It wasn't the easiest thing to talk to these men.

"I have had the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance for at least two or three years. I believe."

"Is she—" why did she go on? Her questions must be boring. But she felt somehow lonely and stranded with these two men, both so much of the world. "Is she nice? Do you like her? It must be wonderful to know her."

"I always like the best," said Kelly March.

Her table napkin slid from her lap and Tudor Charles bent to restore it. As he restored it their fingers met warmly; his eyes glinted a discreet and secret sympathy with her. "I understand," said Tudor Charles' eyes, and Esta read and accepted his message to her.



New eyes for old

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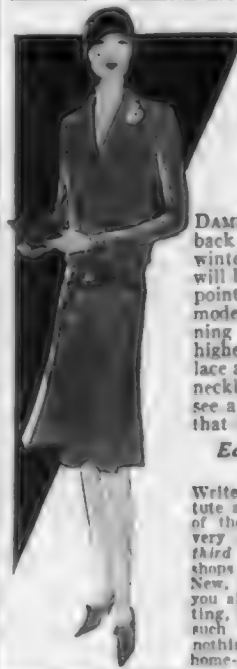
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The Right Angle of the Triangle

[Continued from page 37]

these statements and had sent to each a well-considered reply.

Was there after all any right angle to the eternal triangle? He picked up the copies of the three answers he had written and began to read them. Had his advice been good?

The caller he was momentarily expecting might be able to throw some light on that question.

The first of his letters of advice, the one he had sent to Vance's wife, Margaret, was brief.

DEAR Mrs. Russell: Permit me to thank you for writing so promptly. You have been very frank. I shall be equally frank in reply.

A careful study of your statement of the case in connection with the one sent me by Vance forces me to the conclusion that there exists between you a gulf so wide that you do not realize its existence for the reason that you have not the vision to see its opposite side.

You say that you have been a good wife to Vance. A wife's first and greatest duty is to make her husband happy. In that, I fear, you have signally failed. It is not enough for a woman to give her husband a comfortable home. Comfort is not happiness.

In all the years of your marriage have you ever stopped to think of Vance, not just as your husband, but as another and quite independent human being, filled with all sorts of hopes, ambitions, fears? Have you ever tried to find out what those hopes and ambitions and fears were? To understand what he was trying to do in life, besides supplying you and your children with the comforts and luxuries of a home? Hasn't your interest in his career been confined entirely to whether or not he has made enough money to pay your bills?

You say you will not give Vance a divorce. I suppose you intend to try to hold him legally. My dear Mrs. Russell, your problem is a far bigger one than that. If you have lost Vance's love, no court can give it back to you. Have you so failed in the years of your married life with him that he is obliged to look elsewhere for the things he has not found in you? You blame Mrs. Perry. Yet she could never have come between your husband and yourself if you had not left room. It is so easy for complacent, self-satisfied wives to put the blame for their troubles upon the other woman. In too many cases they have no one to blame but themselves.

YOU have made a fetish of your home and your children. Yet you will not make them happier by gratifying their every wish. Your daughter might be better off at work than angling for a husband. And your son may be in greater danger from having everything he wants than from any bad example his father will set him. If you thought more of your husband and less of your children you would serve their interests better in the long run.

So far as Vance is concerned you have a far more serious problem on your hands than a passing infatuation for an attractive woman. He is an unhappy man, sick in spirit rather than in body. If you cannot make him happy some one else will. I may be wrong but I do not think he is so much in love with Mrs. Perry as he is with the idea of being free. Not free from you and his children so much as free from the treadmill in which he has been kept. Mrs. Perry merely represents a way out, in my opinion not the only way.

I am giving him some counsel which I

hope he will follow. Whether he does or not rests with him. Meanwhile, I urge you to forget all about your legal hold on him and try to establish a worthier and more understanding one. Relax his responsibilities in every way possible. Give him absolute freedom to rest, to dream, to play, no matter at what material cost to you. Abandon all ideas of trying to force him back into the old rut.

Should you succeed you would break his spirit, in which case he would be of no further use to you or any one else. Should you fail, as you are almost certain to do, you will lose him forever. His future, if you have the good sense to see it, is more in your hands than in the hands of Mrs. Perry but in fighting for him you have got to fight as a woman and not his wife. Otherwise you are lost. Very truly yours, R. L. Whittridge.

The doctor's second letter of advice was addressed to Mrs. Evelyn Perry.

DEAR Mrs. Perry: It was good of you to write me so candidly. I see that you are a woman of courage, of intelligence, of understanding. If you really have Vance's welfare at heart you will help me save him.

You and Vance feel that you are deeply in love with each other. I am skeptical about what the world calls love. Think me a cynic if you will but I consider the spiritual bond which you believe to exist between Vance and yourself an illusion. You are mentally congenial; you attract each other but the real basis of that attraction is physical. And since physical attraction is almost never permanent, romances based upon it usually end in disaster unless supported by such mutual interests as children and a home. How can Vance give you those things if his wife is not willing to divorce him?

Like every man and woman in your position you dream of going away together and starting life all over. You can't start life all over. What is behind you must always form a part of it as well as what is ahead. Were Vance sufficiently ruthless to brush his wife and children aside in order to seek happiness with you what assurance is there that he might not, with equal ruthlessness, brush you aside later on in favor of some other woman?

Look about you at the couples who have sought happiness in defiance of convention. Haven't their romances all gone on the rocks sooner or later? Such things as marriage, family, home, may seem old-fashioned but no man or woman has yet found lasting happiness without them.

Vance's problem, as I see it, is one which concerns him far more than it does either you or his wife. I think he should look for happiness in himself not in some one else and it is along those lines I am advising him. Help him to carry out the program I suggest; it may not seem romantic to you but I believe it is practical. If my prescription fails do as you think best. But first give it a chance. Vance, if he decides to follow it, will tell you what I have advised. Sincerely yours, R. L. Whittridge.

The third letter was longer and the doctor read it with greater care than he had bestowed upon the other two.

My dear Vance: I have received not only your letter but those from your wife and Mrs. Perry. I asked for them because I wanted to study your domestic triangle from all three of its angles, to get a picture of each of you from three widely-differing points of view.

It is amazing how these pictures differ.

Take, for instance, Mrs. Perry. To you she seems the perfect woman. To your wife she is a scheming, unscrupulous creature, trying to break up your home. In reality she is merely a lonely widow who has found some one she can love.

Or take your own case which concerns me most deeply. Mrs. Perry regards you as the victim of a wife's stupidity, your spirit crushed beneath a load of domestic responsibilities. Your wife, on the contrary, considers you a romantic fool in the grip of a silly infatuation. I look on you as merely a rather tired man striving to find that elusive thing we call happiness.

In seeking it you are making, it seems to me, one fundamental mistake. You think because you are unhappy with one woman that your only chance of escape is with another. That is not true. If your domestic situation is suffocating you why not make yourself really free? You won't do it just by swapping one set of responsibilities for another.

YOU will say that you love Mrs. Perry, that you can't be happy without her. My dear Vance, let me tell you how I honestly feel about that. You are a man of forty-five. Your first youth has passed. Life begins to seem dull, drab and unromantic. You have met a woman much younger than yourself who loves you and wants to make you happy. That flatters your vanity and you look to the inspiration of this woman's love to lift you out of a rut.

You feel that Mrs. Perry inspires you. You want to start life over again with her and do big things. Yet I feel sure that once you have won her, your inspiration will end as well. Then what will happen? Either you will become tired of each other and part, or you will marry, have children and settle down to face very much the same domestic problems you are facing today, except that you will have two families to support instead of one. I don't see how you are going to find happiness that way.

My advice to you is to put both women out of your mind for the time being and devote yourself to your work. If your family is spending too much money, if their demands upon you are too heavy, cut those demands down. Give up your house if need be. Continue to live apart from your wife if that will furnish the freedom you need. Be your own master.

It will not be easy I know. You will miss your home and your children on the one hand and you will feel that you have lost your big chance of happiness on the other. But to compensate for these things you will be free, which I think is what you most need. Try this for a year; at the end of that time you will know far better than you can possibly know now which of these two women, if either, is necessary to your happiness. Forget your present troubles and try to remember how often the mountains of today are but molehills tomorrow. Take the advice I give you; it comes not only from the head but from the heart. Affectionately your friend, R. L. Whittridge.

FOR a moment the doctor sat in silence. Then with an exclamation he swept the letters into a drawer, crossed the room and began poking at the logs in the fireplace. Soon they burst into a cheerful flame.

He himself was far from cheerful as he awaited his expected caller. The advice he had given Vance Russell a year ago had seemed good advice then. Now he was not so sure. Facts were facts. As a man of science he could not deny that, but human beings did not always respond to them as one expected.

The thought gave him some uneasiness as he stood with his back to the blazing logs. There was Vance for instance. He



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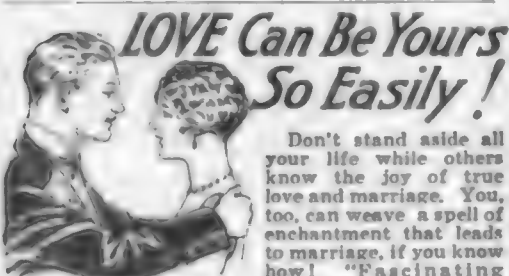
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had followed the advice given him, had moved from his expensive home, demanded that his family practice a rigid economy, plunged relentlessly into his work. And yet things somehow failed to click. The mechanism moved but there seemed to be no driving force, no fire, behind it. Something was lacking. Could it be that vague and imponderable factor called love?

THEN had come the breakdown, the complete nervous collapse, followed by months in a sanitarium. Expensive months the doctor well knew; he had not counted on them nor on the fresh difficulties which faced his patient when he recovered. Neglected work, loss of clients, debts—the usual difficulties which confronted the professional man, dependent for income upon his health, his personal efforts.

And, to cap the climax, the break with his wife. Mrs. Russell, the doctor thought, was far too bitter. It was absurd for her to throw all the blame upon the other woman. Some, at least, lay at her own door. Her pride had been hurt of course. It was not easy to face her friends in a cheap apartment, doing her own work. But to leave Vance, to take the children and go back to her parents, because he was in difficulties, that had been a coward's part. She had spoken vaguely of waiting until he "got on his feet" but in fact she had deserted her husband just when he needed her most.

WOMEN were like that the doctor reflected. Mrs. Perry had done no better. Claiming a wish to leave him free so that he might work out his own salvation she had vanished from his life completely without even leaving an address. Friends, returning from abroad, had spoken of seeing her in England, on the Continent, at gay resorts. Was there any woman upon whom a man could depend?

Again the doctor poked the fire and consulted his watch. Had he made a mess of things? He would soon know; the caller he was expecting was already ten minutes late.

And then, following a light knock at the door, she came—a dark and slender woman who, in spite of her high courage in her eyes, gave one the impression of being very tired and worn.

For a moment the doctor studied her face, noted the breadth of her forehead, the humor of her wide, sensitive mouth, the defiant lift on her chin.

"I am Evelyn Perry," she said. "You sent for me?"

"Yes." The doctor placed a chair before the fire. "I wired you yesterday as soon as I learned that you had returned from your trip abroad."

"Why?"

"Vance wants to see you."

Mrs. Perry's smile was enigmatic.

"Really?" she whispered. "Then your prescription did not work."

WITH sudden suspicion Dr. Whitridge searched his caller's face. Was there irony in her quiet tones?

"I realize," he said, "that you were not in sympathy with my efforts."

"You are wrong," Mrs. Perry interrupted.

"I was in sympathy with anything that would be for Vance's good. That is why

I put myself out of his life as you asked. Is he well? Happy? Have you cured him?"

"Don't you know?"

"How should I?" There was a slight tremor in Mrs. Perry's cool voice; she placed her hand upon the doctor's arm. "Then you have failed? What has happened? Where is he?"

"Just at present," the doctor said, "he is here, living in my house as he used to do when a boy."

"Then if he wants to see me why do you not take me to him?" There was impatience in her manner.

The doctor tossed his cigar into the fireplace.

"Mrs. Perry," he said, "Vance does want to see you. That is true. But before I can allow you to see him there are certain things that you must know. When you have heard what I have to say you may not want to see him at all."

"Go on, please," Mrs. Perry said.

"In the first place, Vance is ill."

"Oh!" For an instant the woman's composure was shattered. Then she said, "You medical men are all alike, claiming to cure the ills of the body while granting nothing to the soul. I hate your materialism. I suppose you would rather see Vance die than admit there is such a thing as love! What is the matter with him?"

"PHYSICALLY nothing except that he needs a long rest. Mentally, spiritually, he is a very sick man. For one thing, he seems to have lost his faith in women, perhaps in life itself. His body is a shell within which lives a soul without hope. Some of this is due, no doubt, to the fact that his business has been swept away. He is practically penniless. But his greatest trouble comes from his curious indifference to life. He does not seem to want to go on. It is something I cannot touch. If you think you can—"

"Let me see him," Mrs. Perry interrupted. "Please, let me go to him."

"No. Not until I have finished. Vance, as I say, is without money, without health, without faith—without—I shall use your own word—love. His wife has left him although she refuses to divorce him. If some one loved him enough—again I use your word—to take him away, care for him, nurse him, restore to him his faith in himself and in the world—if some woman could do those things and at the same time face the certain fact that his wife will not divorce him, if what you and he have called love is big enough to do all that, then I am ready to grant its existence."

"IT IS the only way I know to cure him but the woman's sacrifice would be terrific. If you are ready to make it, I will take you to him. If not—and I grant it is something no one has the right to ask—you will for his sake, go back to New York without seeing him at all, without his even knowing that you have been in the house. The choice is yours."

For a long moment Mrs. Perry sat silently. Then she laughed and her laughter was like the music of temple bells.

"Take me to him at once," she said. "You know I love him better than anything in the world."

GARY and Virginia hit all the high spots—night-clubs, parties, cocktails at midnight and bromides in the morning. That was their life and they loved it. But one day Virginia got a cottage-in-the-country complex, and when two birds of paradise try to be barn-swallows, the complications that ensue are hilarious. "Tuxedo" in March SMART SET bubbles like Gary's champagne

The Diary of Peggy Joyce

[Continued from page 41]

that was fine but when we went out yesterday morning I found they ride differently here from the way we do in Norfolk, the saddles are small and there are four bridles and a person has to know which to pull, it is quite complicated.

I do not think I shall learn bridge though because you have to learn with three other people and why should a person show three other people she is Ignorant? Sherby says he will teach me golf when no one is around.

A girl must not show she is too ignorant, men do not like ignorant girls.

I am not really ignorant, I am only young.

Apparently the following paragraphs were written the same day.

I must write about our home.

Sherby's Mother has had the whole top floor furnished for us, she calls it the Attick but it is not really an attick, it is a suite of rooms and they have been specially furnished for us while we were on our honeymoon.

The furniture is much better than in Everett's house, it looks older and more distinguished. Sherby says it has been in the Family for hundreds of years, but it does not look old like that, it is all polished and very beautiful. I have my own boudoir, the walls have green panels and ivory doors and there is a divine toilet table all ivory and gold, I mean colors, and it looks wonderful with the silver brushes & things Sherby has bought for me.

I have my own private bath, it is the first time I have had a bath all to myself, it is wonderful.

I have not seen Mr. Hopkins Senior yet he does not live here.

The next entry is three weeks later.

TUESDAY. I love Washington and some of the people who live here are very attractive.

In Virginia people have jobs but in Washington they have Positions or Posts and none of them do any work.

They have offices I suppose but in the morning you meet them riding and in the afternoon they play tennis and golf and in the evening they are always dancing at the Shoreham or one of the Embassies or Legations so I do not know when they go to their offices.

When a girl is not riding or shopping or playing golf or dancing in Washington she is changing her clothes, it is queer how many clothes one has to have in Washington. I have two riding habits, two tailor-mades for shopping, some tea-dresses and five evening gowns, only I think I shall buy some more evening gowns as really I can not be seen in the same one twice in the same week and we go out almost every night somewhere.

Sherby says if it wasn't for the war we would go to Europe, it is the season there now, but nobody is going this year because they have no music or dancing in Paris and as Sherby says why go to Paris if you cannot dance or listen to music?

Sherby says he may enlist in the British Army and be an aviator but I do not think he means it and anyway I would not let him go, unless I could be a nurse and nurse him when he is wounded.

It is very Tense here in Washington because of the War and a lot of people who were great friends have become Enemies and will not speak to each other.

I am going to give a dinner party and Sherby says I may invite Englishmen and Americans but not South Americans or

Germans or Frenchmen, they take the War too seriously.

None of the Embassies or Legations that are in the War are giving any Receptions now so most of the dinners and dances are held in the hotels or homes except for the Peru and Chili embassies they have a Reception nearly every week.

I am going to the next dance at the Chili Embassy and am so thrilled because I suppose it will be full of Spies and Adventurers and there may be Trouble.

Miss Joyce did not know she was "writing for publication," so the next entry in her diary unfortunately omits mention of any "spies" or "trouble." She merely says of it—

FRIDAY. Had a wonderful time at Chilean Embassy last night, did not get home until 3 A. M. Mr. Hopkins Senior was there, it was the first time I have seen him, he is very Distinguished and has medals. There is a very handsome man who is First Secretary and a wonderful dancer, but I can not spell his name.

Likewise Peggy's first visit to the White House evokes only this comment—

TUESDAY. Sherby took me to the White House yesterday we visited the grounds and some of the rooms, I do not think they are as well furnished as our house and they do not look comfortable. We did not see President Wilson, he is away in North Carolina with Mr. Tumulty. I would not like to live in the White House because it is so big and cold but the grounds are very attractive.

Sherby says the White House is not very fashionable any more because President Wilson is not in Society. So I said, I thought the President was always in Society, but Sherby said, No, not President Wilson, he does not like Society and besides at his Receptions they only serve Lemonade.

Well of course almost Anyone can be President but you must be born in Society or anyway Married to a man born in Society to really be in Society.

Sherby has bought me a diamond bracelet and he is going to teach me to drive so I can have my own Car. He is going to buy me an Electric.

THURSDAY. Sherby has had a cold and is Irritable, he asked me today if I still loved him. Of course I still love him, I think he is wonderful, but really when a girl is in Society and has so many things to do she can not spend all her time Loving.

The First Secretary of the Chilean Embassy says I am the Most Beautiful Woman in Washington.

He says if I went on the Stage I would be known as the Most Beautiful Woman in the World but of course I laughed and said he was silly & besides I shall never go on the Stage. All that is Behind me.

I wonder if a girl could go on the Stage and still be in Society? Of course I do not mean myself.

The Chileans are wonderful dancers, like the Argentines.

Mr. Hopkins is a very clever man and is the lawyer for most of the countries in Central America and South America. He is Brilliant and not very old. I do not often see him. He is very busy now because there is a Revolution in Mexico and we are going to send soldiers there and Mr. Hopkins says, if America does that there will be War.

I hope there will not be a war but I suppose it would not be a very dangerous



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War in Mexico, not like the War in Europe. The British & French & Germans are wearing uniforms here at Receptions, they look very smart. I bet Sherby would look wonderful in a uniform, he is so big and tall and handsome.

The next entry is one month later.

MONDAY. Grannie wrote that Mother was sick so I went down to Norfolk and she had had one of her attacks, but was feeling better.

It was lovely being home and seeing Mother and Grannie again but they asked so many questions I thought they never would stop. I had not seen them since my marriage because they would not come to Washington and I could not go to Norfolk. So they really did not know anything about my husband or his family except they were very rich. Grannie's first question was, Are you happy, baby? Which was just like her. So I told them that I loved my husband and that he was a darling and I was very happy.

I had to tell them what my home was like and all about my rooms and the parties I went to, of course it was natural that they should be curious but it was difficult to tell them everything because they are so different and it is hard for them to understand.

The dress I had on was the plainest I had and I wore a motoring coat without fur and tried to be as simple as I could but Mother kept on saying what a wonderful costume and what did it cost. Of course I said I did not know because I had charge accounts, and Mother said, well it isn't fair to your husband to go buying things like that without asking the price, maybe they'd have come down. I wonder what she would have said if she had seen my ermine.

I wonder why it is that the simpler and plainer you are the more life seems complicated.

Mother seems to think I should go down on my knees to Sherby and thank him for marrying me. Well I felt like that once, but after all he has got me.

It seemed funny that Norfolk was no longer Home to me, but that is Life and after all Home is where you are happiest.

I only saw one person I knew, it was Ada Clement. She was coming out of the Library as we passed so I stopped the car when I saw she had seen me and said, Hello Ada.

But it turned out she hadn't recognized me and when she did she looked very cool and distant and said, O, Hello Peggy, you've been away haven't you?

Of course she knew very well I had been married to one of the richest men in Washington but she would not say anything about that although she used to be a friend of mine.

Girls do not make real friends like men do because they are always getting jealous and Envious.

So I said, Well, good-by Ada, remember me to your Mother, dear, and waved my hand, and told the chauffeur to continue. Ada was wearing the same dress she bought just before I went away, I recognized it because I was with her when she bought it. Nearly ten months! No wonder she is Envious.

A few entries, extending over several months, are here omitted as having no bearing on the story. Chiefly they are exclamations at the gay life of Washington and in several she mentions presents—a necklace, a ring, a wrist-watch, given her by her husband, whose devotion seems to have been constant. Then followed an incident which again changed the course of her life.

THURSDAY. I am invited to a Grand Ball at the Shoreham Hotel given by one of the legations and I am so thrilled because it is the first formal ball I have been to and I shall have to wear a train. Sherby says it will be all right because I am tall and willowy, short women cannot wear trains. I have tried mine on and it looks very nice, quite the best-looking dress I have ever had, but it is hard to walk in. The fitter says there is no trick to it and I shall be all right when I have had practice. I am wearing my hair all friled up on top of my head, which is the latest fashion. I saw a girl today with bobbed hair like a boy, I think she was terrible.

SATURDAY. I am quite sick and ill and may have to go to the hospital because I fell down the stairs at the entrance to the Shoreham ballroom. I was

THE first instalment of Peggy's Diary appeared in the January issue of SMART SET. Copies of this issue will be sent to you postpaid for twenty-five cents each

so ashamed. I got down several steps all right, then the train got under my feet and I tripped. Sherby tried to save me but he wasn't quick enough and I fell all the way down. I had to go home and I have had severe Pains since.

Later, I am to go to Famway sanitarium the doctor thinks an operation may be necessary.

SUNDAY. I am not to have my child because of the accident. I am so sad. They are very good to me here.

Peggy was ill for several weeks and the death of her hopes of motherhood was only the beginning of a fresh cycle of trouble which was to land her in New York, alone and penniless.

TUESDAY. Mr. B—the Chilean secretary has given me a wonderful embroidered shawl, it is the handsomest I have ever seen and is much admired. Sherby does not like the Chilean. He says he is false. Well if I were Sherby or any man I would not talk. Of course I would not believe what Mr. B— says. I wonder who Miss — is. She is no friend of mine anyway.

THURSDAY. I have met Miss —. A woman can be very charming to men and still not be liked by other women, can't she? I am not very strong because of my Operation and I do not think it is fair I should be worried so.

FRIDAY. I have asked Sherby straight out and he denies and says, Can't he be friends with persons without my getting jealous? I am not jealous I am only very unhappy.

SATURDAY. I cannot stand this any longer. Mrs. Hopkins says, Do not do anything rash Peggy it will all smooth over and Sherby does love you tremendously. It is true I suppose but I cannot bear the strain, I am going away. I suppose I am a very foolish girl but I am not quite myself anyway.

SUNDAY. I have left Sherby Hopkins for ever. He said the things I heard were not true but I couldn't believe him and I couldn't live with a man I did not

trust. But I still love him, I cannot help loving him, he is so handsome and generous.

I did not take his presents with me when I left, I put them out on the dressing-table where he could see them and I took only eight dollars in cash because I would not ask him for money to leave him with and I only took a few of my dresses, just one suitcase. I am leaving millions and a good home and a place in society and I do not know what will become of me, but I suppose I will have to go on the stage. Mr. B— says I will be the most beautiful woman on the New York stage and will conquer the world.

I wonder how a person goes on the stage? I am scribbling this in the sleeper. I cannot sleep. I do not know New York so I am going to the St. Regis hotel where we stayed on our honeymoon. At least I am still Mrs. Hopkins and I can use his suite which he keeps there.

TUESDAY. I have been at the St. Regis a week and have no more money. I have written to Sherby but he has not replied. At least he is my husband and I did not think he would have such a cold heart. I wonder if Mrs. Hopkins will write.

It is not much fun in New York when nobody knows you. I spend all my time looking in the shop windows and walking up and down Fifth avenue which I love, but I have to take all my meals in my room because I have no more Money, it is really terrible to be without money and alone. The manager of the hotel is beginning to look at me funny. I do not know yet how a person goes on the stage but I will get there Somehow.

Three weeks later

FRIDAY. The manager has telephoned and come up, he is very courteous but he says I cannot stay here any longer because they have sent the bills to Mr. Hopkins in Washington like I told them to and Mr. Hopkins has refused to pay them, so unless I can pay them myself I must go. I said, Cannot a husband be forced to support his wife? The manager said, you will have to see a lawyer about that, but I think Mr. Hopkins would support you if you returned to Washington.

So then I realized Sherby is trying to make me go back to him and will even starve me to Get His Own Ends. Well I will defy him. So I told the manager I could not pay the bill just now but expected to be able to pay it very soon, and he said, I am sorry, Mrs. Hopkins but under the circumstances I think I would go to a hotel that is not so expensive, we will send you to the Beauclair which is quite a nice house, if you like, but we cannot permit you to remain here.

So I am going to the Beauclair Hotel tomorrow and I am very miserable but I will not let anyone know it, and I will not return to my husband although I love him so much it hurts.

Mr. B— promised to write to me and come to see me in New York but I have not heard from him although I have written twice, I wonder if he is ill. I will never trust another man.

WEDNESDAY. This is terrible the manager of the Beauclair says he cannot afford to allow me to have my meals in the hotel unless I make a deposit because I have so little baggage, I think the manager of the St. Regis must have told him that I had no Money. I have telegraphed to Sherby because after all he has always made me an allowance and I am still his Wife, but he has not replied.

What shall I do?

THURSDAY. If it had not been for that man last night I would have had nothing to eat yesterday and I do not know what I shall do today, besides the manager says I will have to leave my room tonight unless I pay my bill and they will keep my valise.

Sherby has written but he says I must return to Washington for my allowance. He will send me a ticket if I ask.

I will not give in. I will starve first. It was his fault not mine and he must be the one to give in.

New York is a terrible city it is so big and nobody cares what becomes of a person if she has no money. I wish I had 1 dollar, I would get some breakfast. I wonder if that man who paid for my dinner last night would buy me my lunch? But of course I could not ask him. He spoke to me just as I was going out last night and said, Excuse me, young lady, but I'm an old fellow and lonesome and I see you are lonely too so why don't we have dinner together? And of course he didn't know that I had not eaten all day and I could not tell him but I accepted and thanked him it was a good dinner. Hunger will make a girl do things she would not do if she had Money.

Later. The man is not in the hotel he has left. I am frightened but I will not give in. I will put on my little chequered suit and go to every Theater. I am sure I will get a job. I wish I had some breakfast, it is hard to walk without my breakfast and the theaters are a long way away down Broadway.

Peggy, friendless and alone, without a penny in her pocket and no food in her stomach, sets out from a hard-hearted hotel in the Nineties to walk down Broadway in quest of fame. Unknown to her, it lurks right around the corner.

Next Month—The Chorus Girl's Creed

YOU must not miss the chorus girl's creed which Peggy Joyce says was given to her by Fanny Brice for her protection in the whirlpool of Broadway life.

In the third instalment of her diary, in the March issue, Peggy's life becomes spectacular and hectic. It moves so fast she herself doesn't know what it is all about. Ziegfeld "glorifies" her. Shubert "steals" her away, and she becomes a real Broadway star.

Regiments of men, who a few weeks before wouldn't notice her, now pursue her, and the avalanche of jewels and publicity that brings so much happiness and woe starts.



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Paris Letter

[Continued from page 79]

achieve the same delightfully chic result.

That is the reason I have been asked to start this department, to give you lessons in building as the French girl builds. Please don't think I am partial or not appreciative of just how charming the average American girl is. But I haven't forgotten how much I have had to learn, nor how much it would have helped if there had been some one to tell me how to go about the reformation. For when I left my home town in Iowa ten years ago, insofar as appearance goes, it would be hard to imagine any one who needed advice more or who was unconsciously doing more to defeat her high hopes of success than I was by my own appearance.

I didn't know what style of hairdressing was becoming, what colors were the ones that made the most of Nature's endowments, nor the sort of line that would bring out the good points of my figure and conceal the bad ones. And most important of all I didn't know the things that any American girl can do to her ready-made dresses to make them truly individual and not like hundreds of others.

Ten years in Paris has taught me. And what it took me ten years and lots of heartache to learn I want to pass on to you. Because I am here in the style center of the world, I want to pass on to you what is new and smart and above all to tell you the little things that make clothes your own and an expression of your personality.

broidered net, and with their long sleeves make your formal dress quite all right for the simplest dinner or for a dressy tea or matinee. They usually match the tone of the dress or are in silver or gold.

Another clever new idea that has set all Parisian fingers flying is the embroidered flower shown on the white blouse. Boutonnieres are pretty but they must be changed often and they are expensive. Sometimes they are just too bulky to go under your suit coat too without showing. This flower is embroidered on the blouse in rather heavy silk and in washable floss, so when you tub the blouse you also tub the posy and there you are all spick and span. And don't you like the blouse? It is one of the smartest things I have seen.

THE Jersey frock is new and the sleeveless tweed coat that goes over it is the last word. This offers you all sorts of opportunities for carrying out your ensemble idea. I have suggested the tweed hat and pocketbook to match, as well as the big tweed boutonniere that finishes the outfit.

Speaking of ensembles there is the ensemble accessory now that is the making of a plain suit or street dress. The hat is of black felt with a little caracul brim; the choker tie and the muff that is so comely snappy mornings as well as being the last word are also of caracul. Sport handkerchiefs have followed the way of evening mouchoirs of georgette and rival your

"This Came from Paris"

There is always magic in the phrase "This came from Paris." Dora Loues Miller lives there and she knows weeks ahead of time exactly what delightful feminine accessories from Paris the shops in your home town will be showing for each changing season.

She can and will tell you all about them: first in these newsy letters which she cables to us for each issue of SMART SET; second in a more direct and personal reply to such individual questions as you care to ask her. Do you want something new and different for a gift? A new collar or bit of trimming to brighten up a favorite frock?

Then write to Dora Loues Miller in care of SMART SET and she will give you the very latest idea "from Paris."

That is the one reason there are so many accessories in the illustrations this month. They are the sort of little things that I am talking about. The little metal evening cap is not only smart but is invaluable if you are going out and you haven't had time to stop at the hairdresser's. It not only covers your hair but adds a lot to the chic of your appearance. The white velveteen coat is a lovely way to make up a new evening wrap but the little tight-fitted capelet is a grand way to change the appearance of the one you already have.

THAT is the idea too of the little cocktail or bridge jacket from another angle. You really have to have one formal dress, and yet, though it must be of lovely material, you wear it so seldom. I've been blessing the name of Dame Fashion ever since she thought of these delectable coats. They are made of georgette, lace, chiffon or em-

brothers' in size. With them there is usually a scarf which is triangular and of exactly the same pattern. The one illustrated is of yellow silk with a pattern in brown and black.

And the little head-dress suggestion is one that I saw at the Ritz the other evening. It is a grand way for the girl whose hair is just halfway on the road to being long to dress it, relieving her of goodness knows what worries and giving her just that hint of old-fashioned loveliness that goes with the quaint evening dress.

This department is only going to be worth while if you let me tell you the things you would ask an old friend who was just back from Paris. Please tell me what you want to hear about and if there is anything about your clothes I can tell you individually I'll be delighted to, if you will write me. Or if you are coming to Paris I am here to help you in any way in my power.

What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 67]

Now grace, unlike beauty, is something that can be acquired. To break it into its component parts, it is muscular coordination and rhythm. Dancers and athletes have it to a superlative degree. Men will tell you that there are certain boxers who move with as much grace as Mordkin. Many famous football backs and track athletes follow the old Greek Olympic heroes in their grace of movement. They have learned muscular coordination and timing in order to be more effective in their sport.

The great dancers—Isadora Duncan, Pavlova, Adeline Genée, Ruth St. Denis, all learned grace by hard work. They perfected grace to its highest degree. Not one of these women was beautiful but they gave you a great sense of beauty as you watched them.

A MOMENT'S thought will convince any girl of how much time is spent in movement. Graceful hands are something every man notices. Nine out of ten men will admit that they look at a girl's hands and feet before anything else. And every girl can, by practice and exercise and a little care, learn to move gracefully.

That appears to have been Josephine's greatest physical asset. She combined her natural creole grace, a languorous, slow grace, with an elegance which she learned after coming to Paris.

Next came her voice. Her sweet voice. Over and over Napoleon writes to her from distant battlefields, "yearning to hear the sound of your sweet voice."

Something else that can be learned. There is no possible excuse for a harsh, flat or shrill voice. The great actresses learned to use their voices. Duse's throat was extremely delicate. But she paid a great singing teacher to instruct her how to use her voice so that it had more power and beauty than ever and yet could be handled so that its fullest tones did not injure her throat.

Every girl who can afford it should take some lessons in voice control and placement, not for singing but for speaking purposes. Every girl who can afford it should take dancing lessons, not for professional dancing but for bodily control and grace of movement.

The girl who cannot afford this—though many could by passing up a few of the hours spent uselessly in beauty parlors—must gain the results through her inborn imitative quality and her own hard work.

SOME great writer has said that all the beautiful smiles in the world belong to homely women. Certainly those smiles were learned. Women without beauty are forced to develop many charms which beautiful women feel they can ignore.

Josephine had an adorable smile. Certainly it was acquired, for as has already been pointed out, her teeth were her worst feature. It is not easy for a woman with bad teeth to have a lovely smile. But Josephine learned to smile with her eyes, so that her glance had a radiance to which many fell victim. In other words, she had a charming and happy expression, one that instantly pleased the beholder.

Grace. A sweet voice. A charming expression.

Is there anything in these three great assets used by "the incomparable Josephine" to win hearts—for Napoleon once said, "Josephine wins hearts; I win battles"—which cannot be learned by any girl today? No woman who possesses those three things can ever be anything but attractive no matter how little beauty she started with.

Josephine lacked almost every advantage which the least fortunate girl has within easy reach today. At a time when most French girls were beautifully educated and taught all the graces of society, the little creole girl was spending her time on an island plantation where she met few people of culture and rarely mingled in any society which could give her an example worth following. But her sweetness of disposition and her lack of conceit gave her the means to conceal her ignorance. She could listen and was willing to do so. She only talked when she was sure of her ground.

Napoleon's own account of his first impressions show us that she understood the subtle art of flattery. What did she know of General Bonaparte's ability as a military man? But her feminine intuition told her how to talk eloquently on that subject.

Moreover, Josephine learned charm in a hard school. Her very life hung upon her ability to charm those about her in the bloodiest and most dangerous days the world has ever known, the days of the French revolution.

We need deal but briefly with her first marriage at sixteen to the Viscomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, a soldier and courtier, vain, frivolous and spoiled. The sweet innocence of the little creole girl contrasted with the women of the French court won his heart. But once having made her his own, it never occurred to him to treat her well.

THE little Viscomtesse was at a sad disadvantage. Young, untrained, the world of Paris was new to her and she was unable to cope with the situation. Her husband, like many another unfaithful man, was violently jealous but history convinces us that his accusations of infidelity against Josephine after the birth of her daughter, Hortense, were without the slightest foundation. But so violent were they that Josephine left him and they lived apart until he was arrested during the Revolution, when she forgave him everything and showed herself a brave and loyal wife.

Josephine was clever enough to turn those hectic days of her first marriage to good account. Poise, a gracious manner, the ways of the world, she made her own.

There is no way to tell positively how she escaped the guillotine upon which her husband and most of her friends perished. But escape it she did. Although, after three months in one of the most dreadful of the revolutionary gaols, the date of her execution was set, she somehow avoided that fate. Knowing Josephine as we do, it is not too much to imagine that she exercised her potent ability for winning hearts upon even the harsh jailers of the revolution.

Her policy at this time must have been founded upon her own advice to her daughter after Hortense had been married to Louis Napoleon, brother of the Emperor, "Why show your repugnance to Louis? Instead of rendering it the more annoying by caprice and inequality of temper, why not endeavor to surmount it?"

At another time she wrote to Madame Campan in regard to a girl who had been placed at school under that lady's direction, "In sending my niece back to you, I request you to receive my thanks and my reproaches. The former for your friendly attentions to the child and the excellent education you are giving her, the latter for the defects your penetration will not fail to have noticed but which your indulgence has overlooked in her. This girl is of gentle but cold disposition, well-instructed but



EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling,"
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What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

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You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders, that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I not only promise it, I GUARANTEE IT. Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

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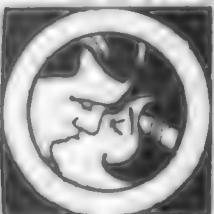
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haughty, witty but devoid of understanding; she fails to please and is indifferent about it. She imagines the fame of her uncle and bravery of her father supply the want of anything else. Let her know in a very abrupt and unceremonious way that those qualities in them are nothing to her. We live in times when every one is artificer of his own fortune.

That exquisite feminine diplomacy revealed in both these communications, Josephine had learned under trying circumstances, but she had learned it. Feminine diplomacy—unquestionably Josephine saved her life through its use when other women went to the guillotine for lack of it. And the woman of today can win and save her love through its use if she will but exercise the self-control necessary to practice it.

THERE is no room here and no real necessity to go into detail concerning the time between Josephine's release from prison, her reunion with her children and her marriage to Napoleon Bonaparte on March 9, 1796. All the estate of her late husband had been confiscated; Madame de Beauharnais nevertheless continued to live in a style to which she had become accustomed but which she could certainly no longer afford. Numerous intrigues have been laid at her door. Certainly she lived a life of pleasure, was greatly admired by many men and became the mistress of Barras, then the most important man in France.

The only real importance of this period is the fact that it intensified Josephine's natural extravagance, frivolity and love of pleasure. Those who had come out on top after the anxious and awful days desired above all things to enjoy life and the pace was as rapid as in our own post-war days.

But such a life offered but little security after all. Josephine had been through too much danger and suspense not to know something of the value of security. Lovers were easy enough to get. Husbands were another matter. The Little General was no great catch to be sure. He hadn't a sou with which to bless himself but Josephine's native insight had been sharpened during the precarious situations of the Revolution and she suspected a great future for him. She did not love him. In a letter written about that time she tells a friend that she neither loved nor disliked him, that she admired his ability and knowledge and that she feared his ardor.

Another thing weighed greatly in her decision to accept his pleas. She was thirty-three years old and she feared that she could not long compete with younger women. The creole fades fast. At that time Josephine based most of her belief in her own powers on her physical attractions.

NAPOLEON was seven years younger than Josephine. And this difference in age, while it never mattered to him at any time so far as we can judge from his voluminous correspondence and his many written and spoken comments on Josephine, did matter to her. Had she been able to ride above it in later years and not allow it to spur her disrupting jealousy, she would have been happier and made Napoleon much happier.

It is plain here and is something which every woman should consider, that it was the effect of her own feeling about being older than he that caused the trouble on the age question and not anything in Napoleon's attitude.

Women too often become self-conscious about being older than the men they love and through this self-consciousness make an issue of something to which the man seldom gives a second thought. After a few years together, a man ceases to think much concerning a woman's looks, so he thinks sel-

dom of her age one way or the other. If Josephine could but have taken a leaf from Ninon's book!

Thus we estimate the first phase of the great love story of Napoleon and Josephine. She won him through her charms. Her grace, her sweet voice, her smile. She won him by adroit and polished flattery and by making him perfectly comfortable. She put him at his ease for the first time. The young Corsican who had starved in a Paris garret, who had won his first fame wholly by his genius as a soldier, was extremely conscious of the fact that he lacked social grace and polish. His shrewd intellect told him that in comparison with the Parisians who frequented the drawing-rooms of the ladies of fashion he was uncouth. Even when he became Emperor he resented the fact that he could not compare in grandeur of bearing, ease of manner, grace of dress, with the grand seigneurs of the old French court.

But Josephine, who had great kindness of heart, overcame his diffidence in the society of women and made him a trifle more courageous. No wonder he spoke to no one else that evening and "could not be drawn from her side."

In her own way she was a good general as every woman should be. She struck at his weak points. His diffidence, his pride, his love of flattery, his man's vanity, which needed bolstering in such society.

THE next phase concerns her complete subjugation of this man, both just before and just after their marriage.

A few weeks after the ceremony when he had been torn from her side to wage the famous campaign in Italy he wrote to her from camp.

"What have you done to bind me soul and body to you thus?"

Certainly every woman of today would like to know the answer to that question.

History has not yet passed a definite verdict on all of Napoleon's acts but there is no question that he was a great man, a great lawmaker, a great soldier and a great mind.

And his wife had bound him to her soul and body.

How?

It seems plain enough. For this second phase, so far as we can judge after reading every word of their correspondence and studying the evidence of every one who knew them or talked with them at the time, is one concerned almost entirely with sex.

Perhaps we see in Josephine at this period as much of the modern day conception of a vampire as we will find in any of the women we discuss in these articles. The advantages of an attraction built wholly upon sex have been discounted here to a great extent for two reasons. First, the history of these women has proved it to come far down in the scale as a method of winning and holding men in any important sense. Second, it has been so greatly overstressed and oversold in our own day.

Josephine understood every nuance of physical attraction.

Her grace of body lent itself marvelously to sensuous pose and action. There was no dainty trick or artifice surrounding the loveliness of woman of which she was not past mistress.

This daintiness of hers far surpassed that of woman today. She used perfumes delicately. The exquisiteness of personal raiment which covered and yet revealed amounted to genius in her hands. Her boudoir was a wilderness of mirrors. Her bedroom was softly lighted and filled with heady scents and luscious colors.

The art of dress was another thing she thoroughly understood and which led her into the wildest extravagances. All the

feminine world from that day to this has felt the impress of Josephine's taste where clothes are concerned.

The Empire gown came from her own knowledge that her grace and her figure were the points which she could best show to advantage. Thus she discarded as soon as possible the brocades and hoop skirts of Marie Antoinette and began to use for herself in her own home soft Grecian draperies, which showed her wonderful arms and shoulders and her perfect breast and slim, swaying waist.

From this she evolved that clinging, flattering gown which bears her name and which has influenced so many modern fashions. No more charming style has ever been invented by woman and it came entirely from Josephine's feminine instinct and knowledge of her own best points and how to display them.

Every woman—for the perfect form is so rare it needs little consideration—has physical defects and physical assets. It takes only a little intelligent study and a full length mirror to determine what these are.

Nowadays styles are so varied that the intelligent girl can easily find those which conceal her bad points and make the best of her good ones. The woman of today, unlike Josephine, is too apt to buy any sort of frock that happens to be fashionable or to wear any color which some saleswoman tells her is good. She thinks more of style than she does of herself.

Let Josephine be a lesson to every woman in this respect. She changed the style of an Empire because she had graceful arms and a lovely bosom. Any smart woman today can so adjust styles to her own type that she is properly gowned and yet has emphasized her own individuality. It doesn't take money; it simply takes brains and taste.

ALL these things which Josephine used to enhance her appeal are not available to every woman but they can be approximated in a thousand ways with a little care and thought. Most girls and women today know that and do it. They lose only on the score of individuality and intimate personal touches. That is proved by the fact that a party where there are twenty girls eighteen of them will be using the same perfume. There are enough perfumes on the market today so that every woman could select the one best suited to her and make it part of her own personality.

Napoleon, like many men who have concentrated upon winning success, had had comparatively little to do with women. Beyond question, Josephine was the first woman he had ever known for any length of time or for whom he had felt any real love. Josephine had a naturally kind and sweet disposition. There was a bubbling strain of gaiety in her which must have been very welcome to the slightly gloomy and repressed young soldier. Her nature was easy-going. Her smiles and laughter were always fluttering about him like glamorous butterflies.

It needed only a very little to make those gossamer bonds in which his senses were enfolded into something strong and indestructible. Napoleon was genuinely in love. He had erected an altar upon which he placed his lovely, graceful, compliant creature. It only remained for her to live up to his vision of her as the best and kindest and most noble of women. This vision was created from his desire for her and his admiration of her as a woman. He made her an ideal. All she had to do was to live up to it. She had an opportunity through her sex attraction to insure a great and noble love.

This is, of course, the great use to which

all sex charm can best be put. It is the thing around which many men create ideals, knowing actually very little of what is behind the lovely portrait, the grace and beauty, the smile, the soft glances.

They take from their own hearts what they want a woman to be and hang it on the first image of a girl or woman that fulfills in the most complete manner their physical ideal.

Could any woman have a greater start? Could any woman ask for a finer chance to make herself the real love of that man for life?

But when she fails, the ideal falls away and leaves nothing but a grinning spectre staring at the man from the pedestal he has erected.

LATER in the Italian campaign Napoleon wrote to his wife from Paris, "You, you and always you. The remainder of the world does not exist for me. I am athirst for honors because you thirst for them, for victory because you take delight in it. Were it otherwise, I should long ago have hastened back to you and thrown myself at your feet." And, "In all I undertake, whether it be in business affairs or leading my troops in battle, you are with me everywhere, everywhere my adorable Josephine. You will soon be at my side, against my heart, enfolded in my arms. Take wings to yourself and come, come. My beloved, may I be often in your thoughts."

Nowhere in the world's literature can be found letters expressing more deep feeling nor more sincere love. It was a man here who had placed love upon a lofty plane and history proves over and over again that it is more often the man than the woman who does this. "My one and only companion—the companion whom destiny has chosen to walk beside me on the difficult journey through life," wrote this devoted husband, "the day when I no longer possess your heart, that day will be my last in this world."

If Josephine, the alluring, the flattering, the graceful enchantress, had but taken the right path here! Had she but been able to study the methods of Cleopatra when that great queen united Caesar to her by identifying herself with his world-conquest. Had she but seen how Emma Hamilton made herself part of Lord Nelson's dream of glory and of England.

But she had not the brains to see this for herself, had not the advantage which we have today of applying psychology to the past and future.

UP TO this point her method had been perfect. She had won her man, married him, had his complete love. From here she went sadly awry. She took the road which women too often take. She played the coquette, the cheapest, easiest, most ordinary rôle in the world.

To be sure, she awakened a great storm of love but this third phase of their life is the one that makes the break and insures the tragedy.

Napoleon had been obliged to go to Italy at the head of the army. She remained in Paris. She did not write. She amused herself with the gay crowd which had been hers before her marriage. She carried on several flirtations and ignored Napoleon's pleas that she join him in Milan.

And gradually he began to change from the adoring to the jealous lover.

"I no longer love you. I hate you," he wrote when he was tormented by tales of her frivolities and affairs. "You do not write to me. You no longer love your husband. What are you doing all day, Madame? What new love can have quenched and put away the love, the tender and constant love which you promised to give

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me? Who is the fairy prince that claims all your time so that you cannot write to your husband? Take care, Josephine!"

At last she joined him and he forgot his anguish in the joy of her presence but he soon learned that a young man, one Monsieur Charles who was part of the entourage that accompanied her, had caught her fancy and once more he was a prey to jealousy and torture.

The truth was that Josephine found Napoleon's love "droll." Her husband's presence did not compensate her for having to leave her beloved Paris. The sacrifices she had to make at the moment did not seem to her worth while. She never dreamed what dividends they might have been made to pay in the future. Living only for the moment and the things of the moment, blind to the destiny ahead, she undervalued great love and great fidelity and believed it would last forever without any effort on her own part.

"If, during these first months of wedlock, she had understood Napoleon she could have attached his unspoiled heart to her for life. Had she been able to reciprocate his love in those early days, Napoleon would probably not have loosened the bonds of marriage for reasons of state."

So writes Gertrude Aretz in her fascinating "Napoleon and His Women Friends."

Everything in the future history of Josephine and Napoleon confirms this.

She was the first to be unfaithful and for years she had to suffer his unfaithfulness though he was at heart a puritanical man who might very well have been kept entirely faithful by a woman who herself followed the path of marital fidelity.

She aroused his jealousy over and over in the early days and later she had to endure torments of jealousy.

When he was absent in Egypt, possibly defeated and certainly for the moment discredited, she listened to the advice of Barras and talked of divorce in order that she might marry M. Charles. Her actions during that time were so openly faithless that Napoleon's family also suggested to him that he divorce her.

SO ENTERED the dread spectre, divorce, which would certainly never have entered Napoleon's mind. In the end he divorced Josephine in spite of her pleas.

Never in the case of any other woman did the "punishment fit the crime" so exactly as in the case of Josephine.

At first after his return from Egypt, her outlook and her feelings changed. Her love for him began to awaken. Also the future with him began to glow very brightly.

He at first refused to see her. For three days he remained silent behind closed doors. At last Josephine sent her son, Eugene, to beg an audience for her and it was granted. A reconciliation was effected.

But with what a difference in Napoleon's heart!

"When I am there, she is fascinating. If I make truce with her now, she will agree to all my conditions. What a lovely voice she has. Where shall I find a woman who will make a more perfect lover and better wife than Josephine? Besides, she has had two children and may yet have more."

What a compromise with life and love compared to the strong and sublime love he gave her when she first became his wife.

Then began the fourth phase of Josephine's career.

Too late she followed the right tactics. Too late she gave him the understanding and companionship which he had sought so earnestly. Too late to consecrate their love but at least from it she salvaged a great and sacred friendship.

For many years Josephine proved herself

Napoleon's best friend and he knew it. For many years she showed him every admirable trait in her character. And in so doing she almost repaired the damage her mistake had wrought—almost, but not quite.

Taught by misfortune and counseled at last by love, Josephine began to think of Napoleon, not of herself. Madame Ducrest says in her "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine" that she had a "maternal heart." Her kindness was proverbial. Her gentleness was admired by all.

Another writer declares that, "Her heart was a stranger to revenge." Not once during her years of power did she use her position to injure or discredit any one. Madame de Remusat, a close friend of hers, said to some one who suggested that the Empress' patience might be exhausted by so many requests for aid, "There is no danger of annoying Josephine when we enable her to relieve the distressed."

Always she did her husband's will. When he wished to encourage the use of French-made goods, she threw away a whole wardrobe of exquisite frocks from Indian materials. If he desired her to accompany him on a journey, she was ready in twenty minutes. Her counsel was wise and unselfish.

NEVER again need the woman of today say that she cannot win the man she loves because she doesn't know how.

Before her are all the methods of the famous women of the past. Each one of these famous women has a method of her own, which Adela Rogers St. Johns has set forth in this series of articles, "What Every Woman Wants to Know." You have already read about Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton, Catherine the Great, Ninon de L'Enclos and George Sand. In March **SMART SET** Mrs. St. Johns will tell you about another famous woman in history.

If you have not already read her previous articles in preceding issues of **SMART SET**, they will be sent to you postpaid for twenty-five cents each.

Always she was beside him, ready always to subdue even her jealousy that she might guide him away from danger where other women were concerned. Often her diplomacy and tact saved him embarrassment.

When the great moment came and he was to be crowned Emperor, many tried to persuade him to put her aside because she bore him no children but he crowned her with his own hand. He said to Roederer, "If I make her Empress, I shall only be giving her what is due. Supposing I had been cast into prison instead of being raised to the throne, Josephine would have shared my misfortune just as she now shares my good luck. Indeed she shall be crowned were it to cost me two hundred thousand men."

From Poland he wrote to her, "You see that I love good-natured, simple, and gentle women. That is because they alone resemble you."

Yes, by years of devotion and kindness, of thoughtfulness and good nature, of continual efforts to aid him and make him happy, she almost repaired her loss.

For it cost Napoleon the greatest effort and the deepest sorrow of his life to part with her. For days he shut himself away from every one, mourning her absence. He wrote to her, saw her often. And when his son was born, the son for whom he had sacrificed her, he paid Josephine a priceless tribute, a tribute which makes us know that she must have shown him real greatness when once her eyes had been opened.

"Tell her I am certain she will rejoice more than any one else at my happiness."

Seeing all these things can we doubt that if from the beginning they had been close, if those first years had built to this end instead of undermining it, Josephine would never have been cast aside, dynasty or no dynasty?

In one of the most beautiful passages of prose in the English language, Lafcadio Hearn pays tribute to Josephine and brings her very near us. In the public square of Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, stands a marble memory of Josephine. Upon beholding it, Hearn wrote:

"She is standing just in the center of the Savane, robed in the fashion of the first Empire; her gracious arms and shoulders are bare; one hand leans upon a medallion bearing the eagle profile of Napoleon. Seven tall palms stand in a circle around her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropic day. Within their enchanted circle you feel that you tread holy ground—the sacred soil of artist and poet. Here the recollections of memoir writers vanish away; the gossip of history is hushed for you; you no longer care to know how rumor has it that she spoke or smiled or wept; only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin, soft swaying shadows of those feminine palms. Over the violet space of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she is looking back to the place of her birth, back to beautiful, drowsy Trois-Islets and always with the same half-dreaming, half-plaintive smile—unutterably touching."

Somehow she makes you wish greatly that her love story might have had a happy ending.

AND so it might, if she had only seen in time that:

Coldness toward a man will eventually kill his warmth, even though it may cause a momentary blaze before the final extinction.

Continued indifference to a man and his wishes will develop a background which enables a man to cast loose later with an easy conscience.

The woman who introduces the triangle into her married life is pretty sure to see it become a rectangle before she is through.

No amount of sex appeal will make up for companionship and the longer that companionship has continued the more powerful it is.

If a woman sows distrust, wounded pride, moral carelessness and indifference, the day will come when those forgotten seeds will bear the fruit of pain and coldness on the part of her husband.

Few men, unless they are reduced to brutality by boredom in a woman's society, are capable of real cruelty to a woman who has shown them kindness, tenderness and fidelity through a period of years, but almost all men are capable of carrying hurt pride and wounded self-esteem through many years, and remembering them at the most inopportune moment.

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I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than \$5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

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Starting with the Letter

"C"



There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

\$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give \$550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive \$2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and \$550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.



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2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
3. Victor Orthophonic Victrola.
4. Shetland Pony.
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8. Apollo Motorbike Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. Ladies' or Men's Elgin Watch.
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12. Portable Phonograph.
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Typical American Girl

[Continued from page 63]

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AGENTS

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A black and white photograph of a pair of feet. The word 'BUNION' is written diagonally across the big toe of the left foot, and the word 'FREE' is written diagonally across the big toe of the right foot. Both words are in a bold, sans-serif font with a slight shadow effect. The feet are positioned side-by-side, with the toes pointing towards the center. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Please arrange for me to try your Pedodyne Solvent for burning and to restore normal ease to affected joints.

Name _____

A 1990 study

conclusion concerning the make-up of the Typical American Girl as SMART SET desires to approach for we realize that our representative young woman cannot be exactly fitted into a straight jacket made to definite measures.

Now that we have the Typical American Girl of popular opinion as a criterion to help us in the most romantic quest of modern times, it remains for SMART SET and the twenty newspapers pledged to its cause to discover the Golden Girl who actually personifies our representative young woman.

On the first day of next month we will sally forth on this quest and the actual hunt for Her will be launched by the twenty prominent newspapers that have been selected to make regional selections. At SMART SET's call, the twenty girls chosen by these papers will be sent to New York where our National Committee will make a final decision. After the Typical American Girl has been thus selected and awarded \$5,000, five of these Regional Winners will be chosen to have their portraits painted for SMART SET covers. The task ahead promises to be glamorous but difficult.

FOR this reason we want our searching party to be nation-wide. We want to leave no stone unturned in our effort to find the right girl. To this end and purpose SMART SET sincerely invites its readers and the public to propose qualified girls as candidates for consideration in the Typical American Girl Quest. Young women's civic, social, college, business, and professional organizations are especially encouraged to submit the names of members deemed typical of American girlhood.

It is very simple to propose a candidate for the SMART SET quest that will award America's most representative girl with \$5,000 and international distinction. Send the name, address, photograph and a short biographical sketch of your Typical American Girl to the Quest Editor of the co-operating newspaper nearest to her place of residence. Impartial consideration will be accorded every qualified proposal.

In these days of modern, high-pressure life there are those who insist the romance of life is lost, that the hour of glamorous questings has struck, that the enchanting art of fancy is dead. Perhaps no Jason will ever steer another Argo in search of the Golden Fleece. Never again will a Sir Galahad seek the Holy Grail. No longer does an untitled knight of the Old South gallop mile on mile to find a dream lady fair.

Yet, there was our own Lindbergh, a lone eagle flying eastward through fog, sleet, snow, and rain above a surging sea on an epic quest. And now, here is SMART SET Magazine setting out to discover the Golden Girl of all this broad land, setting out to find a lady fair for whose smile warrior knights would have ardently entered the lists in days of yore. Here is SMART SET warmly urging you to take part in the most exciting and romantic quest of modern times! Wouldn't it thrill you if the person you proposed was selected as the Typical American Girl? Of course it would! Then come on and propose your candidate.

Don't forget this exciting search commences the first of next month. The next number of SMART SET will carry the rules governing the quest for the Typical American Girl and all information incidental to proposing a candidate to the Quest Editors of co-operating newspapers.

Following is the letter which won second prize for its author, Miss E. Crane, in the

contest for your ideas about the Typical American Girl:

If the world were not so fond of fooling itself, there would certainly never be so many different varieties of "the most beautiful woman" in it! We seem to have been seized with a passion for superlatives.

We have nation-wide contests to personify the acme of every known adjective, and then, when we have labeled it plainly with green-backs, we all sit back comfortably and say, "Ah!" All this frosted-cake is very nice for a little while but we turn again with relief to our familiar bread-and-butter outlook on life. So we are glad to find, at last, a search, not for the mere "most beautiful woman" but for what is far dearer to our national heart—The Typical American Girl.

We have all seen her; we need no introduction. We saw her at the polls on election day, looking solemn and important as she cast her first vote. Once we caught a glimpse of her leaning out a top-story window on a cold night to watch the stars. And, I ask you, hasn't she bumped square into us twice in one week, as she dashed madly around the corner to catch the morning train?

And haven't we almost surprised ourselves wishing she would do it again, for the funny expression on her face, and all her little hurried gestures as she courteously begged our pardon? We have! And we begin to wonder what she is really like, as the slender figure speeds on through the crowd.

And when we finally encounter her under normal circumstances, we find, under the perky felt hat, her face animated and intelligent, fresh and healthy, and altogether good to look upon, including the freckle on her chin, and in spite of a smudge of misplaced powder over her left eyebrow. Her eyes, brown and twinkly, look straight into ours, and out of them look honest thoughts.

She speaks easily and well and she flavors her remarks with pantomime, or, on the heels of some of her fondly-cherished slang, a long Latin word to put you in your place, and a grand mock gesture of pomposity to awe you into silence. She laughs as though she liked to do it and she does it often.

She delights in a good argument and the man who innocently introduces one will find no mean adversary, for where she lacks ponderous statistics and pedantic facts, she deftly plays a lively wit.

SHE maneuvers with an adroitness that would make Bonaparte blush, especially if she finds herself cornered by her own contradictions! And if she is forced to acknowledge her defeat, she promptly and cheerfully seizes the opportunity to engage in another verbal battle. You see, she is endowed with Yankee blood!

She is terribly interested in this business of living. No doors are barred to her. She explores any field of work she wishes; she works hard to prepare for it and she works hard when she has qualified. She glories in her capacity for hard knocks and faces the world with eyes level and unafraid. Adversity leaves her more often strengthened than embittered. So she is a self-respecting young person. And, as she does her share in the business world, she finds her playtime sweeter.

She plays as she works—zestfully. She swims in the rough ocean, hikes in country places, dances and plays tennis on the neighbors' courts. She wishes she didn't always get so seasick on the water, because she knows some one whose third cousin owns

a yacht, and she would hate to miss the thrill of a sail in it, if she were ever, by any chance, invited! She loves the woodsy out-of-doors in all its moods and if the out-of-doors to her means simply a city park, she can enjoy it just the same with the added advantage of a complete absence of snakes!

Her book of dates can testify to a variety of evening occupations. It tells us (confidentially, of course) that Jimmie is responsible for a good many dances, two or three picnics and several evenings of movies, Aunt Hannah and Henry for an opera and two concerts, Elizabeth Ann for a perfectly wild day at the zoo and mother and brother for church on Sunday. Not to mention a page devoted to the class reunion and another to a hot date with the kitchen stove and a tear-stained line or two dedicated to the memory of a pull with the dentist.

Our girl isn't a paragon. She is just our girl. Sometimes she is abominably exasperating and we could wring her young neck without a tremor. And sometimes she is so quiet and so thoughtful of us that we begin to fear she is far too sweet to be "typical." But, with all her faults and all her virtues, the eyes of the world are on our typical American girl.

Girls of other nations are adopting her ways, and profiting under her wise leadership. The very fiber of her character is good sense, moral stamina and a fine discrimination of values.

These, with her inevitable sense of humor, are her strength. Her perverse desire to shock the neighbors and her enthusiastic investigation of all new things, arise from a vitality of spirit that pushes the world ahead. Yet she keeps her feet firmly on the foundation stones of good womanhood. Quietly and surely in the cities and in the towns she steadies the changeful crowd, and where she goes, goes also one of America's most precious assets—her clean, bright, strong and eager typical American girlhood.—E. Crane, Kenarden Hall, East Northfield, Mass.

Miss Florence Levy of the Bronx, New York, winner of third prize, writes her letter about The Typical American Girl as follows:

GENTLEMEN: The Typical American Girl is a combination of all types. That is, she has so many side-lines that she is capable of doing most anything. She is essentially versatile.

Thus, she is a business girl, but she goes in for athletics, for society, for helping at home, for study, for all the general activities of which America today offers so many.

She loves variety. She is talented; she can dance superbly, sing a little, play bridge, cook a dinner, swim and dive, play a little tennis, basketball, etc. She belongs to one or two clubs. She keeps abreast of the times. She is alive and vigorous. She reads the latest books and magazines, sees the new shows and can converse intelligently on almost any subject.

She is in the main sense, a wholesome girl. She may smoke or drink or pet a little, but very rarely and never ostentatiously. She is a good sport.

This typical girl—Jane Gray, I shall call her—is, of course very modern but she still has many of the traits of the old-fashioned girl. She has some of the same fundamental instincts as did her mother.

Jane has had a few love affairs but she is still waiting for the "right man" to come along. In the meantime she is having a darned good time.

Jane's eyes are wide open. She knows all the facts of life and she has no Mid-Victorian squeamishness.

Jane has good taste in clothes. She

spends half her salary on them. She wears sport things principally but she likes fluffy frocks too.

She is a nice girl; she has lots of pep and personality; she is fairly pretty and makes the most of her looks. But most of all, she is healthy. She uses enough make-up to enhance her features.

She is a pal and a sweetheart and a mother and a loyal friend all in one.

She is between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. She is of medium height, slender and well rounded, with a free swing and an erect carriage.

She is alert, independent, intelligent and self-supporting. She lives with her family and is good to her folks. They, of course, are terribly proud of her.

She can nurse a sick baby to health and climb a tree with equal ability. She puts her whole soul into whatever she does; that is why she is successful. She smiles a lot. She is vivacious.

The boy friends call her a peach; the girl friends say she is "an awfully nice girl."

She is up to the minute, sane, practical, efficient, level headed, but she is also romantic, sentimental and dreamy-eyed.

Yes, sir, Jane Gray likes the movies—has a crush on John Gilbert and admires Clara Bow. She is enraptured at the tender scenes and she has no objections to having her hand held by some nice young man.

In short, Jane Gray is a member of the Younger Generation about whom the Older Generation need have no fears that "our country is going to the dogs." She is one of the future mothers of a fine and up-standing race.

And there are a million others like her in our glorious land today.—Florence Levy, 494 East 143rd St., Bronx, New York.

Below, in part, are the letters awarded honorable mention and five dollars each to their authors. If you know a girl who measures up to all the qualifications in these letters let us have her name. She may be the girl we are looking for.

TO THE Editor of SMART SET: Here she comes! The Typical American Girl. Head tilted at a challenging angle, bright sport hat set jauntily atop hair which caresses equally bright cheeks, coat hugged tightly about her, she trips along with the air of a female conqueror. Blonde or brunette, treading the concrete of Fifth Avenue or strolling down Main Street, Gopher Prairie, she wears about her the halo of supreme self-assurance. Miss Typical America!

She is not beautiful, nor brilliant, nor ambitious to the extent of becoming deeply engrossed in a single subject,—this American girl of today. She is pretty, and clever, and interested in everything from beetles to football. She is alive to every angle of living.

She is not athletic, in the strictest sense of the word. She plays tennis, swims, and dances, on occasion, but she is neither a Helen Wills nor a Gertrude Ederle.

She accepts educational opportunities but does not create them.

Her domestic talents are developed but slightly before marriage.

Though she probably declares vehemently that she does not intend to marry, she has marriage somewhere in the back of her head. She is capable of a deep and lasting affection and is willing to sacrifice anything save her individuality for the man she loves. She is the eternal feminine with alterations to meet the demands of a changing world.

Her really distinguishing quality is her sportsmanship. It is her gospel; on it hinges her entire philosophy of life. She is fair; she is frank; she is not a prude.

There she goes! Head tilted at a challenging angle, bright sport hat set jauntily

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AGENTS

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atop hair which caresses equally bright cheeks, coat hugged tightly about her, she trips along with the air of a female conqueror. Miss Typical America! Mae Hurley Ashworth, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

TO THE Editor of SMART SET: The Typical American Girl can be a business girl, a home girl, a college girl, a modern or old-fashioned girl, but she must be versatile.

She can spend a quiet fireside evening or a hilarious one at a night club with equal good humor and enjoyment. She is sophisticated but never bored. She is intensely vital—never placid—interested in life and people and whether she devotes her days to work, study, sports or clubs, she is active and independent and interested in just living.

The dowdy girl is not typical of American girls, nor is the bizarre "vamp" type. The Typical American Girl is chic, smart and attractive in bathing suit or party frock. She is always herself, frank and open minded.

She must be, virtually, a "Jack of all trades." And so I say that complexion, height, color of eyes and length of nose do not count, but that personality and adaptability do, and when you find the clever girl with plenty of pep, intelligence and personality, who can also be dignified on occasion, you have found the girl for whom most of the world is looking—the real companion for sunshiny and rainy days—The Typical American Girl. Violette Riley, Pueblo, Colorado.

TO THE Editor of SMART SET: The Typical American Girl is—will be—cannot help but be what the typical American man demands.

The Typical American Girl has everything—potentially, if not actually.

She is not a movie star, nor an efficient, domesticated housewife. She is not a business woman, nor a golf champion—nor yet the winner of the local beauty contest. She is not a college girl. She's not a debutante. She's a little of all of these—or has the makings of all of these types of girls.

Europeans term the Typical American Girl one who is slim and smartly dressed. A girl with poise beyond her years, with fearlessness and an amazingly level head.

But American men add a few more distinguishing qualities to The Typical American girl. She must "have everything." She must be able to meet any situation in life—with humor, ability—and like a good sport. She must be able to sip her cocktail before dinner, play a good game of golf or tennis—understand and be intelligent on whatever subjects interest the man she is playing with—be it stock markets or the raincoat business. But she must do nothing in excess—except be attractive.

She must have romantic ideas about bringing up her children some day, she must be able to run a house, cook a dinner, argue with the plumber and emerge late in the evening at a country club or night club or any other place that demands—Charm-Plus—and be outstandingly attractive.

The Typical American Girl is all of this—with unlimited potentialities—unlimited adaptability. She's the envied comrade and friend of typical American men. Marion S. Denny, Old Saybrook, Conn.

DEAR Editor: I understand that you are offering a prize to the person who writes the best letter describing the qualifications of The Typical American Girl. I have given the matter quite a bit of thought and consideration and I will make an attempt to express my honest opinions. Here goes!

Friday evening. Picture in your mind two sophomore college students spending a fall week-end at their homes in the city, the one a girl and the other a boy. They

accidentally meet each other while at home.

This young man whom we shall call Dan finds himself in the presence of a trimly attired, attractive and chic-looking girl.

Saturday morning. Ten o'clock. Dan is having a date with the peppy little lass, who made quite an impression on him the evening before. Dan suggests a drive to the lake and a ride in a speed boat.

One o'clock. The boy and the girl are having lunch together. Up to this time the girl has enjoyed several smokes. Yes! She knows how! But really doesn't care for it.

Three o'clock. Dan and the same girl are attending the football game.

Six o'clock. Dan takes the girl to his fraternity tea dance. All the college crowd is there. Every one seems to be in high spirits. "The Typical American Girl" is enjoying herself. Why? Because she is a good dancer, has a good personality and is wearing the latest styles. Her attractiveness is increased by her well-shaped figure and she is just tall enough to be a very suitable partner for most any average-sized college boy.

Eight o'clock. The tea dance is over. Both the boy and the girl have finished dinner at their respective homes. They are now speeding away to the dance at the Country Club. A hot dance and how!

Two o'clock. The dance is over. They go to a cafe to have something to eat. During the course of the meal the conversation becomes serious. The little college girl becomes frank with Dan. She admits she is only attending college to have a good time. Yes! But some day she expects to settle down, get married, have children and everything. At present, she is exceedingly independent.

Three o'clock. Dan takes his very interesting little date home. She retires.

Next day. Miss Typical American Girl spends most of the day with her parents because she has to return to college that afternoon.

NOTE: I have endeavored to use an original method in portraying this girl who is to represent the young womanhood of America. My description begins on a Friday evening. Dan, the young gallant of the story, comes home for the week-end. By chance, he is introduced to Miss America. The story covers the entire week-end. I have stressed those characteristics and qualifications that I thought were outstanding. D. A. Kelly, Jr., Gainesville, Florida.

TO THE Editor of SMART SET: I visualize The Typical American Girl, not necessarily as a business person, but having a native shrewdness to quickly develop business acumen should the occasion arise. She therefore must be mentally capable, alert and well balanced.

Being ambitious she will have acquired an excellent education. Hers will be a perfect poise, compounded of gentle breeding and absolute confidence.

This Typical American Girl of my imagination will be between 5 feet 5 inches and 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighing between 115 and 125 pounds. She will have an oval face framed with wavy chestnut hair, not too closely bobbed. Her eyes will be blue; her cheeks will boast the palest of pink roses and these and her cherry-red lips will be natural and convincing evidences of plenty of exercise, fresh air and clean living.

She will be strangely unmoved by extreme styles, though always dressed in the mode of the moment.

This Typical American Girl of mine will sail serenely through life, not too beautiful or vain, yet charmingly piquant; not too puritanical, and yet rigorously discreet. She will be at home in any crowd, self-reliant, quick-witted, sincere and delightfully refreshing. Mayrena Mackey, Fort Thomas, Ky.

Pardon My Back

[Continued from page 86]

eyes of the blond young man and came over. "Where's the accident?" she drawled. "It's out in the garden," said Sherry, "and what an accident! Do you mind if I go home?"

"Home!" Bee said. "But it's only Friday night, Sherry!"

"Friday night is Friday night," Sherry muttered diving for the stairway, "and patience has its limits. If I see your precious Bruce Harkness again, there'll be a murder in this house and he'll be the deceased!"

"But darling, Bruce isn't here yet!"

"Isn't he?" Sherry said over her shoulder. "Just wait! He'll come in and tell you things about camels and elephants before you know it!"

Bee's voice came over her shoulder as they mounted the stairs. "Elephants and camels!" she was saying. "Has he been on a big game hunt?"

"I think he's tamed several. They seem to be following him around."

BEE sat on the chaise longue and watched Sherry throw her things into her bag. She chattered with animation. "Of course Larry hasn't any money but I think it doesn't make any difference if you really—" Sherry plunged into the bathroom in search of her toothbrush and emerged to hear, "—most wonderful eyes. He said he'd never seen such eyes and I said—" Sherry made scrambling motions in the closet and came out with a pair of shoes. "Jim's wildly jealous, of course, but I always think that I don't know half what—" Another pilgrimage into the bathroom brought forth Sherry's comb and brush. "—and that night after Larry went Jim said to me—" Sherry snapped her bag.

"Lovely dinner," she said. "Thanks a lot and forgive me for rushing away. Invite me again sometime. Sometime when there aren't any elephants and camels around. Tell the others good-by for me, will you? Don't bother coming down."

She was gone in a fragrant rush. She slid into her roadster and jammed her heel on the starter. There were three hours of silence and the rushing wind in her ears. She had no idea where she was going. She didn't care. She hoped hazily that she was on her way to Canada. Suddenly she was petrified to hear a voice saying:

"Have you a blanket or something? I need a pillow."

She stopped the roadster and turned around. Bruce Harkness was regarding her placidly from the rumble seat.

"How did you get there?" she demanded. "A technical mind!" said he. "A passion for detail! It's really not cricket to carry a fellow off when he's asleep. It's confusing to wake up and feel things moving when you went to sleep stationary. A fellow put me on a train once—"

SHE stood up on her knees and stared at him. He grinned. "Only a pillow," he said. "that's all I asked for."

"What do you mean by getting in my car and hiding and letting me drive for miles before you let me know you're there?"

"Lady," he said, "I don't talk in my sleep. It was the biggest rumble seat I could find. I might add that it's the most comfortable rumble seat I ever slept in. Never mind about the pillow; I can see you haven't one. I'll use my coat. Pardon my back, I've slept on this side so long it aches."

She pounded her fist on the back of the seat. "Don't you dare go to sleep back there!" she cried. "Don't you dare!"

"You shouldn't carry sleepy gin in your rumble seat then," he mumbled out of the

folds of his coat. "Ladies don't. I'll tell you about ladies when I wake up. You seem to have a good mind."

"Get out of this car!" she said. "Get right out!"

There was a convincing snore from the occupant of the rumble seat.

Quite beside herself and blind with rage, Sherry got out of the car and slammed the door. She started walking up the middle of the road with nothing more in view than to escape from his presence. She heard a soft, purring sound behind her. He was starting the car. She cast a quick glance over her shoulder. The headlights were moving toward her. She increased her pace. He drove with one wheel in the grass and the other in the rut beside her.

"With good luck," he said, "we should reach New York sometime tomorrow night. But I'm bound to say, darling, that you'll be terribly, terribly tired. Of course, you can probably sleep mornings. I mean, it's terrible if one has to get up and rush to get to an of—"

"Don't call me darling!" she interrupted. "I know a lot of nice people who call other people dar—"

"Will you get out of my car?"

"No."

She stopped. He stopped.

"Well, really," he said, "we're not going to get anywhere at all if you tire out this quickly."

"Take the car!" she cried. "Take it and go away from here! I don't mind being alone; just go away!"

"I like this place," he said, "it has a nice, fresh smell of damp earth. It's so seldom you get a nice fresh smell of damp earth."

ABRUPTLY she turned from him and scrambled down the ditch on the other side of the road. She tore her white chiffon dress climbing a barbed-wire fence to get into a plowed field. He called above the purr of the motor. "It'll mar the radiator!"

She stumbled on over furrows, gasping with anger. There was a squelching sound from the springs as he hit the bottom of the ditch and a racing of the motor as he climbed the other side. She heard the sound of the fence going down before his determined advance. She thought despairingly of her tires. He would ride on the rims if necessary, she decided. He was bumping along behind her, singing.

"Give me your gold for love can never buy me!"

She started running desperately. He caught up with her, bumped along beside her. "Rotten riding and rotten walking," he commented. "There's no accounting for a woman's taste."

She did not deign to answer him. "Oh, very well," he said, "you'll get lonely soon and when you say something to me I won't answer you and then you'll be sorry."

She plunged on. There seemed to be no end to the field. She wondered if it could be one of those eighty acre tracts she'd heard about. There was a sick, choking gasp from the motor. She grinned in the darkness. He'd flooded the carburetor. She knew the tricks of her car. She heard him fumbling with the gadgets and cursing. The car door slammed. He was walking behind her. Presently he was beside her in the dark field.

"Things seem to be wrong," he said. "There'll be a surprised farmer tomorrow morning, I'll bet. We won't be able to get the car back without paying for his fence. Shall we give him the car?"

She walked in the opposite direction. He followed her. "There's really no point in

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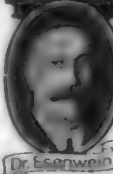
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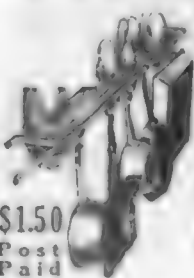
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tramping around this field," he murmured. "unless you've lost something. Have you lost something?"

"I'm trying to," she said.

"You mean me," he said. "That's really unkind. Suppose there were a bear or a lion or something like that around? I'll bet you'd be glad I was here."

"Or an elephant or a camel," she said.

"They're jolly little beasts," he said. "Did you ever see a camel trying to eat cracker-jack?"

She was making a wide circle back to the car. After a short rest it would start without any trouble. He started a low, aimless whistling. He kept it up. She said savagely, "Will you stop it?"

He stopped it long enough to say, "No."

The car loomed before them. "Hello!" he said. "Lost in a plowed field! Walking in circles! Did you come back to rest?"

She got in the car and sat down. He stood with his foot on the edge of the running board.

"It won't start," he told her. "I turned everything there was to turn and I couldn't get a rise out of it."

SHERRY reached over and gave him a violent shove. He went over backwards. She stepped on the starter and the car moved under her. Before she could get up sufficient speed, however, he was running along beside her, panting.

"Suspected you of being mean," he was panting, "but not that bad."

He boarded the car and climbed over into the seat beside her. "Where are we going now?" he asked.

"We're going for a ride," she said and stepped on the accelerator. The car leaped forward. They were swaying dizzily, slewing. He gasped.

"Let's ride somewhere where it's smooth."

"Want to get out?"

"No."

She jammed her heel down fiercely. They were going at breakneck speed, jolting horribly. Sherry could scarcely get her breath. She gasped for it and said:

"Want to get out?"

"No," was jolted from her companion.

The car plunged through great caverns of darkness. Sherry was conscious of a mild wonder that her arms were not torn from their sockets. She wondered what was on the other side of the field. There was nothing but a series of gasps and an occasional chuckle from the other side of the seat. She said again.

"Last chance. Will you get out?"

"No!" he snapped.

The accelerator went all the way down under Sherry's heel. She lost track of time and space. She was like a small dog, trying frantically to shake a tin can off his tail.

TOO late she saw a tree looming before them in the darkness. She twisted the steering wheel viciously. The wheels were in a deep rut. The roadster made a sickly and ineffectual effort to obey her whim but settled back into the ruts, with a complaining little groan. She tried to jam the brakes, heard Bruce gasp:

"You would find the only tree within three miles!"

Suddenly there was a sickening crash, splintering sounds and Sherry bounced out of the seat landing in an undignified position with a spot on her forehead aching most horribly.

She sat up and scrubbed the dirt off her lips. Listened. There was no sound. She got to her feet and said, "Bruce!" Still there was no sound. Her head ached horribly.

The wheels of the automobile, lying on its side, were still spinning languidly. She could see the flash of metal as they went around.

She walked over to the car, walked around it.

A long dark figure was stretched face downward about five feet away. She went back to the roadster and fumbled in the pocket of the door for matches, found a flashlight instead and went back to him. She sat down beside him and said, "Bruce!" He did not answer.

She propped the flashlight on a clod of earth and tugged him over. No marks. Shamming. She got to her feet and brushed herself off calmly. She'd show him. He'd get tired of lying there with his hair in the mud sooner or later and come out of it after a while.

She went back and fished a package of cigarettes from the pocket of the car, lit one and tucked them back. She walked a little ways away and listened. No sound. She walked back and stood over him. Touched him gently with the toe of her shoe. He didn't move. Well, she'd fix him if he were shamming.

SHE walked away again, looking over her shoulder. The beam of the flashlight was full on his face. There wasn't the flicker of an eyelash. A little worried, she retraced her steps.

Then she knelt down beside him and poked him. He was lying so still! She folded her lips in a straight line and deliberately ran her fingers along his ribs. If he moved, he was shamming. If he didn't, he wasn't. He didn't. She tugged his head into her lap and smoothed the hair back from his forehead. She said, "Bruce! Listen, Bruce!"

Evidently he wasn't listening. If he'd been listening, he couldn't have resisted making some remark about camels or elephants. She went back to the car and fished in the pocket once more. Parks, the chauffeur, usually kept a thermos bottle full of water in the pocket. She found it and unscrewed the cap. She sat down beside Bruce and pulled his head into her lap once more, ripped at the skirt of her white dress and got most of it. She crumpled it in her hand and poured water on it. She mopped his face tenderly.

"Oh, dear!" she said faintly. "Such a little pig! Damn it all, anyway!"

She rubbed his wrists, saying, "Bruce! For heaven's sake, Bruce! You can't really be hurt!"

THE object of her attentions was singularly unmoved by her anxiety and remained perfectly silent.

"Now where," she said to herself, "would there be a doctor around here? I'll just have to go to the nearest farmer and ask him where's the nearest doctor. Then maybe he'll wake up and think I've left him. I can't carry him and I can't tip the car over."

She finally decided to leave a note. She found a piece of paper and fished a pencil from his pocket. She wrote it against the side of the car in very large, uneven, scrawly letters.

Am going home. Will try and find a doctor on the way and send him back. Sherry.

She knew that she would come back with the doctor, but if Bruce woke up before they got back, she could say she had forgotten something and come back after it as an excuse.

She plunged out into the darkness after propping the note against the flashlight. She missed his chatter. It was very dark. She wondered if he'd be all right there alone until she got back. There was a strange lump in her throat and it was hard to keep it from getting bigger.

She found the road and stood hesitating. It didn't matter which direction she took, she supposed.

All of a sudden there was a crashing sound behind her as some one climbed the fence and clawed up the bank to the road. Her breath caught sharply in her throat. A voice said:

"We can just as well give him the car now. It isn't much good. His fence will be expensive."

She cried exasperatedly, "Shammer!" "Never heard the word," he said. "Is it Hindu by any chance?"

She started away rapidly. She could hear him walking behind her but she couldn't keep ahead of him very long.

"It's been five hours," he told her. "I looked at my watch."

"Beast!" she choked.

"Good-for-nothing!" he said adoringly.

"I didn't mop your face because I cared a hoot," she gasped.

"You're a little liar!" he retorted. He was very close to her now.

"I hate you a billion times more than—"

"And the same goes for that," he said catching up and walking beside her. "As a matter of fact, you're crazy about me and you know it."

SHE was silent. He said then, "I'm crazy about you. I'd rather fight with you the rest of my life than live in peace with somebody else."

She stopped, her lips compressed to keep from smiling. "Must you go with me?" she demanded.

"All the way," said Bruce.

Fifteen steps later, his arm was around her waist. Sixteen steps later, both his arms were around her and she did not seem to object.

"Darling," he murmured, "five hours is such a short time after all, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Sherry sighed. "I never realized just how short before!"

Let Beauty Go To Your Head

[Continued from page 83]

want to make all the girls who read this page hair-conscious. I want them to realize the possibilities of this marvelous frame for the picture, a frame which can bring out all the hidden charm of your features. Hair must be healthy to be beautiful. And to be healthy we must see that the mechanism in the follicle gets the nourishment, exercise, and stimulation it needs!

Good health, first; then massage of the scalp which will bring the blood racing to the follicles, then brushing and combing, the right way, which gives more exercise and stimulation to the hair apparatus. Cleanliness, so important in keeping hair lovely, must be attained by thorough shampooing.

DRY your hair always with gentle heat. Never in the furnace-like blasts that some misguided hairdressing parlors use. Mop the hair gently with a warm towel to help it to dry. After your shampoo is an excellent time to take a massage. The pores of the scalp are cleansed and stimulated; they will get the full benefit from being exercised.

Don't tolerate sick hair any more than you would go through life with some easily remedied illness. If you're neglecting your hair you should follow carefully the advice in this article. I can promise you that you will see definite improvement. The first principles I've pointed out here are followed by dermatologists, beauty specialists, and women on the stage and in public life whose hair must be as exquisitely cared for as the other aspects of their personal appearance.

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Wallflower

[Continued from page 47]

to the far corner of the room. "Take this conference, James."

The far corner of the room, in a voice that June Judy would have thought pleasant if it hadn't come so unexpectedly, said, "You've got one of your own in Room E, sir."

Edward Judy rose to his feet. "So I have. So I have. Glad you reminded me." He turned to June. "James, my dear, will fix you up nicely. I'm sure." And Edward Judy, admittedly sneaking out of his duty, patted his young daughter on the shoulder and left her to her fate and the far corner of the room.

June Judy, cheeks aflame with indignation at her father and shame for herself, sat with her eyes glued to the floor. It was quite ten seconds before the far corner of the room, coming to stand in front of her, said, "I've got three sisters of my own."

At that her eyes darted up to look at a face, not particularly handsome, by comparison with Larry Kendro—not particularly anything, in fact, save smiling and reassuring.

She said, "If I'd known anybody was in that corner—"

"You'd have made me miss the most extraordinary contact approach I've ever witnessed. You're the first person, I swear it, to make Edward Judy run for cover. Remarkable! It really was."

Since he didn't seem to be a bit shocked by her shamelessness, June Judy began to wonder if she hadn't been a little remarkable, after all. She said timidly, "Then you don't think—"

"I think your mind must be priceless." He saw that she was poised for flight and went on hurriedly. "Do you know, you're the first girl I ever met who thought of applying business methods to her own problems? It's unique."

June Judy sat back, just a little less poised for flight and made the mental observation that it might be very easy to talk to this young man. Easier than to her own father. "Mr.—Mr.—" She hesitated, wondering if he were James Somebody or Somebody James.

"James. But Peter, not Jesse. Now why don't you tell me the whole proposition? Scientifically, I'm interested."

He talked so naturally that her plan again assumed normalcy. She plunged into it and finished with, "So that's the way I am, cut out after Aunt Martha's pattern only I'm out of date. I'm a mouse-trap that's never been advertised. And the man I love—" this, with a rush—"is going to be taken by the sort of girl one has to be these days to get what one wants in the world!"

NOT by so much as a flicker of an eyelash did Peter James reveal his thoughts. He prompted her, "And so you came here—"

"To learn advertising and marketing," said June. "If I'm going to put a new June Judy on the market, I've got to learn the principles of marketing, don't I? I thought I'd be a bar of soap."

"Soap?" He almost bleated it. "Did you say soap?"

She nodded. "Because it's so common. Legion, like girls. It would be easy to learn how to market a new perfume, say, because that would be different. But girls are in every household, as they say. And so is soap. Or it ought to be. If I could learn how to sell a brand new kind of soap, I could use the same methods to advertise a brand new kind of girl. And I thought—"

Peter James sat and eyed her as one in a trance, as she explained just why it was

she wanted a job. It occurred to him that no small amount of Edward Judy's own ability might be hidden beneath the yellow head of his young daughter. Edward Judy had just that same way of asking for information and then telling the world in general what he thought and what he intended to do.

When June Judy finished, Peter James remarked in all truthfulness, "I've never heard anything quite like it. Do you mind my saying that I think you are remarkable. Lord, if you were a man—"

So that was that. And June Judy, developing overnight the backbone with which to handle her aunt, put away her golf sticks and her dancing slippers and, much to her father's amusement, made herself a very infinitesimal part of the firm of Judy, Kenilworth, Inc.

DURING the month that followed Aunt Martha made the discovery that she didn't have to manufacture an alibi for the missing June. Nobody really missed her, much less asked for her. And Edward Judy discovered that he was father to a young individual who had turned into very much of a person and was no longer, as he'd always thought her, just a name.

June Judy herself discovered, after the first week during which she suffered torments thinking that Bernardine Martin would marry Larry before she had learned how to make him aware of her, that it was quite easy to forget Larry at times in the fascinating process of learning how to make a bar of soap indispensable to the world. Peter, who had taken her business education in hand, knew that fate would never again throw anything like June Judy's viewpoint across his path and he meant to make the most of it.

Because he did not know Larry, Peter James had none of the usual sympathy of one man for a pursued brother. Larry Kendro was but one point of a triangle, the other two of which were June Judy and an idea. It was Peter's jubilant thought that if modern business methods could solve this equation they were equal to anything. He took June Judy under his wing, made her problem his own, approached it from the soap-bar angle and found it all, including June, fascinating.

He studied her outward appearance a great deal at first and said, "You've got to catch the eye first, the interest afterwards." And the more he studied her the more disturbingly lovely he found her. It must be remembered that nobody had ever studied June Judy before. Peter James, at the end of two weeks, made the discovery that she was actually beautiful and after that there was no more thought of failure. It only remained for Peter to find the method of making other eyes, which meant Larry Kendro's eyes, see what he saw.

He said at last, "To catch the eye you must give your bar of soap a wrapper so distinctive that it flashes across the vision like a nigger's head in a snowstorm. Then keep on flashing it until every time that wrapper is seen coming or going, somebody remarks, 'That reminds me—I must buy a bar of June Judy soap.'"

"That's all very well for a bar of soap," wailed June, "but I can't wear the same dress forever just so people will recognize me when they see me!"

"It might be a good idea, unique enough in this day and age, but I suppose it couldn't be done. Still—" he eyed her. She was sitting across from his desk, facing both him and the sunlight. He suddenly realized

what gave her that radiant look. It was the uncanny brilliance of her hair. That, and the fact that her face, free from rouge—for June was too busy these days to bother about it—seemed to glow with some of the same golden light. Peter James leaned forward. "Gold! Gold! That's the thing! A bar of sunlight, a window of daffodils, a flash of gold in the distance and each time the thought, 'There goes June Judy!' Lord, if you only had golden eyes!"

June thought, privately, that she'd look like a cat if she had golden eyes, but she said, "My eyelashes are golden on the tips, you know. I tried to trim them off with my manicure scissors but my hand wiggled. So I always blacken them, like the rest of the girls."

Peter sprang to his feet. "Great! Oh, that's the ticket! Imagine eyelashes dipped in gold! Don't ever do it again! I—why, I've got the whole idea! You'll wear yellow, nothing but yellow, soft primrose yellow, vivid saffron, gleaming gold! Gold!"

JUNE JUDY wasted no time in doing the best she could for him. She washed the mascara from her eyelashes, which were indeed golden tipped and curly to boot, and she went right out and bought herself a yellow sports dress. When Peter saw her in it two days later he promptly took her out to lunch. He tried to make it a business engagement, and talked to her a great deal about attention value and sustaining quality and consistent publicity but his own mental state was anything but business-like. He tried to look at her as if she were an animated bar of soap but he found himself looking at her as if she were the loveliest thing he had ever set eyes upon, as indeed she was.

By the time Peter James got back to the office he was nursing the keenest distaste for Larry Kendro.

But if Peter James disliked all thought of Larry, he also realized that Larry was the cause for his ever having known June Judy. He tried to put all personal thoughts concerning June out of his mind and failed completely. The only comforting thing about it all was that, as the first month lengthened into the second, June Judy herself made fewer references to Larry.

It was curious about June Judy. She told herself, whenever she had time to pry her thoughts loose from the new and fascinating world Peter James was opening up to her, that she was as much in love with Larry Kendro as ever. She must be in love with him; she was doing all this just because of him! And yet Peter James, of course, was not Larry Kendro. Peter James was not as romantic looking for one thing. But Peter was much nicer to be with, she discovered, and much more companionable.

She had lunch with Peter nearly six days a week, and the rest of the time she got used to wearing yellow, straight, slim frocks that did miraculous things to her hair and her eyes. She also became accustomed to having people turn and look at her when she slipped out of her coat in a restaurant and stood there, so slender and golden and shining. And she began to realize that by looking attractive she could really be so.

And then, quite suddenly one day, Peter, who had grown singularly quiet and almost abrupt, said to her, "I see that your friend, Larry Kendro, is back."

June Judy hadn't known that Larry was away, which showed how much she'd kept track of him. But she said, "Then I suppose I'd better go back to my old haunts too."

She rather hoped that Peter would protest, that he would say she didn't know half the things she should know about marketing but Peter only said, "That was your idea, wasn't it?"

June Judy admitted that it was and that afternoon she took quite a little time to

think about Larry. It was strange but she couldn't seem to remember him half as clearly as she thought she ought to. Every time she tried to picture him, a vision of Peter's eager face rose up before her eyes.

At last she said to herself, "This is a terrible state of affairs. Here I am in love with Larry—of course I'm in love with him—I always have been—but I can't seem to remember what he looks like! And here is Peter; he's worked so hard over me and if I don't sail back now and capture Larry, Peter will never again have any faith in his advertising principles! So I suppose there's nothing for me to do but go back to being a social butterfly. I'd better go at once and have it over with!" Which was a most extraordinary way for her to put it, seeing that going back and capturing Larry had been the thing she'd wanted for almost as long as she could remember.

June Judy approached Peter early the next morning, a resolute look upon her face.

"One of the girls in my old set is having her engagement dance tomorrow night. I called her up the first time since I came down here and she said, 'Oh, you're just back from abroad, aren't you, June?' Which shows how much everybody missed me! But I let her think I was and I told her I'd come to her dance. Then I went out and ordered a new frock."

Peter's expression was unreadable. "So it's long live King Kendro!"

June looked at him. "You sound so queer, Peter."

He looked rather queer too, strained and white. But he said, "It's nothing to what I feel. Though that is neither here nor there. Unless it is here." He touched his heart lightly, then grinned.

June Judy said, "I thought I'd like to have you come and look me over before I went to the dance."

"Pass judgment on you? I warn you, if I do, I may tell you what I really think!"

But when, early the next evening, he went to June's home and saw her, he didn't. He couldn't. For even Peter, who knew how lovely June Judy was, was not prepared for the sight of her in her new frock. For the modiste who had sold June Judy her frock had been a person with imagination.

Peter looked up and saw a flash of gold descending the stairs. The flash was June, and she was garbed in something soft and shining, with a skirt that was bouffant and rather long, and a jacket—yes, actually, a jacket—that was of velvet, somewhat like the jacket of a page in King Arthur's court. There was a fluting of white chiffon about the throat and, page-boy fashion, at the cuffs of the jacket's sleeves.

AND yet, for all that quaintness, June Judy looked even more modern than the moderns. For a moment Peter couldn't quite see why. Then he saw that it was her hair. Gone was the shingle that had made her look like every other girl, and he remembered now that for some time past June Judy had been letting her hair grow. Like a sleek little cap of gold it followed the outline of her head and was caught at the nape of her neck in the most guileless, sophisticated knot in the world.

Peter looked up at her and knew himself to be a poor fool for having helped turn her into the sort of person Larry Kendro would take from him.

"Do you like me, Peter?" she asked and pivoted before him. Peter saw from the tantalizing gleam in her eyes that she was quite aware of how disturbing she looked. Another thing he had taught her!

"I have never launched a better bar of soap!" he said.

"And you are quite satisfied with me, Peter?"

"Beyond the dreams of avarice!" he said.

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Why Girls Are Clinging Vines

[Continued from page 43]

inclined will tackle the business world and succeed, that the majority of women prefer to stay out of the business world because they are, by Nature, unfit for it?

Look at the women who have made notable successes. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but in general this is what has happened: At twenty these women, like the rest of their sex, saw marriage as a career. They were brought up to do so. They were not trained for business; it was not their mission. Well, then, they get married—they go along—something happens. They are desperate, faced with the necessity of earning a living, possibly of supporting children. They doubt if there is anything they can do but they will try anyhow.

The woman of this type is the so-called new woman. She is new in the sense that she is suddenly, and of necessity, released from the shackles of her conventional upbringing. She has got to do something—

Never had any head for figures, had she? Wait till it's a question of last month's grocery bill and she will soon get over counting, though ever so charmingly, on her fingers!

Many people argue, also, that it is the so-called masculine type of woman who succeeds in business, that she is able to compete with men because she has masculine qualities herself. There is no distinctly masculine type of woman any more than there is a distinctly feminine type of man. Each sex has some qualities of the other.

Then, finally, there is the question of children. A woman who marries generally expects to have children. She wants to have them. Perhaps she considers their upbringing her career; perhaps she considers them pleasant playthings. In any case, if she is a normal woman, having children need not unfit her for a career in business.

IT IS true that motherhood is a responsibility. A child comes into the world dumb and helpless; the mother is its protector. Early training takes time; the mother who sidesteps the responsibility does so at the peril of the child. A child must be taught self-reliance, must be taught to respect the rights of others, must be shielded and protected until it is old enough to take care of itself. Yet all this is a simple, matter-of-course part of family life; it does not preclude everything else.

A business woman, having a variety of interests outside her home, would presumably be bored by her children just as many a man is now.

Mother-love is not instinctive; children cling to their mothers because they are dependent upon them for protection.

Many a woman is so absorbed in her bridge club or her Society For Bringing Beauty Into the Lives of the Poor that she gives her children only casual attention.

The business woman should, in fact, make a better than average mother. She could teach her sons as well as her daughters the most valuable of all lessons, emotional control. A man or woman succeeds in life according to his or her control. A business woman, having learned by experience, would teach her children that whining buys nothing and tantrums are not in order.

The hand that rocks the cradle is literally the hand that rules the world. Woman is just learning what her stone-age ancestors knew: that, far from discriminating against her in the scheme of things, Nature has placed no limit to her capacities.



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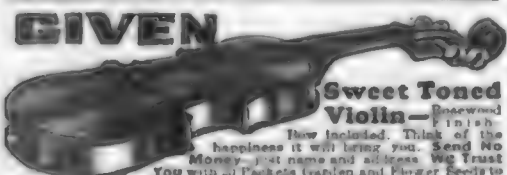
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The Infamous Miss Quain

[Continued from page 61]

town celebrations. A committee had met her at the train and escorted her to a tea in her honor at Mrs. Snyder's Cricket Tea Room, where girls and families who hadn't known her before she went away fussed anxiously for a word with her.

The dance at the country club, a dinner, a luncheon, her picture in the shop windows—"Welcome Home, Lora!"—the attention she received as she walked through the short streets of the woody little town, all touched her vanity. Somehow she'd dreaded it in anticipation but it was really fun.

It touched her sense of humor, too. She smiled a bit ironically as she thought of Helen's question about the Duke. They knew; they all knew; Helen had asked a question they'd all have liked to ask. If she weren't famous, if her name did not transcend all the vague, floating gossip she had inspired, they wouldn't have permitted her to alight from the train. They were pretending they'd heard nothing and that amused her. They were pretending that all they'd heard of her was of her stage success.

SHE chose to visit Garfield Gill. He wasn't in the Twelfth Street store. A boy told her that the boss was probably on First Avenue. She went to that store and found him engaged with a customer. He paused only long enough to ask her to wait. He did not think, apparently, to find a chair for her, so she found a box and sat down. She watched him dealing very patiently with a slow country boy.

When the sale was completed he came over. "It's an honor," he said. "It's an honor, Miss Quain. How you been getting on?"

"Marvelously," she said. "You promised to show me over your stores."

"Well," he hesitated, "maybe I was a little too bragging the other night. Helen tells me maybe I was. We got a nice little place here but it probably ain't anything like Paris or London."

"Helen's wrong," she said.

"Oh, no! She's probably right. I get a little worked up over things and Helen has to cool me off. I get a little excited over things, you know, and Helen kind of brings me down to normal."

Lora made no move to rise. "You didn't go to school when I was here, did you?" she asked.

"No'm," he admitted. "I'm a country boy myself. I was raised down Cataula way. I come into the city here about five or six years ago. I got to know some of the girls here at Normal School; they were taking post-graduate courses but I was a little slow getting started."

"But when you did get started!" she smiled.

"No'm," he objected. "I haven't been able to get into the Riverside Key Men Club and I sort of wanted to."

"No?"

"I got into Kiwanis but I couldn't get into Key Men. They had me up once but the other fellow won the place."

"Isn't yours the biggest radio business in town?"

"Yes, you might say it is. The fact is, maybe I didn't have the speed. The Key Men wanted a man that could talk on his feet and represent Riverside in a sort of good way. They ain't lax, the Key Men ain't, and that's what makes it such a representative organization. They're all up-and-coming fellows. In fact one of them is Ralph Hunter, a mighty fine fellow—and they let down the bars to everybody.

I might try again in a year or so, you can't ever tell what will happen."

"And who would be the fine gentleman they picked over you?" she asked.

"A Mr. Bradford, a very nice gentleman. He's got a nice little business. He was in the insurance line before but he gave that up and got a radio business. He's the state golf champion."

"Oh, I see!"

"Ma'am?"

"I said, 'I see.'"

Mr. Gill looked uncertainly at her. "Would you like to see the Wagner Sixteen?" he asked. "Pretty a little set as you ever saw."

"I'd love to," she said.

For two hours she followed him around. Nor was she bored. He explained matters which she scarcely apprehended, but she asked questions and earnestly absorbed his answers. She watched his eyes, studied them until he looked away embarrassed.

He took her from the First Avenue store to the one on Twelfth Street and as they passed up the streets friends nodded and shook a playful finger at the beaming Mr. Gill. In his second store she heard all of the explanations again. Then he looked at her worriedly.

"Maybe you've been pretty tired of this," he said. "Helen says I'm too long-winded when I get on radios—"

"Helen doesn't appreciate you," Lora said.

Garfield Gill was taken aback by the simple plainness of her interruption. "Helen doesn't appreciate me!" he repeated.

"But I do," she said and smiled at him.

"Why—er—why, I don't understand—"

"Of course not," she agreed, taking him suddenly by the arm. "Let's go around to the Elite and you buy me an ice cream soda."

He allowed himself to be led and this time they walked down Broad Street. Lora clung to his arm and said silly, foolish things at which he laughed uproariously. There was pride, too, in his bearing, for nearly every one they passed recognized and stared at the famous Miss Quain and, of course, at her escort. They stood at the soda counter like high school students and drank their sodas slowly.

People she knew came in and she smiled and nodded but made no move to leave Garfield Gill. Ralph Hunter entered, grinning and big-boyish, and he had his amiable greeting too.

"I'm going to call you up," he warned.

"Don't forget," she replied.

"What's the big time to catch you?"

"Around seven."

Mr. Gill gazed after Ralph Hunter's broad back admiringly. "He's a mighty fine fellow, don't you think?"

"He's the world's wettest smack," she stated.

HE LOOKED at her uncertainly. "Nearly everybody else seems to like him," he ventured.

"Well, nearly everybody else is always wrong," she explained.

Whatever her opinion of Ralph Hunter, though, Lora Quain made certain of her presence in the vicinity of the phone at seven o'clock and at ten minutes after, it rang.

"Guess who?" said a hearty masculine voice.

"Good-by," she said immediately and hung up. Then she sat patiently, a hopeful look in her eyes. The phone rang again.

"Hello," came rapidly to her ear, "this

is Ralph Hunter. How are you anyway?" "Oh, I'm so glad you called," she said with apparent relief. "Some idiot, the kind of idiot who shouts, 'Guess who?' just called me and I was scared to death he was going to call again. There's no excusing such fools, you know. They're born stupid and there's no doing anything about them."

There was a long silence and Lora smiled. Finally:

"I told you I was going to call you," Mr. Hunter's voice said. "How are you?"

"Why, I'm well, thank you!" she said with just the slightest note of surprise at the absurdity of the question.

"Well, well—the fact is—well, that's good. That's very good indeed. I'm awfully glad, awfully glad indeed. I'm awfully glad you're well. That's very good."

"Yes?"

She smiled again, maliciously, as she pictured his confusion at her lack of conversational high spirits.

"Why, the truth is," he said, "there's going to be a dance at the country club Saturday night—not one of those riots like the one we had for you—we had to let in a lot of people, you know—but one got up by the better families."

"That's best I think," she said.

"Of course that's best," he agreed, encouraged. "What about taking you—that is, what about going with me? Jolly good time, you know."

"I'd like to," she said, "but that's the night I must leave. I have reservations on the one o'clock to New York. I don't see—"

"Oh, come, come! You can hop out there and I'll rush you back in plenty time to catch the train." His spirits appeared to be returning. "Let's put a little pep into the party, give 'em a touch of speed for once—some of the old mustard, you know."

"Well, I can't say now," she replied. "I'll see and if I'm able I will. I'll let you know."

"But can't you say now?"

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "I said I'd let you know."

He mumbled something and she hung up the receiver.

She thought then, irrelevantly, of the Gills. They would be there, of course. Lora's best friend had to be there; everybody understood that. And, naturally, her husband. Poor Garfield!

Her chin lifted sharply. And why, she demanded to herself, should he be poor Garfield? In comparison, was it, with Ralph Hunter? With whom else? She was drawn to poor Garfield Gill and she knew it. He was in her mind a great deal, a melancholy obligato to her comfortable, only occasionally boring visit. She resented Helen's apologies for him and people's sympathy for Helen. Helen, she told herself, was a fool.

SHE didn't go out that evening. She lay about her rooms in a depressed state of mind. She suddenly began to feel that Saturday night would be none too soon a date for her to leave. The thrill of standing on the heights before those who'd once given her no notice was beginning to pall. It wasn't natural, wasn't normal. She must get back to New York.

She made it a point those next few days to stop into Garfield Gill's stores to see him. She dragged him out to the Elite, the only impeccable public place that a married man might visit with a woman other than his wife. She called him Garfield. She had Helen and him to her rooms for dinner and bluntly excused herself with a headache an hour after the meal; she could stand Helen's laughing apologies no longer.

"She's a fine woman," Garfield said to Helen when they got home. "I don't be-

lieve I ever saw anybody who was any finer."

"Of course, of course," Helen replied. "But you nearly bored her to death, I know, with that long harangue about how fine a fellow Ralph Hunter was."

"I didn't realize it, honey," he said. "I really didn't. But she said once she didn't like him."

"Don't be foolish. Everybody likes Ralph; he's so jolly."

"Well, she said she didn't," he insisted.

"Oh, she was kidding you. I just know she was bored to death while you talked."

He paused in his undressing. "Well, she wasn't kidding me," he said stubbornly. "She likes me and she wasn't kidding."

Helen stopped too. "She likes you?" she repeated. "And she wouldn't kid you?"

"No," he repeated doggedly.

"No?" she said.

Saturday evening on the way to the country club Helen reminded him of this conversation.

"Do you know who's bringing Lora tonight?" she demanded triumphantly.

He nodded.

"I suppose that means she doesn't like him?"

He didn't answer.

GARFIELD followed her into the foyer and grinned formal greetings to those he knew. Helen had more honors, of course, as Lora Quain's best friend. He did not begrudge them; in fact he was proud that she had them. She fluttered about, smiling delighted acknowledgments and casting swift glances to find Lora. Garfield shuffled after her to the group that surrounded the famous lady and Ralph Hunter.

Then, to his surprise, Lora stepped forward and spoke to him: "I must see you alone, soon—please."

Embarrassed, with curious eyes turned suddenly on him, he stammered a reply. "Certainly, certainly, any time!"

Ralph caught her arm and Garfield, grateful, stepped behind Helen's convenient back and grinned at some one.

Then, when Ralph had rushed Lora away for a dance, he breathed a sigh of relief and wandered out to the dark veranda, where he smoked and peered in the windows occasionally and in general avoided human company which he suspected might be impatient with him.

Lora's eyes followed him over Ralph Hunter's shoulder. Then they fluttered over the rim of the moon, over the line of wall-flowers in the chairs at the edge of the floor. Three young men sat in one of the low windows, eagerly watching the floor for a favorite. Occasionally she saw Garfield Gill pass outside this window.

Once she mentioned him to Helen. "Why doesn't Garfield come in to dance?"

"Oh, Lora, you know how Garfield is," Helen said with the impatience only possible in talking to one's closest friend. "You know he doesn't fit in here."

"You think not?"

This was said so sharply that Helen looked at her friend in surprise. But, instantly, the vagrant suspicion that there was disapproval in Lora's voice disappeared.

"Of course not."

Lora danced again with Ralph Hunter and with several others. She talked nervously between dances and was curt, impatient. Not even Helen was spared. Once or twice her victims looked at each other significantly. Then she walked out of the ballroom alone.

She found Garfield Gill in his customary haunts at the end of the dark veranda. He was smoking a cigar and looking down at the thick trees. A smile came to his face when he saw her.

"Greetings!" he said gaily.

She allowed no preliminaries. "Garfield," she said, "I want you to take my arm and walk with me a bit. You've left me alone

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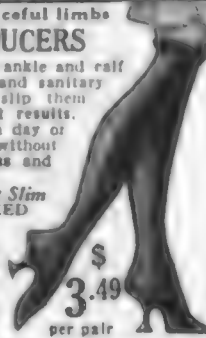
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this entire evening and—" She didn't finish. "I was coming in," he hastened to say. "I was coming in just as soon as I finished this cigar."

"Well, that's neither here nor there," she said. "I've got something I want to say to you, something very important."

"They were walking along the veranda."

"Why, what on earth—"

"You like me, don't you, Garfield?"

"You know I do! Why, you're Helen's best friend and—"

"Leave Helen out of this."

"What!"

"Leave Helen out," she repeated. "This is between you and me. It's our concern, not hers." She was glancing ahead, estimating their position in relation to the middle window. "Well, I've wanted to tell you and I'm telling you now, I love you."

They stopped. Or rather, Garfield Gill stopped and Lora Quain had to—opposite the middle window. "I love you," she repeated frankly, "and I want you to go away with me tonight."

Garfield Gill's mind fluttered. Was he hearing aright? Was this a dream? "Tonight!" he mumbled.

"Yes, tonight," she repeated. "I may as well tell you, I don't believe in beating all around before telling you."

A glance of her eye caught a young woman sitting in the window.

"I've traveled around a great deal, Garfield," she went on. "I've seen a great many men—French, English, American, and I know the kind of man I can love always, Garfield. It's you, dear. Don't you understand, it's you?"

"But Lora—Helen—"

"That fool! That fool! Don't mention her name again!" Her rage made her tremble. "Not worthy to have you in the same town with her! Haven't I seen her? Haven't I seen the way she has left you out, everywhere? Oh, that she should be given a man like you—oh, Garfield, forget her now—talk to me about this—about us—please!"

MR. GILL stood looking at her foolishly. His mind refused to digest what he heard.

"Don't you understand, dear?" She spoke with a semblance of discretion. "Can't you see? I love you, I want you. I want you to go with me to New York, to London. I have friends there; they'll be your friends. We'll see things; we'll go to parties; you'll always be somebody because I love you. Won't you, won't you?"

Mr. Gill drew a deep breath. His mind was beginning to clear. It was not a situation for which he had any precedent but at last he saw it clearly.

"Lora—Miss Quain," he said, "I'm afraid you got the wrong idea. You forget maybe that I love Helen—"

"You could love me!"

"I love Helen," he continued stubbornly, "and I have no wish to go away with you. What's more, I'm surprised at you—Helen your best friend and you saying things like this to me, her husband. Let's—"

"Helen's not my best friend," Lora Quain said. "She couldn't be and still treat you as she has." Her voice softened, became tender. "Don't you see, Garfield, I want somebody like you? You're sweet, you're brave, you're loyal, you're intelligent. Have I found those qualities? In all you've heard of me, and I have no doubt you've heard a great deal, has there been anybody like you? Oh, Garfield, if you—"

Mr. Gill held up his hand primly.

"Miss Quain, don't let's discuss it any more. You got the wrong idea, that's all."

Lora drew herself up. "You refuse it all—everything? You refuse what I can give you—London, New York, Paris—?"

He paused but his imagination was unable to embrace such exotic charms and him-

self with them at one and the same time.

"You got the wrong idea," he repeated.

"You refuse! This is my last hour here."

"I refuse," said Mr. Gill haughtily.

Lora looked around savagely. The girl in the window had disappeared. Then she stepped forward, caught Mr. Gill in her arms and kissed him on the mouth. Before he could remonstrate in horror, she was away, in the door to the ballroom.

She ran across the room, brushing surprised dancers out of her way. A little group of excited people about the middle window whispered among themselves. Ralph Hunter, sensing trouble, abruptly abandoned the girl with whom he was dancing and ran after her. She was returning to the door, her eyes blazing and in her arms was her coat.

"Lora," he insisted.

"Leave me alone!" She almost screamed it. Her face was aflame, her eyes bright.

"But Lora, what—"

She turned at the door and struck viciously at the hand that would stop her. "Will you leave me alone, you small town sport?" She screamed this time. "Will you get away from me—away—away—away!"

Then she was out of the door. Behind her came a sudden rush of those who had heard and seen. She was running down the drive and then in among the cars parked near the road. As they stood watching, one moved out and turned through the gate. Inside this car Lora Quain, a little breathless from exertion, smiled to herself in the dark. "What fun!" she murmured.

IT was Wednesday, luncheon day for the Riverside Key Men. The fellows met shortly after one o'clock in the lobby of the Ralston Hotel and straggled into the dining room after greetings and short chats. Mr. Jordan had brought with him as his guest Mr. Felix Redfern, a customer from Charleston. They sat near the front.

"Is that your president?" Mr. Redfern asked, indicating a tall gentleman disposing of the honorary guests at the head table.

"Yep, that's Garfield Gill," Mr. Jordan said. "You've heard of Lora Quain, haven't you?"

"The actress? Of course." Mr. Redfern looked slightly puzzled.

"Well, she's a Riverside girl, you know. Came back here a couple of years back and fell like a ton of bricks for him."

"You mean for Gill?"

"Absolutely!"

"You mean for that skinny bird there?"

"She certainly did, and how! And don't be fooled, big boy. That guy's got something. Lora Quain's known men all over Europe, titles and all, and I don't mean maybe either!" He rolled his eyes with gentlemanly significance and Mr. Redfern shook his head.

"And Lora Quain was in love with him?"

"No fooling!"

The guest studied Mr. Gill more closely, honestly endeavoring to fathom the charm. Presently, "I'll say this for him," he said, as a man who is not totally blind to the more subtle things, "he's got a mighty smart smile, as smart as I ever saw."

"Smart as a whip," Mr. Jordan agreed heartily. "Got a mighty fine little wife too. She was there where Quain broke loose and let me tell you—he lowered his voice—"that was some scene. At the country club. Lora went wild—you know how actresses are—when Garfield refused to skip with her to London. Raised almighty Cain. Didn't care who heard or saw. Bawled one guy out to a fare-ye-well! Lord, what an evening!" He chuckled reminiscently. "But Gill didn't make any bad choice at that. Helen's a swell girl. Crazy about him too. Entertain quite a bit and—sh-sh-sh, here's the invocation."

They bent their heads suddenly.

[Continued from page 77]

The spring lingerie will be in various shades of tan, from pink beige to yellow-brown with a new shade called "vanilla" the favored tint. Even on pure white lingerie "tobacco" lace is used. Tan shoulder straps to match the skin are being used, a touch of which I approve, being bored with seeing pink, blue and green lingerie straps dropping over girlish shoulders. Some of the latest French underwear has one strap of chiffon and one of lace but this is a bit too extreme for everyday wear.

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Solve this puzzle and solve it quick. There's too much at stake for you to delay a minute. Take a pencil and draw a line showing how the auto can be driven out of the field pictured above. There's all kinds of fences in your way and there's only one gate out of the field, but if your eyes are sharp you MAY find a way thru the various gates in the fences, and get your auto out.

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your correct head size is—twenty-one is the average size—and ever afterward demand it. Smart hats must fit and the clever girl should not be above having her hair thinned out to accommodate the smallest most close-fitting hats possible. Bushy heads may be a riot in the Fiji Islands but they are a cold number in a modern drawing-room.

Incidentally the highbrows come into their own in the spring millinery. Eyebrows got an outing in the winter hats. Now the spring hats carry the line back further and to expose the whole brow beneath your hat brim is most modish.

The Admirable Accessory

THERE are two very definite times when you should purchase accessories; first, when your spirits and dress allowance are low and second in months like February and March and July and August when the mode is between-seasons. For nothing more completely peeps up one's personality and one's costumes than a new handbag or scarf or some little foolish fashion whim. And further, the accessory this season reaches even greater power than ever.

First comes the costume jewelry. Fashion is now swaying away from the gold and silver jewelry it has recently been emphasizing and returns to the ever-lovely, always becoming pearls. Those delights of our grandmother's day, seed pearls, are the new favorites and they appear not only in rings, necklaces and earrings, but sewn in the most delicate designs on little pouch evening bags. Understand when I say pearls, here, I mean artificial pearls. Not even the excessively wealthy wear real pearls today.

But no more than you can ignore the ensemble note in buying your hats and dresses can you now ignore the ensemble note in buying your costume jewelry. You must buy it in sets if you would be really smart and combinations of earrings and bracelets, or necklaces and bracelets and hat ornaments are very swank indeed. Since such jewelry is a mode and never intended as loot for your grandchildren, I advise you to purchase that which is inexpensive. Nobody takes such jewelry seriously. It is as chic as the right lipstick and you should treat it as lightly.

Another accessory, if it may be called that, which you simply must have in your spring wardrobe, is the tuck-in blouse. This is the current relief from the long, hanging blouse we have had with us so long and which to me had a terrible tendency to make every one look "hippy." The tuck-in is very youthful and feminine and will be developed both in plain and printed silks.

Some of the smartest shops are displaying sweaters with little pull-over socks to match for tennis and golf wear. Sweaters are the nicest "fillers-in" of a lean wardrobe. They go on forever and many the skirt of a two-piece dress you can make do double duty by topping it with a neat little jersey. To be very chic your newest sweaters should have some modernistic design about them and then to be just too saucy you should hold them in with a wide woven belt of straw.

Rather extreme but dashing enough to delight my frivolous soul are lace gloves in black, champagne or white now being shown to wear with the little cocktail jackets. They are made almost exactly like grandma's old silk mits and emphasize the formal note continually chimed by those who lead. In this same class is the return of the pure

white linen handkerchief edged in real lace. Except for the huge squares of pastel-colored chiffon tied about the wrist as evening handkerchiefs, the colored kerchief is passé.

There is a definite trend toward warmer stocking tones. Not that black is coming back. It isn't, but the pale pinks and pink beiges have disappeared from daytime wear. Gun-metal, sand and autumn leaf, an almost red brown are favored now. No gray is being worn by the really chic. But for evening wear you simply must have a pink tone, whether you are wearing stockings shading to silver for your silver kid pumps or gold for your gold kid. When



White simply must be somewhere in your evening wardrobe and no gown could provide that lovely feminine look so imperative this season more charmingly than this frock of white tulle. The bodice is encrusted with brilliants in a flower pattern and the many layers of tulle in the skirt fall into a graceful short train. Particularly delightful for the slim sub-deb

Courtesy Bonwit-Teller

your slippers are dyed to match your gown—and this is most chic—choose sheer chiffon nude.

I observed an amusing novelty for the collegiate minded this month. They were felt anklets made in bracelet fashion of two or three colored felt strips fastened with a buckle. As they come in all the proper combinations, you may buy them to cheer either your Alma Mater or that of the boy friend's. Furthermore they are warm and as they retail for a mere fifty cents a pair they become one of those amusing little fashion touches one can afford to sponsor once or twice and then forget.

Colored shoes are most surely going to be with us this spring. In fact, all signs point to rainbows of color. Blue shoes came in last summer and green shoes this winter but the winds of March will discover us all in shoes of every shade. Purple and scarlet will be particularly good and combinations of bright colors will surely be stressed. Be careful if you buy colored shoes not to buy them in shades that will jumble your ensembles rather than unify them. The well-dressed girl never wears more than three colors simultaneously and two is better. So colored shoes must be matched, and matched exactly, either to your hat or your gown. To match the gown is more satisfactory but when matched with the hat they should be used to give dash to the costume as, for instance, a little red or coral hat and shoes worn with a dove gray dress or a green hat and shoes worn with rose beige.

If you have saved any of your childhood hair ribbons, get them out and use them. For never have I seen such a delicious out-

burst of bows all over everything as the shops are now advocating. But the fashion point is that these bows have come off the gowns and gone to one's person—that is, you may now pin a huge bow of taffeta on your left shoulder or tie a fast bow around your throat for all the world like a young kitten or a gay clown and be most fofou. Naturally don't do this if you are a little dove of a girl who wears quiet frocks and quieter manners or at least do not adopt this style except on the occasion when you want to offset your demure charm with a note of impudence.

One New York shop has introduced "step sizes," an innovation I find very welcome. These step sizes are intended for those of us who weren't perfectly designed by nature—and so few of us were—and combine wide hip lines with narrow shoulders and similar combinations that made them adaptable to the irregular figure and eliminate the necessity of extensive and expensive alterations. I hope other stores throughout the country will follow this excellent example.

Finding a Job in a Big City

[Continued from page 81]

maids know it but they don't care. The owners probably know it but choose to ignore what they can't help. Mollie, when she was at home, never could bear to wear unironed underwear but now she has only one brassiere and she has to rinse that three times a week and wear it unironed. So with the kind of clothes women wear now, the laundry problem is not a serious one.

EVEN the girl who lives at home with her family, finds a stiff problem when she looks for her first job in New York. I lived with my family when I came here but I had no business connections and it took me nine months to get my first job. This was because I didn't have any special trade or profession. Don't come to New York to look for a job unless you are proficient in something. All cities are full of girls who are willing and ardent but don't know anything precise for which people are willing to pay.

I suppose you expect me to tell you something about the "dangers" of the great city. I can't. I don't believe there are any! I find that working girls are amply able to take care of themselves, far more able than girls who are idle. The people who are always running into "dangers" are willing to run into them and would do it as readily on the front porch at home as at the corner of Forty-second Street. Every girl has an instinct about such things. If a highly vicious atmosphere is interesting to her, it is because she herself has a tendency that way.

Two girls from a near-by state found a boarding-house in New York which was charming, reasonable and perfect in every way except that it was run by a young man who had had an unfortunate marriage and was drowning his worries in liquor every night. The girls were afraid of him yet the home was so attractive and cheap that they sought out three or four more girls from home and went to live there in a group, feeling that they could protect each other. They found to their surprise that he was a good and careful landlord and harmful only to himself. The girls took an interest in him and tried to help him but his sorrow seems to have been too great.

The most exciting thing these girls found

in that house was an ex-chorus girl and model who starved all day and went out to champagne dinners at night. They found her rather agreeable and this brief glance into the sordid side of city life very interesting. They thought they were seeing Life. I wonder why young people always think that Life, with a capital "L" means people who are dissipated. After all, this is only one aspect of life; life is often lived just as vividly, indeed more so by people who drink nothing but water and go to bed at ten o'clock at night. If it is possible for you to live, in your first attempt in the big city, with somebody whom you know in some quiet home by all means do that until you know your way about.

Now all this talk about the difficulty of getting a start in New York may sound discouraging but I could name you off one after another successful women who came to New York with little or no money. In fact it is one of the standing jokes in New York that all the successful people there came from somewhere else! Most of the editors of the magazines, the editors of newspapers, the writers, many of the best saleswomen, many of the big buyers in department stores, came from other cities and small towns. But they either had a very hard time in the beginning or they knew some trade thoroughly or they had excellent connections and letters of introduction.

A. P. is an actress from a farm in upstate New York. She wanted to go on the stage and had taken a course in acting. After about two years of trying she got a position as extra girl in a chorus. You've heard of her many times because now she is a star.

ONE of the best department store buyers came also from the Middle West. She had been a dressmaker out there and had run a little shop which had been a failure. She came to New York and lived on delicatessen food while she worked as a saleswoman in a store. Now she is the head buyer in one of New York's biggest department stores.

Women can make a success in New York, coming here with little money, but as I've said before it's hard and you must not come unless you have exceptional courage, good health, the ability to stand loneliness and about three hundred dollars.

Some of Mrs. Woodward's personal answers to your letters will be found beginning on the following page

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INCREASE the size and strength of your arm almost overnight. A strong grip is the barometer of your personality. With each KRUSHER GRIP I will give

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From Mrs. Woodward's Letter Box

"SHOULD I be a song writer?"

"Should I be a riding teacher?"

"I'm married, but don't you think I could have a career?"

Such are the questions which are pouring into Mrs. Woodward's letter box from girls in all parts of the country. It's not easy, this deciding about careers, is it? Maybe you will find among the letters published here answers to your own "career" problems.

Mrs. Woodward has tried to answer all the letters she has received personally. If you did not get an answer to yours, it was probably because you did not send her a return address and you may find your letter printed here.

Learn English First of All

MY DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I am employed as a switchboard operator in a law firm at \$80 per month but my chief ambition is writing stories. I have no idea whatsoever how to go about it and my English is very poor.

I have answered several home correspondence school advertisements, but the fee is more than I can afford although the promises are unbelievable.

Do you think that a person could learn how to write stories just the same as taking a course in typing or shorthand? D. A.

DEAR Miss D. A.: There is only one way to learn to write, and that is to write and keep on writing until you are successful.

But it seems to me that the first thing you ought to do is to take a course in English. There is no address in your letter, but I presume you live in a town where there are night schools which teach English and if not, I should take a correspondence course in it.

You cannot learn to write stories the same way as taking a course in typing or shorthand. It is very much more difficult.

Be More Definite Next Time

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I hope I shan't bore you with my likes and dislikes.

First I have never done any one thing which I felt was the best I could do and I don't know that I've ever done anything that I particularly liked to do.

I like best to be comfortable, calm, and to wear clothes that fit only me, to be at times unhurried, at others in the midst of action, ready to snap at quick decisive judgments—to press a thing while the enthusiasm lasts, while the inspiration is there.

My friends are few and among them I can't be myself. I like to hear people say something, not just talk. That's why I like men.

Oh, the time lost—not knowing what to do.

I guess it's one thing to know what you want, another to get it. H. N.

DEAR Miss N.: You do not tell me enough about what you like to do for me to give you advice.

Everybody in the world likes to be comfortable and to wear clothes that fit only themselves, to be at times unhurried and at others in the midst of action. And all the world likes to be able to make quick, decisive judgments. To be frank with you, I think you are very self-centered and too troubled about yourself.

You do not have to apologize for liking to be with men. It is normal and natural for a girl to like to be with them, but also you ought to like to be with women. I feel

that intelligent women usually do.

If you will write me again and tell me more definitely what your special talents are, I might be able to advise you. In the meantime I hope you can stay out of doors as much as possible, not taking much exercise, since I don't imagine that is good for you or that you like it.

Apparently you have tact, but are impatient with other people's faults. Write me again. Your letter contained no address so I could not write you more fully or more directly.

Be a Good Accountant

MY DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I am at present working in an office but am not entirely satisfied. To be perfectly candid I have never felt satisfied with anything after I have obtained it; my aim seems to exceed my grasp. Mother says it should "else what's a heaven for." I have the most remarkable mother, who encourages me no matter how dull or drab anything seems. She has grown up with me, it seems, and is always enthusiastic over my plans.

I have a high school education. I graduated in 1925. I went to business college and have a diploma from there. I am twenty now and have a very definite idea outlined of just what I'd like to do.

My ambition is to teach. I should like very much to take up commercial teaching and wonder if you could recommend the best procedure in order to qualify as a teacher in a business school or high school.

Do you feel after reading my letter that I may be better fitted for some other type of work?

I am writing to you in all sincerity for your frank advice.

If you were just twenty, Mrs. Woodward, with an education such as I have received, and a wonderful mother and pal to sanction your plans what would you do?

Regarding a financial viewpoint, we are comfortable and of the middle class. Sincerely, W. A. M., West Orange, New Jersey.

MY DEAR Miss M.: To teach anything in a high school you have to have a college degree. You can get this even if you work in the daytime by taking an evening course, but it is absolutely essential to have such a degree for any teacher in New York High Schools.

As far as other business schools are concerned and not connected with the system of city schools, the only way would be to apply to them individually, but I know that none of these pay well and if you want to make money I think you could do much better as an accountant. You write a fine bookkeeping hand. Why don't you study accounting?

With your mother's encouragement and your previous training, I think you would do very well at it.

You are quite right not to be satisfied. It is dreadful to be satisfied at twenty years of age.

Don't Be Too Timid

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I have had enough experience in business and life to know how to give and take but in my business connection I am associated with another girl, whose duties are almost identical with mine, but whose attitude is inflexible about little things which might be called "conflicting duties." I have always tried to avoid pettiness in these differences and for that reason hesitate to discuss it with our employer but I do not propose to be relegated to the background.

I have taken the matter up with the girl in question in a frank way but she refuses to be adaptable.

Do not think I am a paragon of sterling qualities—far from it—but another thorn in my flesh has been and is gossip which might be called malicious. Don't you admit that one has to be almost superhuman to be friendly and at the same time refrain from comments, perchance honest but disparaging about one's business associates?

I have had remarks made to me about the personal shortcomings of employers and executives which I would tremble to repeat and, yet, no evil consequences seem to result to the tale-bearer. I like free and easy conversation without the feeling of distrust but regret to say that I have found it necessary to practice restraint.

Another thing—is it not true that women have to give a great deal more to their jobs, for a smaller salary, than men do? In the opinion of many excellent and conscientious office women whom I have met—no woman can get beyond the two thousand dollar a year mark unless some man has a personal interest in her or the alternative of giving her life to her job.

And if a woman expects to get beyond the poor-paying hackneyed work that seems to be women's lot, isn't it necessary that she develop her independence and individuality even though men in business resent these very qualities and do not hesitate to show their resentment. Ohio subscriber.

OHIO Subscriber: I am afraid that you are a little too timid and a little too given to taking copy-book maxims seriously. It is perfectly human to talk about people around us and nothing is so fascinating nor dramatic as human motives and actions and the only person who will not talk about them is either very timid or very dull.

I think that women still have to do much more for their pay than men, although there are a few exceptions. In order to get above \$2,000 a year in office work, a woman has to be exceptionally able; a man does not.

However, why not forget about the girl whose duties are almost identical with yours, and why not forget about whether the other people ought to gossip or not, and have as good a time as you can about your work.

Another thing, don't worry whether you are independent or not—if you are genuinely independent it makes it unnecessary to have to assert it. The fact that you think you have to assert your independence makes me doubt that you are really independent.

How About Being a Riding Teacher?

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I feel positive that I am as you say a misfit, for I have been doing general office work for nearly ten years and so far don't seem to find any one particular branch.

I am a grammar school graduate and have completed part of a secretarial course but never finished because I lost interest. Then I started a correspondence course for newspaper reporting and never finished that. Last fall I gave up office work and went into the selling field of real estate and although I made a few sales I had to give that up too as I found I was not fitted for it. I was told I was not hard-boiled enough.

The two things I really enjoy doing are writing and singing. But I am not in a position to have my voice cultivated even though I sing in our choir and belong to a Glee Club as well, for I am self-supporting.

Outdoor life has always held a great interest for me and it was partly due to that I went into the selling field so as to be outdoors. I love animals of all kinds, particu-

larly horses, and often wondered if, since women today are in all branches of work whether such a position as riding instructor somewhere out in the wide-open spaces would be possible. Another position which often appealed to me has been that of forest ranger. It may all sound queer to you, these odd likes of mine but since I can enjoy myself alone with good reading it may not sound so queer.

I have always longer to travel towards the Golden West and since my parents have been dead many years the only handicap is financial help.

My age is thirty-two therefore you can see I am not a young flapper with unsettled ideas.

As I am writing you this I am at home, whereas I should be at the office working, but due to a cold and lack of desire to be inside on such a beautiful day I just could not bring myself to go into the office and you can readily understand this is not the right attitude to take and if I were fitted to my position and doing the things I liked I certainly would only be too anxious to get to the office and work.

If the opportunity presented itself tomorrow for an opportunity at any of the things I have told you I enjoy doing, regardless of what part of the country it were in I feel almost sure I would be tempted to take it.

To get out in the open instead of living in an apartment house has been a long cherished dream which I am afraid will have to fade into nothingness as do all my other dreams. Very truly yours, D. A., Newark, New Jersey.

DEAR Miss A.: There may be some positions for women riding teachers in some of the riding academies around New York. Perhaps you might like equally well to get work in some place where they breed fine dogs.

What you say doesn't sound queer at all; indeed it is gratifying to hear from some one who has a pronounced taste for something unusual.

You should try to get a position at some girl's camp. There are a great many things to be done there which you would love, such as teaching girls to swim and to ride. Also, you might like to work for some hotel in the country. These have positions which can be secured through regular hotel employment agencies.

Another possibility for you would be gardening.

Go to the library and consult copies of magazines about country life to see if they contain advertisements which you might answer.

You may also find help in that direction from your local Y. W. C. A. employment bureau.

Learn Not to Mind Criticism

MY DEAR Helen Woodward: I have just finished reading your article on how to choose a career and thought I would take this time to ask your advice for it seems I am just in a circle. I do not seem to be able to get anywhere.

To begin with since I have been a little girl the stage has always held a lure for me but my dear mother was very much against it. So I have never been able to have my dream come true. At the age of sixteen I married a man whom my mother thought would be a very good husband but it all has turned out a terrible mess and at the age of twenty-two years with a son five years old I still have the old desire for the stage and every one seems to think I am the right type as I am very small and blonde. Now Miss Woodward a friend of mine is in a Broadway show and wants me to join it. But here is the trouble. I am very sensi-

tive and I seem afraid of people and then again you know how people talk about you if you join a show and work in the chorus. They seem to think it is the end of everything but I feel that it is the only thing to do as I have tried to work as a telephone operator, saleslady and in various other positions and I am always unhappy. Hope I have not made my letter too long but felt that I needed to get some good sound advice from some one who would understand. O. G., New York City.

DEAR Mrs. G.: Why should you care what anybody else thinks? If you are making your own living you have to do the work you are fitted to do. If any one wants to criticize your method of earning your own living they should be in a position to earn it for you.

Working on the stage is especially hard for sensitive people. You will have to grow a very thick skin to protect your feelings. If you make a success people will forget all about their adverse opinion.

Sell Things If You Can Sell

DEAR Madam: If you can help me choose the career I should take up in life, I will be very grateful to you.

I am now twenty-three years old. I graduated from high school in 1923. Then I attended a conservatory of music for more than a year.

Ever since my senior year in high school, I have had thyroid trouble which has made me very nervous. In fact, a couple of years ago, I had a nervous breakdown, and I had to quit my studying.

I am now much better in every way, and feel that after this long interruption, I should be working toward some goal.

Surely there is some one thing that I would be happier doing than anything else. But I am having a mighty hard time trying to find out what that one thing is.

I like so many things and would like to know more about them.

Even if I am getting a late start I feel that it is never too late to learn and start doing something worthwhile.

I have a natural coloratura voice which my teacher was very proud of and she gave me great encouragement. But it takes money and lots of it to get anywhere with music.

I still expect to continue studying it as I can, but should I make it my vocation?

Being of a very nervous temperament and lacking in means to continue studying I don't know what to do.

Besides I have had a nose and throat operation, but my voice seems to be the same. Time will tell whether it will stand up as well.

I have never wanted to be a stenographer. Routine work, any work that is too confining does not appeal to me.

I make quite a little money now and then in the direct selling of specialties but I do not care to make this my vocation, although I like it in a way and have some ability along this line.

I have always wanted to go to college, at least to attend a while and specialize in some work along some line. But my health did not permit me to go after I graduated from high school and now, at my age, I hesitate.

I have a pretty good disposition but am rather sensitive and have always been more or less timid.

I sometimes feel that I have made a mistake in not marrying a nice young man who proposed to me when I was nineteen or twenty years of age.

At that time I was only thinking of a career. I gave him no encouragement and he married a girl friend.

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Amazing, startling, FACTS that Science has actually discovered and PROVEN about AFTER-DEATH and LOVED ONES gone BEYOND sent for 10c in stamps. **Pioneer Press, Dept. 145, Hollywood, Calif.**

Please help me choose not only a career but a profitable hobby.

I forgot to tell you that what I wanted to do with my voice was to teach—not to be a concert singer. Very truly yours, J. R., Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR Miss R.: You answer your own question. The ability to sell goods is very rare. There are a great many people in this country who try it but very few do it well, and if I were you I should make my career right there.

In the first place, a musical career requires not only money but strength. Some time get Willa Cather's "Song of the Lark" and see what physical vitality is necessary, especially where there is no money.

On the other hand, selling would keep you busy out of doors and give you the kind of active occupation which you know, of course, will help make you well and keep you well. I think you are very lucky to have such ability. I would set to work to make myself the best saleswoman possible. In a big place like Kansas City you can do a great deal with it, and perhaps later become a manager of other saleswomen or a buyer in a department store.

Why do you think you are late in starting? You are very young and have plenty of time—especially since you have such a pronounced talent. I should not go on to school if I were you. I think the active selling would be better for your health.

All Jobs Have Irksome Features

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: The SMART SET magazine said that you would be glad to help any one who wrote to you. I am badly in need of help, hence this letter.

I am two months short of eighteen years and graduated from high school last June. I am about five feet tall and look three years younger than I am. I am faced with the problem of looking for a position. I am resolved to do only something which I like even if I start at the lowest rung of the ladder. I would not enter training to teach or be a stenographer as I dislike both. The thought of office work makes me shudder and I know I could not sell anything for I simply can't convince any one because it's too much trouble.

I don't make friends easily not because I can't but because I won't. I prefer my friends few but true. I never had a host of friends and never will. And yet I can make myself both agreeable and lively if I take the pains.

I really don't know where to turn. My family is disgusted I think. Do help me. I love clothes and homes. Yet I have not the talent to be a designer or decorator. I love to set a table with beautiful linen and silver and dishes. I have a scrap-book containing house plans and decorated rooms which I have cut from magazines. I love books not only their contents but the books themselves. I love pottery and lamps. I can wander through a gift shop for hours. While I don't care much for sewing, I love to make things from scraps of silk or paper. I like to utilize odds and ends. It gives me enjoyment to take an old dress or hat or coat and by some touch make it look new. It is the same with a room. I like to make it nicer by some little touch.

I almost forgot to tell you that I like French exceedingly and study it at night. I shall be very glad if you can help. Sincerely yours, K. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR Miss A.: You are indeed hard to advise. You have excellent bookkeeping handwriting and I should think you would make a good bookkeeper, but you say the thought of office work makes you shudder! You don't like to teach and feel you

could not sell because it is difficult.

I think for a girl as young as you that leaves out nearly everything except, possibly, nursing which is hard work or landscape gardening or work with plants.

You say you can make friends but don't like to and for that reason you don't believe you could sell anything. When I wrote my article saying that a girl would get along best by doing the work she liked most, I didn't mean that in her work there would not be many minor details which she wouldn't like at all. That's part of life; nothing is perfect.

You say you cannot convince any one because it is too much trouble. My dear child, you have to take a lot of trouble to get along in the world.

Steno Would be Song Writer

MY DEAR Mrs. Woodward: Have just finished reading "Your Career" in October SMART SET and could not get to my typewriter fast enough to write you a letter of appreciation for the helpful advice and understanding which it contains. Most assuredly that is the most worth while feature possible among the many splendid articles and stories which make SMART SET the "preferred" magazine of its class today.

For a number of years I have been a stenographer for a wholesale concern in our city and I have enjoyed the work until some months ago, when I discovered that writing song-poems and articles for magazines was the work that gave me absolute joy. I am at present taking a short story course and find it very helpful but can't put those song-poems out of my mind long enough, I fear, to concentrate on a worth while short story.

What I want is to find a market for my song-poems. If I could be so fortunate as to dispose of one and find that my work was appreciated and what the public wanted I feel sure that I could do something very much worth while. I am enclosing herewith copies of two song poems, "Golden Yesterday" and "Glorious America," which I have entered in the National Anthem Contest.

I have the song "Golden Yesterdays" complete with music, as well as "In My Old-Fashioned Garden of Dreams," a beautiful waltz, "If We are Together," a ballad, and "Haunting Days of Memory," another ballad.

I will appreciate your candid opinion of the enclosed copies, also any suggestions you can make regarding getting them on the market. Your assistance will mean so much to me. Yours very truly, E. F. A., Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR Miss A.: I do not know any magazine which publishes the kind of poems and songs you are writing. It may be, however, that you could sell them to one of the song publishers, whose name you can easily find on the covers of popular songs.

It is a speculative thing—highly speculative—and very few people ever make much money writing songs or poems.

I think I would stick carefully at my present job until I was very sure I could make a success at something else.

She Wants Solitude To Write

DEAR Helen Woodward: It is night and I am not able to sleep, so I am writing to you, hoping above all else that you can help me.

I am a misfit and desperately unhappy. I can't bore you with very much about my life. I mean, I must not. However, I think you should know that I am a tender, sensitive plant, desiring not so much to be left alone by the rest of humanity as to

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have all the time I can have for thinking and writing and yes, I admit it, dreaming. Do you know my kind? Is there a place in the world for me?

I love beauty above everything in the world and the theater next. In fact I'm trying to put on a play of my own here Christmas. That is what I like, but I cannot act. I can't meet people; I can't do anything that others do and I will not be bossed.

I am teaching school but I do not like it. More than anything else I'd like a trade whereby I could earn my living and yet have time for my writing. Do you know what I am thinking of? Do you remember Spinoza and how he lived by refracting glasses and yet had time to write his books? That's what I want. I want to be off by myself where I won't meet any one. Sincerely, D. B.

DEAR Miss B.: In this day of large production, it is difficult to find work that can be done in solitude unless you have a talent for dressmaking or millinery.

I can imagine that one might be a dressmaker or milliner and have vitality enough left to write. There are teachers who have time to write, but apparently your work is such a drain on you that there is nothing left for writing.

Another kind of work that might suit you is chemistry, and a third possibility is library work, although this, of course, does bring you in contact with people.

Don't Be a Social Secretary

MY DEAR Helen Woodward: I have been much interested in reading your articles on "Choosing a Career" and they have given me many practical ideas. I congratulate SMART SET on the success of these four departments which it has recently added to the magazine.

I am wondering if you will be so kind as to give me some information on the position in which I am most interested, that of a social secretary. Can you give me some information on the exact duties included in this work, the training required, the compensation, general desirability of the work, and most important of all, the exact way in which to get an immediate start in this work? Sincerely, L. M. V., Miles City, Montana.

MY DEAR Miss V.: A social secretary is supposed to do anything that comes along from answering the telephone to escorting the daughter of the house to London. The best one I know had to go to London last year with the daughter of her employer, find her hotel, chaperone her, buy her an automobile, etc.

She also has to dine with the family when a guest fails to arrive. She has to help furnish the house, engage the servants, buy theater tickets and answer all letters that are to be answered. In other words she does anything that comes along to relieve her employer of work. For this she gets \$5,000 a year and a very luxurious home, but she has no liberty to speak of. Her time is never her own. She is on call day and night, Sundays and holidays. She works all of the time at anything there is to be done.

Then there are the part-time social secretaries who work half a day or only a few hours each day for which they receive \$15, \$18 or \$20 a week as the case may be.

The job requires tact, the ability to write a charming letter, be a good conversationalist, a good dinner partner, be able to relieve your employer as much as possible of detail and to arrange all special engagements as well as to be able to furnish your employer with a list of guests whom she would care to invite to a dinner for an eve-

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No. 904 "Sena-tor"
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Solid 18-k white gold.
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Solid 18-k white gold set with 4 brilliant blue white diamonds. 15 jewels. \$43.25
\$4.37 Down and \$4.37 a Month

Man's Strap Watch No. 905
15 Jewels, fancy white case, sterling silver bracelet included.
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Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.

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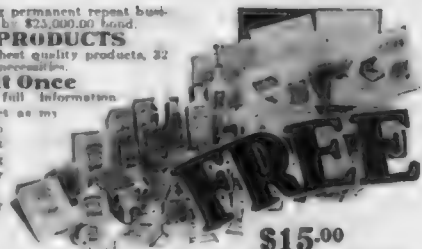
and give you a steady income for the rest of your life, if you'll take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Full compensation. You don't invest one cent.

Just be my local partner. Make \$15.00 a day easy ride in a Chrysler Sedan I furnish and distribute tea, coffee, spices, extracts, things people eat. I furnish everything including world's best super sales

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This is part of my FREE outfit to producers. It is yours to keep—no contest.

outfit. Lowest prices. Big permanent repeat business. Quality guaranteed by \$25,000.00 bond.
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I'll send big case of highest quality products, 32 full size packages of home necessities.

Write At Once
Write quick for full information. With person I select as my partner, I go 50-50. I'll pay my traveling office for your locality. Write or Wire



\$15.00
Chest of Food Products to my Representatives

Find the Real JOHN ALDEN

Here is a new puzzle that will be fun for you. In fact, you may win a Buick Sedan and \$555.00 in cash, total \$1,875.00, if you find the real John Alden and send your answer promptly.

Six of the pictures are exactly alike, but one, and only "one," is different from all the rest. See if you can find the different picture. If you do you may win a Buick Sedan and \$555.000 cash extra, or \$1,875.00 in cash. Hundreds have already won prizes; Lillie Bohle won \$1500, Fred Sieglinger won \$3000, Mrs. R. T. Frederick won \$1000, Robert F. Spilman won \$1000, and many others. You may be next. Everybody taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or \$1875 in cash. Send answer quick—You may be the one who will see this ad and solve it correctly

And WIN BUICK SEDAN or \$1875 CASH

\$555.00 check sent you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly
As a reward for quick action—we send you check for \$555 to add to First Prize Buick Sedan if you win, and directions for getting a 4-door Master Six Buick Sedan. Send answer at once. Costs nothing. No tricks or chances.

5 Cars Given—No More Puzzles To Solve

I will give a beautiful Buick Sedan, also a Chrysler Sedan, also a Nash Sedan, also an Essex Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan—5 Cars and a large list of additional costly Prizes—over \$6,500. Every Car has four doors and will be delivered FREE to winners by nearest auto dealers. Many have

already won Prizes and now to advertise our business you can get this new Buick Sedan, or \$1,875 Cash.

\$555.00 Extra for Promptness

Be prompt. Just find the "one" picture of John Alden that is different from all the rest. Look carefully. They all look alike, but "one" is different. Send me the number of the "one" that is different with your name and address at once, then we will tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no money. All who answer can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! \$555.000 Cash for promptness.

L. M. STONE, 844 WEST ADAMS STREET, Department 356, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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If it is, we know you're eager to read the first pages of Peggy Joyce's diary and the opening chapters of "Peter and Mrs. Pan," or "What Every Woman Wants to Know."

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221 West 57th Street, New York City

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- ☐ I wish FREE past installments of "My Diary"
☐ I wish FREE past installments of "Peter and Mrs. Pan"
☐ I wish FREE past installments of "What Every Woman Wants to Know."

Name _____

Address _____

*\$3.00 a year. Canadian \$3.50. Foreign \$6.00.

I Offer You
\$8.00 a Day
—and a

Write quick for new proposition. We offer \$8.00 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer All-Weather Toppings and Raincoats. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.

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How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose

My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noses shaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Triflety, Pioneer Noses Shaping Specialist, Dept. 3108, Binghamton, N. Y.

LADIES MAKE SHIELDS at home. \$12 per hundred. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. LaMar Company, D-22, Drawer Y, Chicago.

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ART AND SCIENCE OF SINGING.
Play production. Students afforded N. Y. appearances and experience with stock players at Alviene Art Theatre. For catalogue (state study desired) to Secretary, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. Extension 25.

ning or to sit in her box at the opera.

It is difficult to get such a position unless you are located in a big city and it is much easier if you have a large circle of friends or social acquaintances.

It is certainly not the kind of work I would advise for you. Positions are too hard to get.

She Doesn't Like College

MY DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I would like to have your advice on choosing a career. First I will have to tell you about myself so you may know a little better what to tell me. I am eighteen years old, and am a sophomore in a large university. My major is Latin, having had five years of this subject.

My mother was not able to go to college, so ever since I can remember she has planned to send me to college. There has never been a happier woman than my mother since the day I entered college. She lives every day as if it were she in school several years back. However, I don't care to go to school. I have done so just to please my mother and daddy. I have done just as they wish me to. Teacher, teacher is all I hear. I don't want to be one. I want to go to a business college and try my luck in business. My aunt, who lives with us, seems to think I would be a success in it. My daddy has a lot of foolish pride, and says I shall never work as long as he lives. I am very dissatisfied living my life as others wished they had lived theirs. I have everything in the world. Just to wish for it and it appears. I am allowed to keep company and choose entertainment just as I wish, but the privilege of living as I like is not mine.

I love to dance and was given dancing lessons for four years until my parents thought I might go on the stage. I am very interested in sewing, dreamed of teaching it some day but mother thought it wasn't honorable enough. I am always in athletics, swimming, basketball, etc.

You can readily see where I am placed. Can't you please suggest something I might be able to do, which of course wouldn't make mother too disappointed in me? Hoping you can, I am yours truly, K. H., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR Miss H.: I think your mother might feel better about your doing some work if you did not make any money at it. If you like sewing and would like to teach it and are good at athletics, why don't you teach these things in a settlement house or some such organization?

There ought to be some organization of this kind in Indianapolis. It seems to me you are almost ideally situated for this work and it will probably give your mother and father great pleasure to help you do it.

It doesn't seem to me it would be wise for you to do something you don't want to do when there are so many things you can do well.

With the start that I suggested above you could, after a while, find out exactly what you would like to do.

Why Give Up a Good Position?

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I am twenty-three, have been a secretary-stenographer in a bank for the past five and a half years and it is considered a good job. My boss thinks I am a good stenographer and often praises my work but this is not enough for me because I hate to think of sitting before a typewriter all my life. Isn't there something else for me besides this, something more interesting that I can do and make a success of?

Would you suggest opening a small busi-

ness of some kind or studying for a better position of an entirely different nature? Any suggestions you might be kind enough to offer will be gratefully received. Sincerely, K. B., Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR Miss B.: Are you sure that it is really being a secretary that you hate or that you are just tired of the job you are doing at the moment because you've been there five and a half years?

If you are a good stenographer and able to hold a position for such a long time, you ought to be very careful about giving it up. There are a great many interesting things to do in the world but since you do not express any interest in any particular thing, they might not be interesting to you. What is fascinating to one person is dull to another.

I should not suggest that you open a small business of any kind unless you are very shrewd and careful about small sums of money, because that's the only way a small business can be made to pay. I think it might be better for you to study banking thoroughly if you like it and see if you cannot get a bigger position in some bank—that is, study accounting, not necessarily with the idea of being an accountant but so that you can take a bigger position and hold it.

Or perhaps you might get a secretaryship in some field of work which appeals to you more than banking does. As I said, it is no use telling you what would be interesting to anybody else, and only you know what is interesting to you.

All She Needs Is Patience

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I have just been reading your article in the October SMART SET and it has set me wondering if I am a square peg in a round hole.

I am private secretary, stenographer, bookkeeper and general office girl in a small real estate office. I like my work but feel I am capable of doing harder and better work. Oh, sometimes I just feel if I don't do something that will require more effort on my part I shall just burst from something inside me, fighting to express itself.

In your article you stated if one enjoyed his work, liked it and got some pleasure from it then he had found his job in life. Now I thoroughly believe everything above is true about my work yet I feel capable of doing bigger things.

I know you are not a philosopher and do not pretend to be but from your own experiences can you analyze my case?

I often think that a successful business career would mean far more to me than a successful marriage. For after all everything in life we attempt is more or less a career. Sincerely yours, H. H., Topeka, Kansas.

DEAR Miss H.: I don't think that your trouble is so serious as you think. You have energy; you have found work you love to do and you can do it well.

I believe that if you will be patient, the opportunity to do better work and bigger work will come along. Perhaps it is not to be found in Topeka, however. Perhaps you have to go to a bigger city for it but don't do that unless you have money enough to live on for six months and plenty of courage.

Try to be patient, keep your eyes open and the thing you want will come along.

Housekeeping or Advertising

DEAR Helen Woodward: It happens that the thing in which I wish to succeed is that in which you have found success. Advertising. There's a tangle of pos-

sibilities in that word that never fails to get me when I write it out. Advertising. Experience? Of a sort. For years and years I have been interested in two things. Writing stories and doing advertisements. And I have done both. Years ago, before I realized that there might ever be special results in it for me, though then I was already doing mental stories, I never could refrain from cutting out the most appealing, the most beautiful ads. I have stacks of them yet.

I found an information booth on writing and got on the right road there. I have sold trade articles and a few stories. Not at all the success I wish to achieve yet in that line. But back of that writing fever was an everlasting itch to try contests, especially those with advertising features. The prizes I have received! Loads of them. And of course it stimulated me to study some on the subject. I have had books from the library; read advertising journals and every article I have run across on the subject.

Three years ago I won rather a good size money prize from a contest sponsored by a certain large manufacturing concern. Last year they wrote me again, asked my opinion on certain things about their products. I gave it and the incident was repeated several times, until one question finally drew forth some of my ideas on advertising connected with their products. And it got across! Big! The chief himself not only wrote me but sent me a check and a man! The man talked with me for a whole day, explaining, questioning, goading me into arguments—and now for a number of months I have worked on their advertising problems as they come up and are sent me for my opinions and ideas, with checks when worth it. Some evidently have been worth it for I have earned over three hundred dollars from them during 1928.

It would seem easy enough to say, "Why, go get a job with some advertising concern and work up," with the aside, "That is, if you are in earnest, and not just dawdling along till you get married."

I am in earnest all right and I am already married, which makes it a washboardy old road I have to travel to success and not a perfectly straight road of unencumbered youth. I am thirty-five with a husband who never earns enough to get along on properly and never will.

I have two boys, one in high school and one in the grades, fourteen and eleven. I have a huge, old-fashioned, historical, down at the heel house of twelve rooms and the job of doing all the work. And hate it! How I hate housework!

BUT let me sit down at my desk with something definite to work on in advertising and I am happy. Happier even than when writing articles or stories. And I am always more interested in the advertising pages of magazines than in the stories.

I think I am really interested in all creative achievements. Though I had only a high school education, I have kept my mind alert through winter study of this or that or the other subject. And while the boys were small and none too well, that satisfied, because, though I am a poor housekeeper, I am not a poor mother. But now—oh, can't you see the two urges tearing at me all the time? I do so enjoy advertising work and wish I could really get right into it and if only I could, then it would mean two things: release from the grinding housework I hate and greater financial ease.

And I am not happy—oh, I can say it to a stranger! If it weren't for the boys I could pack up and do just as I would if I were eighteen again. At least for several years I feel that I must stay in the country because it has made such a difference in the health of the younger boy. And I love the

country, too. Why, I wouldn't exchange all the conveniences of city life for the beauty of out-of-doors here.

Beauty! Don't you think it is one thing that women hunger for even though unconsciously?

Remember, please, this is no sudden and fleeting desire on my part. It has been an intense interest for years and I have found at last the work in which I can forget the passage of time, and feel that sense of happiness and contentment that I have felt in nothing else I have worked at.

Sometimes it seems so useless to want so terribly to do work that one enjoys, when all there is, is the work that must be done regardless. That's why I have turned again and again to your pages in SMART SET, and wondered and wondered until at last I had to write. If only I knew what to do. Can you tell me? You'll know how grateful I will be if you can point out the right road, you'll know because *you* didn't fly straight to success in an aeroplane either; you'll know better than my words can ever tell you. Sincerely yours, B. E., Farmington, Conn.

DEAR Mrs. E.: You are faced with the basic problem which probably faces about everybody in the world when they reach the age of thirty-five and that is a choice between two things. Nearly all of us in this world want two things, perhaps more than two, sometimes so badly that we feel we cannot live without them.

But life isn't arranged that way—every one of us must choose one and give up everything else for that. You chose your children and the country. Probably you may never be able to have any huge business career; still, what you say makes me think that what you ought to do in any event, is to make more of it than you have. You write very well and your style is good; what you tell me about your limited advertising experience is most interesting because I assure you almost never does an advertiser get any help from an amateur outsider.

I think you are very wise to remain in the country. Your landscape is the same on which I look out from here, except that this one is probably a little wilder in spots and I would not exchange the city for it, at all, if I could help it.

If I knew exactly the work you have done, the nature of the product you have been working on, in case you don't care to tell me the name of the advertiser, I might be able to give you more specific advice so that perhaps you could get more work of the same kind and get more money for it. I do want to help you if I possibly can, so write me again more in detail and then perhaps I can give you more specific advice.

P. S.—I find myself that doing any housework makes it impossible for me to do any creative work at the same time. If the time ever comes when you can engage somebody to do the housework and take the children for a few months, perhaps you will find yourself writing advertising or articles enough to pay for it.

Newspaper Jobs Are Difficult

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I am nineteen years old, a high school graduate, and anxious for a thorough, comprehensive, mind-training college education. However, due to financial difficulties, I have been unable to realize this ambition. I have tried reading comprehensive literature from the libraries and satisfy myself somewhat knowing that I can "hold my own" with friends, who are attending college now. Merely an assertion of an inferiority complex, you might say. In time, however, I intend to attend our night college here. My problem seems to be this: As far

You Can't Fool the Modern Girl

She Knows a REAL MAN when she sees one! She knows the thrill of a big, powerful arm stealing around her waist—the attraction of a strapping, broad-shouldered, two-fisted man.

It's "thumbs down" for the other kind, fellow. You can't fool the modern girl. She knows that the puny weakling is only a poor imitation of a man.

And YOU know it, too! You know that the weakling hasn't a chance. He's looked down on, despised, avoided. His own friends are ashamed to be seen with him. Nobody wants to employ him. He's licked before he starts. He's a FAILURE.

I'll Give You a NEW Body

But don't waste time feeling sorry for yourself. You don't have to take a back seat for the big boys. Listen! I'm going to make a REAL MAN of you. I'm going to transform you. Say, I'll give you the surprise of your life! In 30 days you're going to have one of the finest-built bodies you ever laid eyes on. What a hit YOU'LL make with the girl-friend!

Here's What I'll Do for You



BEFORE
Look at that puny, sickly, undeveloped weakling! That was Wesley Webb before he wrote to Titus!



30 DAYS AFTER

And now look at the same man made over! In 30 days Titus covered that puny body with massive muscles of PANTHER-LIKE agility and strength!

I Don't Promise Anything I GUARANTEE: to put two inches of

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back as I can remember, I have never wanted to become a stenographer, to fall into that empty, shell-like life and stay in a rut. But nevertheless, due to economic pressure, I am endeavoring to find some such position. In my heart I am convinced this is not the work to make me happy—to bring out the best in me.

My happiness in work consists partly in asserting myself—and not being a mere puppet. I would like a place in this world—not only a job, and realize that those things come only after years of hard work combined with a large element of luck and chance.

I am not idealistic and am not a dreamer—perhaps more cynical and materialistic—and mostly modern, wanting to hold the respect and love of a highly intelligent young man in a professional school.

I am confident that if I had an opportunity, I could direct all my intelligence, will power and best efforts in the right direction, but there seem to be certain barriers that are not to be broken by mere willingness. My hobby might be newspaper work were I ever given a chance to indulge in such; not for glamour but for the interest it holds for me. N. J., Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR Miss J.: You are in a severe state of depression which I have an idea will be only temporary. Apparently you have a strong will and pronounced tastes. Indeed, I think your main trouble will not come from lack of opportunity, lack of will, lack of practical sense, but will come through a streak of obstinacy which makes it difficult for you to change your mind about anything.

I believe you are likely to have serious trouble with this. It is shown by your set idea that you will not like being a stenographer although you have never tried it. How do you know what it will be like?

Since you have spent time enough to study shorthand, I think you ought to make an experiment with it anyway. It might just happen to lead you into interesting work.

It is difficult to get a chance to get into newspaper work, especially for one as young as you are, without experience. The world is full of people trying to get positions on newspapers.

If you like to write, by all means write. The only way to learn how to do it is actually to write. Nobody can help you much. I shouldn't worry if I were you about not going to college. If you like to read and are intelligent you can get your own education. Perhaps I say this because I myself didn't go to college, and when I was young was most unhappy about it. Now I realize that except for a certain amount of pleasant social life, I didn't miss so much.

Try the stenography and if you don't like it you might try chemistry which can, in most big cities, be learned at night schools.

Keep On With Chemistry

DEAR Mrs. Woodward: I decided to write to you for advice. I have been struggling since I graduated from High School to find a vocation that I really liked.

At the present time I am a stenographer in a rather large concern. I am doing both stenography and bookkeeping work. I like my work fairly well but not enough to put everything into it. I am considered an average stenographer, and I have every reason to believe the men for whom I work value my services.

I have analyzed myself trying to discover a special talent, but have not found one. Two years ago I decided that physical education would be my profession. I worked

in an office in Akron, and saved enough money to help pay my way through College.

I spent one year at Ohio State University in the College of Education majoring in physical education. Of course, in one year I could not get into the actual work, but in that time I changed my mind about physical education as my vocation.

While in college I was interested in chemistry and made excellent grades in elementary chemistry. Do you know of any opportunities in this field for women?

I have of late been interested in architecture. This interest may be attributed to my friendship with a girl who is an architect. For the last year I have been reading books and magazine articles on this subject. I do not believe that I have any special talent in this work but I could develop along this line because I am sincerely interested.

I am nearly twenty-two years of age and I know I should be starting on a vocation which will be permanent until I marry. I do not intend to marry before I am twenty-five. I am actively engaged in social activities, but would be glad to give up the unimportant things to devote my time to a profession.

I have just passed through a period of several years of indecision and self-consciousness. I worried about my personality and passed through some hectic stages before I learned to act natural.

My one big desire is to travel. Of course, every one loves travel, but I fairly burn with the desire to see beautiful buildings, natural beauties and people. I love to talk to strange people although I am a little backward about making the first move in engaging another in conversation. Are there any traveling positions which you think I could handle successfully?

Thank you very much for any assistance you can give me. H. M., Akron, Ohio.

DEAR Miss M.: You write a perfect library hand and I think you would enjoy being a librarian. If you want to be one it would be necessary for you to take a regular library course, and there must be one somewhere not far from you. But I am not in the least surprised that you enjoy chemistry.

There are a great many positions for woman chemists, although as a whole they do not pay large salaries. The average salary is between \$75 a month and \$35 a week. There are positions in hospital laboratories for chemists and many large industrial organizations have them on their staffs, though, as I say, the pay is not large.

You might prefer the work anyway and it certainly pays as much as stenography. There are a few fine positions for chemists. These are what are known as creative chemists—those who discover new products and new processes of manufacture. I do not know whether you have the kind of mind to do that. I believe, however, that you would not make a mistake in going on with your chemistry.

Architecture is interesting indeed, but it is a long, slow course, and it might be more advisable for you to study architectural draftsmanship if you like that kind of drawing. If you don't intend to work more than three years it seems hardly worth while to study anything. If you are going to study chemistry, you would want to keep it up after you married.

Don't worry about being self-conscious. It is natural in young people and is really a rather healthy sign.

I don't believe you would get any position which would involve traveling, as you are too young and nearly every other girl wants to do the same, so the competition is pretty stiff!

My advice to you, I repeat, is to study chemistry.

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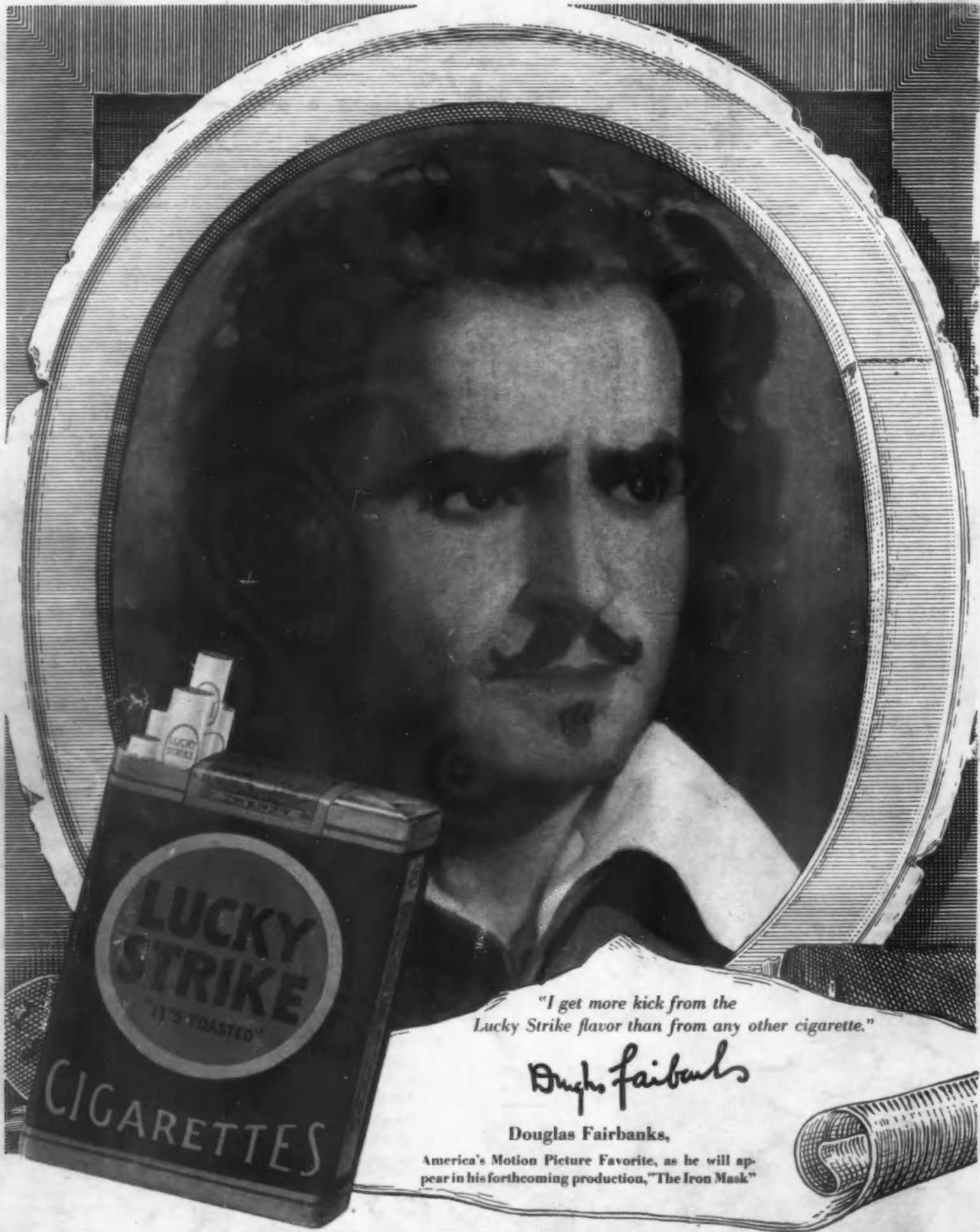
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